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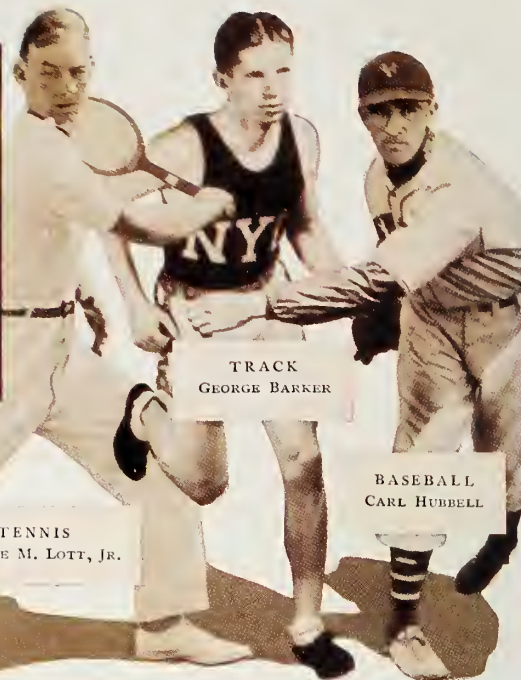
THE ARCHIVE

OCTOBER 1935



CARL HUBBELL, of the N.Y. Giants,
likes Camel's mildness

ATHLETES SAY:
"THEY DON'T
GET
YOUR WIND!"



TRACK
GEORGE BARKER

TENNIS
GEORGE M. LOTT, JR.

BASEBALL
CARL HUBBELL



DIVING
SAM HOWARD



GOLF
BILL MEHLHORN

SWIMMING
SUSAN VILAS

**YOU'LL LIKE
THEIR
MILDNESS
TOO!**



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The fact that athletes smoke Camels freely shows how mild Camels are. For athletes put mildness first. As Carl Hubbell says: "Camels are so mild that no matter how many I smoke they never get my wind or ruffle my nerves."

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SO MILD YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT
Camels

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The ARCHIVE

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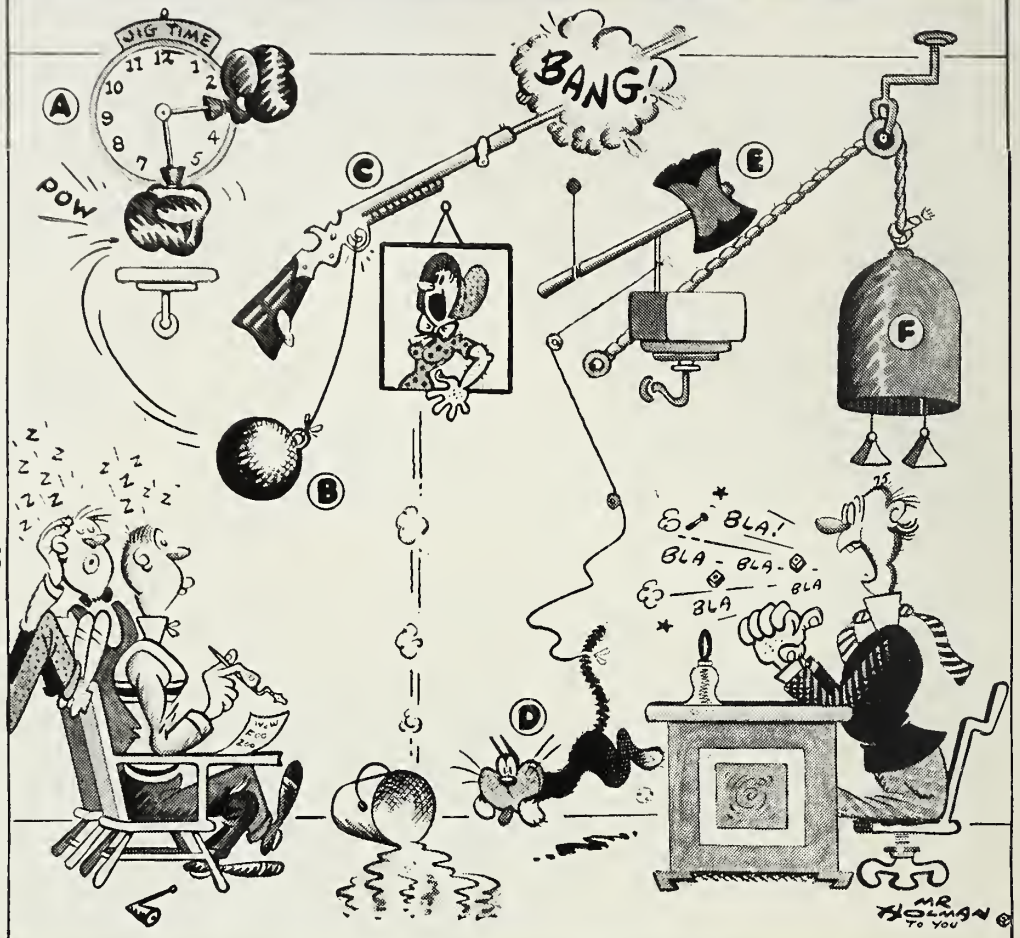
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DEWITT MANN

EASY WAY TO STOP THE PROFESSOR FROM TALKING OVERTIME

MINUTE HAND ON CLOCK (A) REACHES DISMISSAL TIME KNOCKING CANNON BALL (B) OFF STAND FIRING GUN (C) WHICH FRIGHTENS MILKMAID WHO DROPS MILK PAIL. HUNGRY CAT (D) RUNS TO LAP UP MILK RELEASING AXE (E) WHICH CUTS ROPE FREEING HOOD (F) WHICH DROPS OVER PROFESSOR'S HEAD AND BLINDS HIM. STUDENTS TAKE FEET OFF DESKS AND SCRAM



... AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE

PRINCE ALBERT HAS EXTRA FLAVOR, COMBINED WITH MILDNESS. WHAT A SMOKE!



2
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To Make a Long Story Short



[EDITOR'S NOTE: *It has always seemed to us that the odds and ends of materia anecdota, incidents bizarre, and gossipy flotsam circulating through the halls of the university should be collected as they travel from ear to ear and compounded into a column which, although not remarkable for its literary excellence, would at least present some interesting—and perhaps humorous—tales that the majority of us would never hear.*]

maiden moderne...

We heard a rather startling and unusual tale from the lips of a freshman during those early September days when the new men were tactfully gaping at the grandeur that is Duke. It seems that the aforesaid freshman, riding a Washington-Durham train, was esconced beside one of those formidably mannish and grim-faced women—the word “spinster” written all over them—who are always found riding in Pullman cars, surrounded by innumerable packages. For half the long trip, the freshman sat mouse-like beside his redoubtable companion, and she sat with arms apparently immovably folded. The freshman, glancing occasionally at this fort of femininity, came inevitably to the conclusion that she was one of those efficient spinsters who are forever appearing in detective stories to preserve the virtue of the defenseless young.

Some time later, the maidenly lady relaxed her grim vigilance and furtively drew a pulp magazine from one of the packages among her flock. The freshman glanced idly at the title—blanched—and sunk into a near-coma. It was “Sexy Love Tales.” Ever since, he claims, the sight of a spinster fills him with a vague apprehension.



and “red” raged...

A very good friend of ours, who, incidentally, swears that Sinclair Lewis is a Lilliputian novelist, has lately been taking fiendish delight in recounting an incident which once discomfited the man who mentally sired “Elmer.”

In the years when Lewis was still no prize-winner, Edwin Balmer, who maintains a Long Island estate and edits *Red Book* magazine, was continually warring with him over the size of his story checks. But one day, Balmer, in dire need of a story, rushed into Lewis' apartment demanding copy for the forthcoming issue.

As editor and writer will, they coyly argued over the amount of extortion Lewis should receive. Several half hours later, Balmer whipped out a contract, and the fiery-headed writer signed for fifteen hundred dollars. As Balmer was contentedly stowing the contract in his pocket, the telephone rang. Lewis answered, listened, and turned saying, “Edwin, my boy, that story will cost you ten thousand dollars—I've just won the Nobel Prize!”

Retorted *Red Book's* editor, “Sorry, Sinclair—but you have already signed a contract. Goodbye and good luck!”

Whereupon Balmer departed and Lewis raged. And 'tis said that the novelist still vows that the editor had advance information as to which scrivener had won literature's Davis Cup.

the barber singed...

A health-and-orange-lander, lately re-



turned from the environs of Hollywood, tells us that the movie capital is still roaring over the meeting between Colonel Dan Morgan Smith, walrus-moustached and portly hero of Siboney, and one of Hollywood's perpetually bereted directors. At a Los Angeles lawn party one afternoon last summer, the colonel, feeling quite genial, and having met the director several times during the past few months, advanced with outstretched hand to greet his acquaintance.

Blank was the directorial reception. With a distant look in his eye, the director said, “Where was it we met before—in the Admiralty Club in deah old Lunnon?”

Slightly taken aback, the colonel said, “No.”

“Then perhaps it was at that little cafe on Berlin's Unter den Linden?” said the director gutturally.

The silence deepened among the surrounding spectators as the colonel's color heightened.

“No! It wasn't in Berlin either,” he growled.

“Then,” lisped the director, “it *must* have been at the Cafe de la Paix in deah old Paree!”

Colonel Dan Morgan Smith's smile was that of a tiger about to spring as he said slowly and ominously, “No, it wasn't in Paris that we met, but if you really want to know, I'll tell you—it was at 62nd and Halstead in Chicago. You had the second chair and I *must* say that you trimmed my mustaches damned well!”

baffled bornean...

From one of our readers we had a letter the other day that sang of the exploits of one John Spencer, fixture and columnist on the *Macon Daily Telegraph*.

Years ago, Spencer deserted the homestead to affiliate with one of those small circuses that patrol the cotton belt of the South. Through Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana the midget circus rolled and John Spencer gained much in wisdom and experience; but one gloomy

(Continued on page 22)

The Vanity Case

FRANCHELLE SMITH

Amy bought a nose-powdering outfit and something else besides...



All the time Amy was drinking the soda she was thinking of Paul and the five hundred dollars. If only there was a way to help. She stared at her reflection in a mirror on the other wall. She had never really done anything to help Paul except to budget and wear old clothes. But she had done silly things like buying a vanity case today. It was unnecessary. She would return it.

Amy paid her check and went outside. The warm spring wind swept bits of paper and sand and dust into tiny whirlpools on the sidewalk. Some pigeons in a bird store window fluttered against the glass. Amy stopped and looked at the pigeons. In another window there were collie puppies. A collie pup would be fun, but there were so many things they needed. Whenever she spoke to Paul about them, he looked a little sad. Paul was doing his best. The business was building up slowly. Paul could not help it if business was slow even when he did his best.

"Amy," Paul had said last night at dinner, "the Mayhew deal needs five hundred dollars to swing it. Amy, where can I get five hundred dollars? I've decided not to borrow. That lawyer, Jenkins, dislikes me, and I don't want to put too many things through him."

"Yes," Amy had agreed.

Paul had talked more about it later in the evening. It was a sort of crisis in the life of the firm. If it went over, they could breathe without thinking too hard before each breath. Paul's first big step would be steady. He would feel secure to take another.

Amy shifted her purse to go on and felt something small and hard inside. She smiled. It was her new vanity case. That lot at Bremmon's was so inexpensive.

And what was two dollars when Paul needed five hundred? She couldn't decide whether she ought to return it. It was childish to wrangle so long.

Just ahead was a large department store. Amy slackened her pace when she came near it, walked in, and down one aisle. She looked at the many counters, the variety of departments. They sold everything here and on the floors below. How many times five hundred dollars they took in during one day.

The cosmetic department. Other vanities. She pressed her hand, palm down, against the glass top of the showcase, warm from a light beneath it. The vanity cases and perfume bottles were in neat arrangements along the counter. Amy spied a pile farther down. She reached for one. It was exactly like her own! The placard over the pile said three dollars. First surprise, then doubt came into Amy's face. Could hers be inferior? She plunged frantically into her purse and dragged it forth. No, hers was the same size, same make, no chipped enamel. This store always had higher prices. What a bargain she had got. She didn't feel so extravagant now.

Well satisfied, she slipped the case into her bag and started out.

"Just a minute, sister," rumbled a big voice behind her.

Amy turned. A tall man inclined toward barrel proportions took her arm.

"What do you want?" asked Amy, coldly polite. "And please don't pull me along so."

He was steering her toward a door marked Floor Manager. Before she could speak again, she found herself inside facing a sleek young man seated at a desk in the middle of the room. The sleek young man looked quite as startled as she. The door closed behind her, and

she turned to face the big voice. On the verge of speaking herself, she heard him drawl:

"Fork it over quiet-like, sister, and mebbe we won't make no trouble."

Amy stared. From puzzlement her expression changed to slight anger. She drew herself up and gripped her hands together.

"I would very much appreciate an explanation," she demanded. "Who are you, and what do you mean by dragging me in here like this?"

The floor manager seemed to have understood at last. He rose and came nearer. The older man smirked at her.

"Oh, an explanation?" he pulled back his coat and displayed the badge of the store detective. "There's your explanation, sister. Now what's your idea lifting things from the store? Don't you know you can't get away with that? This ain't a hick joint, sister. We don't give away things in here."

"Why . . . I . . .," she fumbled as realization dawned.

"What did she take, Mike?" asked the floor manager.

"One of them vanity cases off the second counter left," replied Mike.

Suddenly the stunned attitude of Amy became quick understanding. Once more she plunged into the depths of her bag and brought out the case.

"Is this what you saw?"

"Yeah. Now ain't you a nice, sensible girl? Givin' in like this, mebbe it'll be easier for you when . . ." he reached for the case, but Amy drew back.

"Just a minute," she spoke in staccato tones, her eyes a mixture of anger and scorn, faintly tinged with amusement. "If you'll stop being so rude for a minute, I'll tell you something. This is mine. I bought it not an hour ago at Bremmon's department store on West Main Street. The sales girl will verify my statement. I was passing through your store and saw a group of identical cases priced higher. After I had compared mine with them, I had turned to leave when you stopped me. You've made quite a mistake. You'd better let me go immediately."

But Mike was not so willing to give up his arrest. He was not only unwilling; he was unmoved. He said more than he needed to in an uncomplimentary way

(Continued on page 24)

Rain Before Seven

W. H. LONG

*love, death, the will to live—which the strongest?
perhaps this short short story will tell you. . .*

With tires singing on rain-swept pavements, a taxi swung into the misty, tree-lined drive of Mount Saint Michael's and ground to a stop before its grim granite facade. Anna pressed a bill into the driver's hand and fled up the steps with the monotones of the switchboard girl pounding in her brain with ominous insistence—"Mrs. Dale? Mount Saint Michael's hospital calling. Your husband was struck by a car about five minutes ago. We have him in the emergency room. You had better come right over."

A drowsy attendant, slumped behind a lobby desk marked "Information," jerked to life as she hurried toward him.

"You Mrs. Dale? Mr. Dale is in the emergency room. Two corridors to your right and down one flight. They're expecting you."

With the unusual perception of hospital people, he read the wordless question on her trembling lips.

"No, lady, he's still alive, but he's pretty bad . . ." The last words were spoken to Anna's back.

Two corridors to the right. Down one flight. She stopped before a softly lighted door labeled "Emergency Room" behind which the droning murmur of professional voices sounded strangely like rumblings from a tomb. Her knock brought a meticulously starched nurse to the door. Behind her, with a background of gray, rain-stained windows, three internes bent in a cone of white light over the bloody-clothed figure—Bob.

"Come right in, Mrs. Dale." With the nurse's whisper came the floodtide of the sickening dread which nauseated her senses. Her eyes focused through the glare on a putty mask which was Bob's face. Dying . . .

The cord of unreality stretched . . . snapped. She sobbed somewhere deeper than her throat and moved with leaden steps toward the operating table. An interne caught her arm and gently forced her into a small metal chair beyond the spotlight where a spark of life was fading.

"Now, Mrs. Dale, you simply must brace up," the interne said with forced professional abruptness. He was new to this age-old medical scene.

A low moan from the table behind the interne's back sent him swiftly to Bob's side. It was the nurse's turn to hide Anna's face from the body which life was leaving in a slow stream.

The sound died out in a gurgling sigh,



and Anna, through her film of tears, glimpsed one interne's head shaking dubiously. He glided to her side.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Dale, but there's nothing more we can do except keep him quiet and hope for the best." He murmured something about hypodermics to the nurse.

Anna tried to pull her numbed senses together as the whirling kaleidoscope of the past flashed through her mind. . . She remembered every ecstatic minute of their married life. . . This wasn't the way they planned it to end. . . It must not end. . . Death was for old men, not for Bob. . . God couldn't wrench her heart out and leave her only a headstone. . .

The persistent patter of the morning rain pierced the hush of the room. What was that old saying?—"Rain before seven, shine before eleven." She glanced at her watch—7:22—he had left for work only a half-hour before.

"Anna!"

The voice was weak—almost a whisper—but in its faint tone was all the perfect melody of the love that had been theirs.

The nurse's arm slipped from her shoulders like the falling bar of a gate. Anna bent to a pain-wracked face, an agony of adoration in her own, over which a shadow was creeping . . . the fog creeps on little cat feet . . . the tiny flecks of light in Bob's brown eyes were fading fireflies receding in the mist. . .

"Bobby!"

They couldn't keep her from him any longer. She cradled his head in her arms as she had held it against her breast in the dark nights of their three wonderful years together. His head belonged there . . . forever.

Her tears fell on the white collar of his shirt and made widening light gray spots. Only her soft sobbing and his hoarse breathing reached the ears of four people in white standing behind

them. A tear trickled down the cheek of the nurse whose juniors called her "Hardrock."

Anna's arms tightened around Bob's slack shoulders. She fought to free her throat of a lump she couldn't swallow.

"Bobby . . . darling . . . does it hurt badly?"

"No . . . sweet . . ." That wasn't Bob's voice. All the laughter and depth was gone, and in its place was the faint whisper of a voice dying out over the brow of a hill. She cupped his chin in her hand and turned his wan face up to hers. The glittering rays of the bulbs overhead pushed the shadows back from his eyes, behind which his brain fought for consciousness. Her back shook with soundless whimpers.

"Sweetheart . . . you can't go like this. . . I won't let you. . . Oh, God!"

"No . . . darling . . . I won't go . . . like this," he whispered, his voice gaining ever so little of strength. "Kiss me, Anna."

With the beauty of a woman . . . any woman . . . kissing the shrine of her devotion, Anna lowered her head. Their lips blended . . . clung . . . held. The ticking of four watches on four wrists was as audible as the tolling of a distant bell.

The blond head rested like a shield over the brown head. The breath of the man on the table gradually calmed and settled into measured cadences. The interne took his gaze from his watch, removed his fingers from Bob's wrist, and nodded encouragingly to his three companions of mercy.

Anna raised her head and gazed with a new, beautiful light in her eyes across the expanse of white tile. Ecstasy welled up in her heart like the throbbing melody of a great organ.

The rays of a bright, rain-washed sun filtered through the pearls of water clinging to the window panes.

Master of the Macabre

ROSS McCLELLAND

(First of a Series) "Characters Cinematic"

In the center of a completely dark field, a diaphragm begins to open, bit by bit. Two eyes, enormous, round, bulging, stare at one, coldly, horribly. As the circle widens, a nose, soft, pudgy, appears—then the gross-lipped mouth, with its serrated teeth, set flat in a cretinous, moon-shaped face, comes into the light. The naked cranium accentuates the whole fleshy pallor of the ellipsoidal head—like some bulbous biological abnormality distorted by the alcohol in which it floats. The protuberant eyes seem to hang out on the cheeks like eggs as they roll downward; the thick lips quiver, the voice, slightly hoarse, has an almost feminine mildness of tone. It is Pierre Lorre, master of the macabre, in another of his terrifying studies in morbid psychology.

Fortunately enough, the trend among the better of present day motion picture producers has been to get away from the merely theatric-for-theatric's sake, for they have finally realized that there are people attending shows who have reasonable intellectual perception backed by some semblance of a critical sense. Among others, the so-called "horror" pictures have long been the most flagrant offenders in dishing out ghoulish and pseudo-scientific bladerdash in the time-worn locale of an eerie and forbidding manor house on a desolate moor, of a stormy and rain-lashed night. Although the producers are no doubt experiencing certain twinges of conscience in getting away from this theatrical heritage, matters seem to be assuming a little more mature aspect, and they are at least crediting the cinema-goer with a mentality above the eighth grade. That it is perfectly all right to be horrible when there is a clever psychological angle, but that just plain horror is entirely too artificial to gibe with a real artist, happily is becoming the keynote of the modern school whose most striking exponent, at the present point, is the brilliant Hungarian actor, Pierre Lorre.

Mr. Lorre was first brought to our attention in a German language film cryptically entitled "M." Based on the famous Dusseldorf murders of 1929, when a score of girls and young women fell victims to a Jack-the-Ripper maniac, it is a powerful pathological story revolving about a sadistic Jekyll and Hyde character, who, by buying them a toy balloon or a ball, lures little girls to the outskirts of the city and kills them.

The Murderer, presented in a definite

psycopathic light, is played with consummate skill by Pierre Lorre. He slouches along the sidewalk whistling a few disjointed bars from Grieg's "Peer Gynt," over which he apparently has little control, for it is this whistling that is actually responsible for his ultimate capture. Once he sets eyes upon his first victim, a child walking home from school, the maniac within him becomes dominant. He is afraid of himself, but the frightful Hyde obsession draws him irresistibly into the vortex of these repellently horrible crimes, and even persists afterwards, for he writes boastingly to a newspaper of his latest murder. As repulsively sensational as the underlying motif of the story may be, there is an obvious and skillful attempt on the part of the director and the actor to paint a character picture in the searching light of a psychological case study.

After an intervening minor role for Gaumont-British as the chubby anarchist fiend in "The Man Who Knew Too Much," this remarkable actor once more lurks with sinister import on the motion picture horizon. This time it is the mad surgeon-scientist of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Mad Love," the screen adaptation of a gruesome tale by Maurice Renard called "Les Mains d'Orlac." Here, again, Pierre Lorre handles with amazing adroitness a characterization which in the hands of an inferior actor would have degenerated into mere hocus-pocus; and the story itself, if it were not for his presence in the cast, would be little more than an interesting but rather trivial adventure in Grand Guignol horror, with its impossible grafting of a dead man's hands onto living wrists and the equally far-fetched relapse of the hands back to the knife throwing tendencies of their previous owner.

When Mr. Lorre is being permitted to illuminate the dark and twisted recesses of Dr. Gogol's brain, the picture is most convincing. In the "theatre des horreurs," which he attends night after night, you see him in his box watching his lady tortured upon the rack, veiling his eyes in an emotion which is both pain and sadistic joy as he listens to her screams. There is an extremely gripping scene in which the doctor, as he goes definitely mad, hears the voice of his subconscious mind flaying him for his failure to conquer the woman. In one of those climatic scenes which Pierre Lorre can carry to almost unbearable heights of suspense—we recall, in "M," his fran-

tic struggling with the door lock, like the hunted animal that he is, while beads of perspiration stand out on his forehead, as his pursuers approach—the doctor loses all contact with reality and immerses himself in his Pygmalion-Galatea identity while his maniacal laughter raises the hair on your scalp and freezes the imagination.

Using a technique popularized by that equally versatile actor, Charles Laugh-ton, Pierre Lorre can suggest the most unspeakable obsessions and crowd his role with the darkest and most terrifying emotions without disturbing his placid moon-face. With his surfine pathological talent and his gift for supplementing a remarkable physical appearance with an acute perception of the mechanics of insanity, he cuts deeply into the darkness of the morbid brain. It is an affirmation of his talent that he always holds his audience to a strict and terrible belief of his madness. He is one of the few actors in the world who can scream: "I have conquered science; why can I not conquer love?"—and not seem just a trifle foolish.

Such acting must be a very part of one's soul, otherwise the profession becomes ridiculous. Pierre Lorre creates his terrifyingly macabre effects alone, without any superficial aid, for he has a distinct aversion to the grotesque make-up idea which made Lon Chaney famous, and under the illusion of which Mr. Karloff is still struggling not too convincingly. What little he uses—the deep forehead scar with the jagged offset of the eyebrow in "The Man Who Knew Too Much," for instance—is stark and simple and far more effective than all the wax-and-linen mask contraptions the Hollywood "horror factories" can produce. And underlying these weird essays in the macabre is a clearly recognizable art, an art characteristic of the strictly naturalistic theatre, whetted by keen observation and practiced even to the point of grimacing into mirrors and imitating nervous afflictions in people. Those who appreciate the true worth of this dramatic art in the performances of Pierre Lorre as contrasted to some of the recent abortions of it we have witnessed, are sure to discover a wealth of curious material, often repulsive by the very nature of the parts given him, but always highly absorbing. People may not like the things he has to do, yet they cannot help but admire the way in which he does them.

Marooned with a Mental Mummy?

... light an Old Gold



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ONLY FINE OLD TOBACCO can give that natural aroma and fragrance of Old Gold cigarettes

AT TRYING TIMES. . . . TRY A *Smooth* OLD GOLD

Give A Man Enough Rope

EARLE RUNNER

after it was all over, the reporter felt a little ill, but a story was a story. . .



One of those calms that occasionally strike a newspaper editorial room had descended on the boys of the *Tribune* staff. With sighs of relief they cocked their feet high on copy desks and dragged mangled cigarettes from any package that happened to be at hand.

For a few moments lungs drew in the acrid smoke in serene bliss and tired eyes half-closed in enjoyment of the unexpected lull. But a newspaperman makes his living from words, so it wasn't long before lanky black-haired Eddie Ryan let one eye open tentatively as a prelude to a statement of some sort.

"Bill," he addressed the reporter at the neighboring desk, "did you ever see a man die?"

"Sure," answered Bill with a weary droop in his voice. "Saw a man die of apoplexy once. Happened in a dirty lavatory in Berlin. He was a Russian, as I remember. A big fat fellow. They laid him down on the filthy floor. He gasped

until he was black in the face and his tongue rolled out of his mouth. He died in a coupla minutes, but no one seemed to want to do anything for him. I was plenty scared when I walked out of that stinkin' toilet."

"Then again down in Virginia, I saw a man get the works from a freight train. Cut off both his legs."

Eddie waved a stopping hand at Bill. He dragged his long legs from the rim of his desk and turned so he could fix both his eyes on the other reporter before he continued. "Naw, I'm not talking about accidents and apoplexy. I mean have you ever seen a man croak at the end of a rope?"

Bill, too, removed his feet from the desk and turned to get the full benefit of what Eddie was saying.

"No, never have seen a man die that way."

"Well, they're hanging one at the state prison this week."

"Yeah, who is it?"

Eddie took one last long drag on his cigarette before flipping it into the middle of the floor. "You weren't working here when the Harris case broke, were you?"

"No, I was working on a sheet in Cincinnati at the time. But I do remember something about a nigger being mixed up in it. What's the dope on the story?"

Eddie closed his eyes in remembrance then opened them to say, "The case was one of the nastiest I ever covered. One of those stories that makes you feel every nigger north of the Mason-Dixon line oughta be shipped back to Africa."

Bill's eyes took on the newshawk glint as they always did when he was about to get the dope on a story that never got to the presses. He slid a fraction of an inch higher in his rickety chair and asked, "What's the story?"

Eddie shifted his eyes to the city desk to see if the boss was still letting the

lull continue and noticing him deep in some news copy, let his eyes drift back to Bill. "The story broke last January. It was cold as hell and I was sitting in the office here handling the dog watch. I was just about to call enough and blow, when Sarge Moran down at headquarters gave me a buzz. Said he had a hot story for me and I better come down."

"Ain't it hell the way big stories always break when you're tired and want to go home," interrupted Bill.

"So I got the proofreader to watch for any more calls, hopped in a cab and went down to the station. They had this big buck nigger there and were going to sweat him. He looked stubborn, so there wasn't any use trying to get a statement from him and besides that slug Mulligan still had it in for me and wouldn't let me get near the prisoner."

A deep voice, breaking in on Eddie's conversation, boomed, "Shootin' the bull boys?"

Eddie and Bill looked up and mumbled, "H'ya, Cam?"

Cam Young, business men's club reporter unique, as he bitterly called himself, dragged up a chair and rested his muddy shoes on the clean copy paper beside Eddie's typewriter.

"I was telling Bill about the Harris case," said Eddie with a disgusted look at his formerly clean paper.

"Carry on; I never got the lowdown on that case myself," said the new arrival.

"Well, Mulligan wouldn't let me talk to the nigger, so I went over to Moran at the desk.

"He said that Mulligan had been pounding his beat down near the rail yards when he heard a scream. He saw this nigger running toward him and grabbed him. The shine put up a fight, so Mulligan uses the stick on him and puts him out of business."

Cam Young reached for one of Eddie's cigarettes and broke in, "I know how you and Mulligan love each other, Eddie, but you gotta admit that the big hunk of beef can handle himself in a fight."

"Pipe down, Cam, and let Eddie do the talking," said Bill hooking his legs on the rungs of his chair as if to get a better grip on what was being said.

"Yeh, Cam, I'll admit Mulligan is a slugger, but I'll also admit that he's a big hunk of beef. If I ever get a chance . . ."

"For Gawd's sake, Eddie, get on with this story and yelp about Mulligan later," protested Bill.

"Okay, don't get anxious," glared Eddie, still incensed over thoughts of Mulligan's dirty trick, "but let me tell you sometime what that dirty cop did to me."

Bill pleaded once more, "Will you please continue, Mr. Ryan?"

"All right, all right. I'll get on with the story! Well, after Mulligan, the rat, slugged this nigger, he put the cuffs on him and anchored him to one of the gas pipes sticking out of that warehouse on the edge of the rail yards. Then he prowls around with his flash until he sees a bundle lying beside an old pile of boards that had been stacked in the yards for Lord knows how long."

Eddie paused a moment to cast a worried look at the city desk. Their bull session had been going quite a while, but the city ed was still penneiling away at the littered copy.

"Mulligan takes a look at the bundle and from what I saw later the same morning, I'll bet even that hard belly copper almost lost his nightly load of booze."

"The bundle was a young kid and his neck was slashed clear back to the vertebrae. Yeh, his head was almost cut off. When I saw him at the morgue, I took one look and beat it. I've seen floaters that had been in the water so long the erabs had eaten the meat off their bones, but that blond haired kid with his head almost hacked off was too much for me."

"Anyway, Mulligan, after he finds the kid, runs back to where he shackled the nigger and whistles for the cop on the next beat. Between the two of them they manage to call the wagon, and drag the nigger and the boy's body up to headquarters."

Eddie cast another glance at the city desk and reassured went on, "Well, that was all that Sarge Moran could give me, except that they were going to sweat the nigger. I found out that Doc Meyers, the county coroner, was going to examine the kid's body, but the presses were an hour late already, so I hopped back to the office and knocked out a story on what I already had."

"As soon as the presses were rolling, I tore back to headquarters just to see what was doing."

"Moran told me they were sweating the nigger out. They had him in the chief's office giving him the third degree proper. Moran said they had three overcoats and a blanket around him and had him backed against a steam radiator. Sure, they had the light in his eyes and water and cigarettes just out of his reach."

"I waited around for an hour, but the nigger was stubborn and wouldn't say anything."

"About the time I was ready to go home and get the shuteye I needed, Doc Meyers came in and bawled the boys out for moving the body from the scene of the crime. You know how hot the Doc

gets when he's sore, so you'll know that it wasn't long before the kid's body was on its way to the morgue. I followed Doc down to the body storage plant and that's when I really saw the kid for the first time, and that's when I got sick."

Bill leaned forward in his chair and asked, "Well, what did the Doc find out?"

Eddie grimaced before answering, "That's where the nasty part of the story comes in. To put it mildly, it was the town's first case in many a year. Made me feel even worse when I knew the reason that blonde headed kid had been murdered."

With an impatient gesture that dismissed Eddie's feelings about the matter, Bill questioned again, "Well, how did they pin it on the nigger?"

"Oh, he finally broke down after seventeen hours of the sweat routine and confessed to the murder. Said they all had been down at the transient bureau, got some rotgut with money they panhandled and went on a spree. The nigger kept saying, 'It was that no good whiskey that caused it all.'

"He finally came up for trial, went back on his confession, but they convicted him. He'd just been released from the state prison two months before the murder and had a mean reputation for cutting serapes there. I think that nigger set a record of some sort. He had been in police courts something over a hundred and fifty times."

"When they going to hang him, Eddie?" queried Cam Young.

"He's due to walk up those thirteen steps to the gallows next Friday."

"Did the kid have any relatives?" asked Bill, putting in his inquisitive oar again.

"Yeh, that was another sad part of the case," answered Eddie. "His father was an old farmer from the southern part of the state. He came up for the kid's body after Doc got through with it. I interviewed him and found that the kid was only seventeen and hit the road a week before the murder. Left his home because there wasn't enough food around and he figured the other ten kids needed what little there was."

"By God!" swore Bill, "I've never been hot for capital punishment, but when something like that happens, they oughta do more than hang them. In fact, I'd get a lot of pleasure springing the trap myself."

"You and me both, Bill," put in Cam. "I never knew the inside on the case before, but it's filthy enough to make me wish I'd never heard about it!"

"Well, gentlemen, I hope you're enjoying your little tête-à-tête, said a venom-

ously sarcastic voice from behind the group.

Chairs screeched on the wooden floor and legs scrambled from comfortable positions as the three reporters tried to straighten into a proper reportorial alertness.

Meanwhile the city editor glared and Eddie mentally consigned himself to purgatory for neglecting to keep his eye on the boss.

"You, Young, get the hell outa here and cover that banquet that the Elks are throwing tonight—and don't miss any of those speeches. Ryan, you should have been up at headquarters ten minutes ago, get going! And you, Mr. Bill, will you please find out something about that missing girl, before I break your neck or fire you—or both!"

Cam, with a hasty, "See you later, fellows," grabbed some copy paper and rushed off to his banquet. Bill and Eddie walked to the door together while the city editor returned to his desk swearing under his breath.

At the door the two stopped a moment. Eddie said, "I'll probably phone in my stories from headquarters, Bill, but meet me after work at Andy's bar. I want to talk over this hanging with you."

"Okay, see you about midnight," answered Bill.

* * * *

Eddie was already draped over the bar, sipping comfortably at a whiskey sour when Bill pulled in to Andy's. Rotund Andy behind the bar lifted a fat hand in greeting as Bill pointed to the drink before Eddie, and said, "Make mine the same, at Ryan's expense."

"Hey, whadda you mean 'at my expense?'" protested Eddie. "Buy your own drinks."

"Do you remember a friend of yours, Eddie, who paid your drunk and disorderly fine one month ago with five bucks which he will probably never see again?"

"Okay, Andy, mix it up," said Eddie reluctantly, "and listen, Bill, I'll pay back that five bucks as soon as the city ed comes through with that bonus he promised us."

"Don't bother about it, Eddie, just be nice enough to pay my fine when I need it. And now what's all this talk you want to break about the hanging?"

"I just wanted to see if you'd like to go down to the state prison this morning, since it's our day off, and get an interview with Harris. They have him in the death house and it's about time to start the stories about 'what a man does in the last few days.'"

Bill wailed, "Sunday! Our day off and we're going to spend it talking to a

lousy dirty nigger who deserves to be more than hanged? What swell ideas you do get!"

* * * *

Leaning against the lamp post in front of his boarding house the next morning, Bill still kept thinking that it was foolish to interview a lousy nigger on their day off. But with a start of anticipation he yelled, "Good morning," to Eddie when his friend drove up in a none too serviceable flivver. Eddie was fifteen minutes late, but that was to be expected, mused Bill, police reporters never were on time unless there was a big story breaking.

Eddie didn't talk much except as they were entering the prison town, "Haven't seen Jim for almost a month. Wonder how he's taking it all?"

"Jim who?" asked Bill.

"Jim Harris, thick wit, the man we're going to see."

"Hells bells, I didn't know you were personally acquainted with the nigger."

"Sure, I thought I told you that I used to see him almost every day for the two weeks he was in the county jail before they shipped him down here."

"Ever been down here before, Bill?"

"No, this will be my first visit to the famous institution where the state boards non-paying guests."

"All right then, there she is. That's it. Walls of gray stone ten feet thick and guards sprinkled with riot guns all over the walls."

Bill leaned out of the window to get a better glimpse of the compact slate-gray structure. He noticed that the architecture was copied from a nineteenth century style that he had always liked. The heavy masses of green ivy trailing up the high walls gave him a first impression that it was not a prison, but the walled-in estate of some wealthy recluse. Even the outside lawns, he observed to be in perfect geometrical shape, resembling these surrounding well-groomed residences he had seen back in the city.

Eddie brought the flivver protestingly to a halt before the entrance, turned off the ignition and safely deposited his legs on the sidewalk. "Here we are. All that remains to be done is to get the warden's permission to visit the 'condemned.' But the warden expects to get another political job soon, so he'll keep the 'gentlemen of the press' well in mind."

Bill followed Eddie up the walk to the entrance and into the outer offices where after a short wait, the cryptic word "reporters" whispered by Eddie, got them past minor offices into the den of the warden.

Bill shook hands with the official when Eddie said, "Warden Carewe, I'd like

to introduce a friend of mine who is also on the staff of the *Tribune*." Bill wondered why Eddie didn't mention his name, but no one ever did, so it wasn't bothering him any. He rather liked the warden and sizing him up, made mental note that he was a rather nice chap, too stout of course and a bit pompous, but, outside of that, okay.

Eddie explained why they were making the surprise visit to the prison and after a few calls to guards and scribbling a pass to the death house, Warden Carewe told them that they could officially enter the prison.

A guard led them through the prison yard, where a mob of prisoners milled about aimlessly. Eddie noticed Bill's quizzical inspection of the prisoners congregated in the yard and muttered aside to him as they walked along. "Yeh, they got about a thousand too many men here. They haven't enough work to keep them busy. Expecting a break any time and when they do, we'll have one sweet story."

The walk to the death house seemed endless to Bill as he watched the gray walls with their barred windows and the gray clothed convicts lolling beneath them.

Finally the guard stopped before a steel door and said, "Here's the death house. Knock on the door and show your pass. The guard inside will admit you."

Eddie cast a look at the departing guard who had guided them to the death house, then with what seemed a feeble effort to Bill, knocked on the iron door that separated them from the cells.

A bolt rasped on the other side of the barricade and the heavily bovine face of a guard showed itself through the barred gate that lay behind the first door. As a questioning look spread over the face, Eddie stuck out the scribbled pass from the warden and said, "We're newspapermen. We'd like to see Jim. Is it okay?"

The guard took the message, read it carefully and then opening the second door said, "Sure, come on in."

Bill and Eddie walked in through the door, heard it clang behind them and, blinded by the brilliant sunlight that flooded the prison yard outside, saw nothing.

In a moment Bill's eyes became accustomed to the dimness and he saw the nigger.

So that's the murderer, thought Bill. The nigger was sitting on a stool in the white painted cell and Bill, forming mental notes for the interview story, saw the plain iron cot with its smooth blankets unmussed, the writing table with a Bible and scribbled sheets on it. The

(Continued on page 17)

FUEHRERS or FARCEURS?



Everitt Perine, possessor of the *Chronicle* editorial chair. For this university year he is sworn to be on the side of right if any domestic squabbles should rend the Gothic arches. As a sideline, the *Chronicle* will see to it that Duke's embryo newspapermen are properly hatched. (?)



Alan MacQuarrie who is the guiding hand of the lads that comprise the Young Men's Christian Association. The "Y", as usual, is to lend a helping hand to those in need. The "Y" president is of the opinion that the "open houses" should be continued. (?)



1935

Zack Thomas, the current president of the student body. Last year quoth he, "We want Duke men to be gentlemen, but we don't want to treat them like babies!" (?)



William Woodruff, head man of the *Chanticleer* editorial staff, who promises that he and colleague Ernest Cruickshank will produce a 1936 yearbook that will negate past opprobriums, flatter the ladies and wring unwilling pæans of praise from the students. (?)



Frank Sizemore, senior class president, who tells the boys of '36 that they are to have more clannishness than they have displayed in former years. In fact, says Prexy Sizemore, the class is going to have its name on the University's honor roll. (?)



James McCall, head of the campus Grecians who last year was heard to say that fraternities for this year would be open and honest in all their political, rushing and dancing activities. (?)

1936



THE PLAYBILL

W. H. LONG and ROSS McCLELLAND

NOW!—NOW!—NOW!

ON HIS SIXTEENTH ANNUAL FAREWELL TOUR
OF THE PROVINCIAL STAGE

R. Burlap Bagge

presents

K. F. HALETHORPE-SMYTHE

and

HIS JITNEY JUBILEE PLAYERS

Direct from a four-night stand at the Bijou Art Theatre,
Bahama, North Carolina

in the

Broadway Hit

of

Some Seasons Ago

"LAST OF THE FUFNICKS"

by

F. Aldington Strenge, XI

Tonight at your own

Gerber's Livery Stable,

Short Pump, N. C.

POSITIVELY THE LAST APPEARANCE OF THE NOTED
BROADWAY ACTOR IN SHORT PUMP THIS SEASON
WITH THIS GIGANTIC, GALA SPECTACLE OF THE
AMERICAN THEATRE'S HALL OF FAME! TO-
NIGHT WILL BE YOUR LAST CHANCE TO
SEE THIS TALENTED CAST PERFORM!

Welcome to

**THE SHORT PUMP
HOUSE**

Running water in every
room—unique beds

Hostelry to Mr. Hale-
thorpe-Smythe and his
Jitney Jubilee Players
tonight

Eat at

**THE SHORT PUMP
CAFE**

Enjoy our Dutch Plan—
Pay as you eat

Dine with us after the
performance and meet
the actors!

This Playbill courtesy of the Short Pump
Bi-Weekly Typhoon—County News Only

The Playbill

Don't annoy the actors!—Take a Dr. Burpwell's
Lozenge after each act (adv't.)

Patronize

**JAKE'S BIG
GASSERY**

Visit our new Ladies'
and Gents' Rest Rooms

Free Crankcase Service
See Jake when you burn
out a bearing!

Hurry back to

**McGONIGLE'S
POOL EMPORIUM**

If you cannot pay, please
do not play—welcome!

Ladies welcome to our up-
stairs dining rooms from
5 until 7 p. m.

(Editor's Note: Discovered among the effects of Mr. Long and Mr. McClelland after their return from a summer of histrionics in the provinces (spelled s-t-i-c-k-s) was this document which after much perusal and pondering we take to be a relic of the rural stage). . .

The all-Broadway cast is as follows:

EMERSON FUFNICK, an agriculturalist with a soul—
—K. F. HALETHORPE-SMYTHE

The producer requests that, at no time, should the audience be deceived by the distinguished actor's staggering. He has been indisposed recently by persistent attacks of delirium tremens contracted while playing the third grave-digger in "Hamlet."

HEPZIBAH FUFNICK, his wife—also with a soul—

—DAWN D'AMOUR
Due to the confusion that often arises among the audience concerning the exact relationship between the characters on the stage, the management assures you that Miss D'Amour is NOT the wife of Mr. Halethorpe-Smythe in real life.

LULU BELLE FUFNICK, supposedly their daughter—

—CONCHITA SEBASTIANEZ
The beloved little Mexican ingenue who made her debut at Ford's Theatre in Washington, D. C., the night Lincoln was shot.

IVAN IVANOVITCH PESTOFF, scourge of the Caucasus—

—TRAFALGAR WHIPSTITCH
The South Brooklyn matinee idol thrills you again as he did in his role as the third belch in the court scene of "Rasputin."

RIMSKY ROMANOFF, his valet—a Don Cossack—

—ISADORE FRANKENSTEIN
Formerly in top-billing at the Yiddish Art Theatre, New York City, during the Summer of 1905 in "The Next to the Last Gasp of Goldberg."

PETRUSHKA, a tavern girl—sings, dances, etc.—

—SOSIA PETROSKOVNA
Played by the Little Flower of the Caucasus who escaped from Russia during the Horrible Revolution of 1918. Got as far as Moscow.

OBADIAH FUFNICK, cousin to the Fufnicks—

—PELUCIDA POLTZBURGH
Played by the former star of "East Lynne," "Ten Nights in a Barroom," "The Drunkard," and other great dramas of an alcoholic nature.

ASAFOTIDA, maid of all work—

—MINNIE MALVERNE MORE
Ninety-seven years old, and still a grand old trouper.

GILDED LILLY, a woman of ill-fame—

—BLONDIE BLOONSTONE
Our interpreter of the role of the Painted Woman of the Streets is just getting her start in this role.

JAKE, a rural lout with a past

—Q. Z. V. Y. HAYBURN
Mr. Hayburn joined the company at Three Forks while resting between roles.

TAVERN CHORUS, RUSSIANS, DON COSSACKS, DOGS, FARMERS, VILE VILLAINS, ETC.

In the pit—Professor Enrico Roderigo Bastinado and his Bayreuth Symphony Orchestra—three pieces of sweet harmony.

THE SCENE . . .

Act I, scene I—The Droszky Tavern, a low dive in the city limits of Petrograd.

Act, I, scene II—The road between Petrograd and Moscow on a cold, stormy night in September.

Act II, scene I—The home of the Fufnicks—"Fufnick Acres," one cold December afternoon.

Act II, scene II—The same, two nights later.

Act III, scene I—"Fufnick Acres." Thursday morning, the day when Lulu Belle and Jake are to be joined in holy matrimony.

Act III, scene II—The same. The day after. Various stage devices will be employed during this scene to indicate the breaking up of a good man's home.

STAGE EFFECTS . . .

Scream from Bedroom Window, Act III, scene I—To indicate a very dastardly plot being foiled by Emerson Fufnick and his great Remington Repeater.

Thunder, lightning, etc.—Storm effects are produced by secret methods known only to Allah Akbar, storm effects specialist to the Jitney Jubilee Players.

Lighting during entire play—produced by Allah Akbar and his Three Magic Lanterns, formerly the property of the Philadelphia Police Department.

Staging by I. Korsakoff . . . Costuming by Goldberg & Son

THE PRODUCER AND DIRECTOR . . .

R. Burlap Bagge, the producer and director of this great stage spectacle, produced such famous hits as "Move Over, Babe," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "What Happened to Hannah?" "The Last Day on This Vile Earth," "What Chance Has a Good Girl Got?" "Little Lulu in This Vale of Tears," and other successes from coast to coast since the Civil War. With Brock Pemberton and Oscar Hammerstein, he is rated as the third greatest creator of melodrama since William Shakespeare.

Mr. Bagge has this personal message for the Short Pump theatre-goers—"I'm sure that, after you witness the three acts of horror, melodrama, thrills, and pathos of this play, you will want to see Mr. Halethorpe-Smythe and his Jitney Jubilee Players next season. Horror we doing?"

THE PLAYBILL

W. H. LONG and ROSS McCLELLAND

THE VEHICLE . . .

"Last of the Fufnicks" was written in 1893 by the distinguished playwright, Mr. F. Aldington Strenge, XI, shortly before his death at the hands of an enraged mob attending the world premiere of his equally successful opus, "The Farmer's Revenge," at the Floradora Theatre, in New York City.

This great and touching drama has been the toast of audiences from coast to coast. In fact, the present company has been living on toast for some time.

It is the heart-rending story of a devoted husband and wife trying to save their beautiful and innocent daughter from the vile machinations of two villains, who have traveled from the Steppes of the Caucasus to accomplish their ignoble ends. The toil-worn condition of Emerson Fufnick will explain the dilapidated condition of Mr. Halethorpe-Smythe's wardrobe during the action of the play.

"Last of the Fufnicks" was so entitled due to the fact that, in the play, the parents have been unable to effect further increases in their family since the birth of little Lulu Belle.

READ WHAT THE CRITICS SAY . . .

Nancy Nathan, writing in the Snorting Stables (Fla) *Hurricane-Express*, of April 23, 1901—"When Mr. Halethorpe-Smythe and his company appeared in Snorting Stables last night, the audience stood in the aisles for 45 minutes as the final curtain fell on the stage cheering the cast. Mr. H-S, as *Emerson Fufnick*, held the entire house of 184 spell-bound, but this critic could not understand the reason for his staggering throughout the play. We hope to see the Jitney Jubilee Players in Snorting Stables next season."

Dramatic critic of the Big Moose (Montana) *Round-Up*, of January 31, 1907—"I have seldom seen such a staggering success as 'Last of the Fufnicks' in Big Moose. Not since the farewell tour of A. Piebald Pate and his Shakesperian company during the Big Storm of '04 has a Big Moose house applauded as the audience did last night. The only incident which marred the satisfaction of the house was the shot which missed Mr. Halethorpe-Smythe during the second act."

Gerald Gass, writing in the Sauk Center (Minn.) *Tornado-Thresher*, of April Fool's Day, 1913—"Nuts!"

Critics of various Eastern and Southern journals in cities where the Jitney Jubilee Players have appeared—"Wonderful"—"Stinks!"—"A queer experience in the theatre!"—"God help the provinces!"—"What do you expect for two-bits?"—"Magnifique, as the French say, I think."—"Certainly the first time that I, for one, have slept for three continuous hours."

ADDENDA . . .

Any vegetable, animal, or other matter thrown at the players will be retained by the management.

WE ARE INDEBTED TO . . .

The Short Pump Pottery Company for the commode used in Act II, scene I.

Mrs. Laforgue Willoughby Laforgue for the Louis XVI furnishings used in the last two acts. Mrs. Laforgue very kindly donated the contents of her beautiful chateau, "The Pastures," for this performance.

Fate for the Jitney Jubilee Players' scenery, purchased during the Late Unpleasantness from Kirkland Kluck's financially embarrassed company in North Tallspin, Arkansas.

Aunt Minnie Mayhew (Short Pump) for the Sears, Roebuck & Company Fall and Winter Catalogue appended to an outdoor structure seen upstage during the second and third acts.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PLAYERS . . .

K. F. HALETHORPE-SMYTHE—During his 45 years in the American theatre and out, Mr. Halethorpe-Smythe has enthralled thousands of rural audiences with his unusual characterizations of all the major roles in American drama. Formerly associated with Holbrook Blinn, Hobart Bosworth, Montgomery Ward, etc.

MISS D'AMOUR—Known to the friends who love her as Sadie Glutz, of West Waterfall, N. D., Miss D'Amour has been trained in the histrionics of the theatre by the Cadwallar School of Acting, Voice, Expression, and Stage Carriage, of Oilcan, Texas.

ISADORE FRANKENSTEIN—This talented native of the Bronx scores another triumph as *Rimsky* in this play. He also scored three runs in a baseball game between the Canal Street A. C. and the Royal Colored Giants.

MISS SEBASTIANNEZ—She has retained her figure marvelously throughout her career. How, we don't know—that is a secret of the ages.

THE REST OF THE CAST—All of them are fixtures in the American theatre. What more can be said?



FROM COVER TO COVER

CURRENT BOOKS IN REVIEW

Life With Father. By Clarence Day. Knopf.

A great humorous work has come from the pen of Clarence Day, the invalid who rattles off his composition between midnight and dawn and punctually arises at four in the afternoon and punctually flies into violent rages because his breakfast is never ready.

Three years ago his collection of sketches, *God and My Father*, went from the presses to undeserved obscurity. The story of his stubborn, red-headed father's relations with God is delightfully told in that book. It brims with spontaneous humor. There was, for example, the time that Father was ill and took his troubles to God, shaking his fist Heavenward and roaring, "Have mercy, damn it!" There also was his custom of reprimanding the Heavenly Father because the Universe was never handled properly: "What next, damn it, what next!" he used to shout at the ceiling.

Life With Father continues the series of sketches which had their beginnings in *God and My Father*. Being a number of loosely related incidents from the family life of a Victorian business man, the book will interest readers for the singularly subjective insight it gives into the average family of the 1880's. Wall Street, balls, religion, father and son, husband and wife—almost the entire picture of middle-class life fifty years ago is presented.

The situations that confronted Day, Sr., were always unpleasant and he took them seriously enough; but because his son has drawn his character faithfully and sympathetically, reducing the countless minor tragedies to their proper proportions and glossing them with excellent humor, *Life With Father* becomes deliciously and absurdly funny.

Further attempts to describe it are useless. One can only say *don't miss it!*

The Furies. By James Hanley. Macmillan.

The best novel of the summer months and one which seems destined to take its place among the masterpieces of fiction written about the working class. It is the story of a family, the Furies, and especially of a mother, Mrs. Fury, and her son, Peter.

A domineering Irishwoman, Mrs. Fury never loses her spirit nor becomes resigned to life in the loose-moraled, squalid English seaport town where she lives with her husband, Dennis. In her youngest child, Peter, she centers all her dreams and aspirations. The other children she cares for but little.

Desmond, another son, arriving home with a beautiful, mysterious young wife, whom the family thinks to have been a loose woman, is denied admittance.

Her only daughter leaves home after a quarrel over the favoritism shown Peter. For seven years Mrs. Fury struggles to keep him in the college where he is studying for the priesthood. Then he fails. On the day the news arrives another son is seriously injured in an accident, but she can think only of Peter.

With his return she slowly begins to realize how worthless and irresponsible her son is. When she discovers he has been studying for the priesthood only because he fears her, she cannot forgive him—any more than she can stop loving and hating him. At night she sits up brooding while her husband, irritated but pitying, hovers helplessly nearby. Release is sought but not found in exhausting physical labor about the house. A strike adds to the misery and chaos. The climax and Mrs. Fury's final disillusionment appear when Peter has his clandestine affair with the wife of Desmond.

This, the first of three novels by James Hanley about the Fury clan is distinguished mainly by the unusual quality of its prose. The style is cold, bare; language is stripped of all its graces; the sentences are monotonous and rhythmical. Nevertheless it is a perfect medium for a story that requires sustained intensity and brilliant characterization for effectiveness. Mrs. Fury and her husband have been seldom surpassed in twentieth century working class milieu fiction.

Deep Dark River. By Robert Rylee. Farrar & Rinehart.

"Niggers have been the curse of this state, and of the South. It was too easy to live off them. But living off somebody else's strength makes you weak," declared old Mr. Rutherford, one of those white men sunk into that apathy and decay which runs through Rylee's book like a thread of darkness.

A first novel, faulty and sometimes disappointing, *Deep Dark River* takes up again the old theme of racial problems and becomes thereby a part of the current wave of fiction concerned with the troubled South. Mose Southwick, negro barber, is the victim of a degenerate white man's hatred—a persecution which is possible, but rather too reminiscent of Simon Legree to be entirely plausible. Nevertheless it is the fine and simple portrait of Mose which gives this novel memorable beauty and finesse. The persecution is in reality merely a mechanism which brings out step by step the depths of Mose's character. His personality develops through injustice and suffering and love for the land he cultivates, sad with the sadness of a Negro spiritual, bright with the calm of Negro philosophy, rising by sheer force above circumstances until at last he finds a mystical fulfillment in defeat.

If the rest of the novel equalled the portrait of its central character, *Deep Dark River* would be remarkable, but unfortunately the remainder has many flaws. The minor characters never become real; they remain lifeless figures, occasionally serving as mouthpieces for the author. Contemplative analysis of character is evidently Mr. Rylee's forte at present, though the descriptions of the life which he treats has ease and sureness from first to last. His deep compassion, his rebellion against injustice, and his sympathetic understanding of the Negro mind are things not easily forgotten, and his conclusions are far from the usual blank despair of propagandist books: Mose has been defeated, his cause is lost, and yet the victory remains with him.

one will enjoy . . .

Vein of Iron by Ellen Glasgow
Europa by Robert Briffault
Honey in the Horn by H. L. Davis
Mary Queen of Scotland by Stefan Zweig
Asylum by William Seabrook
Time Out of Mind by Rachel Field

MASKS AND GREASE PAINT

CURRENT PLAYS IN REVIEW

Personal Appearance

In which one Gladys George, late of vaudeville and the movies, gives the best and bawdiest comedy performance of the year. That the play itself escapes being just another clever little comedy is due entirely to the charmingly voluptuous Miss George as Carole Arden, movie star, stranded for the night in a tourist home near Wilkes-Barre. With her is her press-agent, detailed to keep her from exercising her woman's prerogative *too* often. The presence of a young filling station attendant who resembles Johnny Weissmuller complicates matters no end. Having recently brought down the roof at the Henry Miller theatre for the 400th time with that famous last line, "Why, you son of a bitch!" Carole Arden will soon be seen tramping the rustic boards.

The Children's Hour

Far and away the best drama to come from the pen of an American writer in the past two years, although many shocked old maids and the Pulitzer Prize committee think differently. It concerns an abnormally knowing adolescent who accuses her two school teachers of abnormal affinity and thereby wrecks the lives. In our estimation Ann Revere, as one of the school teachers, walks away with the play, but then there are critics who prefer Florence McGee's very excellent portrayal of the hateful Mary Tilford. With but few exceptions the entire cast is college trained and unusually good.

Anything Goes

Cole Porter's music, though long familiar to us all, never grows tiresome. Recently new life has been injected into the show in the person of Benay Venuta who takes over Ethel Merman's role while the latter is in Hollywood. Miss Venuta possesses a voice every bit as rough and ready as Miss Merman's and in addition put a little more pep into a part that cries for it loudly. Victor Moore still rocks the house as the Reverend Dr. Moon, Public Enemy No. 13, who, with the aid of his little machine gun, "Put-put-put," hopes to work up to at least No. 7 when the new list comes out. Bettina Hall and William Gaxton sing pleasantly and add the love interest.

The chorus is good, the show girls good to look at. It is doubtful if the coming season will produce a better musical.

Three Men on a Horse

With the exception of *Personal Appearance*, the best comedy of the past season. It concerns itself with Clarence Vane, naïve writer of greeting card verses who, when accused by his wife of having affairs with other women, reveals that names and numbers written in his notebook are part of his privately worked out, and theoretically successful, system of betting on the ponies. His system gets a trial when, enraged by his accusing spouse, abandons teetotaling for tipping. He falls in with horsy gamblers who keep him tipling while they win enough bets to retire. A hilarious moment is provided in the last act in which the gamblers frantically endeavor to rewrite Clarence's verses which one of them in a moment of anger has destroyed. William Lynn is excellent as Clarence. Since there are two companies of this already on the road, it may some day hit Durham.

Night of January 16

Another tedious play which endeavors to tell a story through the medium of a court trial. This one departs from its predecessors by selecting the jury from the audience and asking those selected to sit on the stage. Obviously based on the Kreuger case, it represents the trial of Karen André for the murder of an infamous Swedish rogue. Before the evening is finally ended, nothing in the way of sordid details or exciting events is left unexposed. Edmund Breese and Walter Pidgeon do as much for it as they can. The jury for the first evening was a put up job and numbered among others, Edward J. Reilly and Jack Dempsey.

Few Are Chosen

A delicately written play dealing with the lives of a group of young women who enter a Catholic convent. At the end only two remain. One dies in a storm after months of struggle against temptation, another loses her health and mind, and two others leave the convent, convinced that they can never find peace within its walls. But the play does have its moments when the acting occasionally transcends its routine dullness.

A Slight Case of Murder

In this one Damon Runyon turns his talents from scenario writing to play writing and collaborates with Howard Lindsay in a work which contains all the old familiar Runyonesque characters.

A certain brewer, Remy Marco, has a house in Saratoga, frequented by variously shaped and assorted underworld thugs. Arriving home one day, his embarrassment is more than slight when his faithful retainer, Mike, discovers four dead men in an upstairs room.

A prankster at heart, Marco decides to leave a body as a calling card upon the front lawn of four of his local enemies. Matters are complicated by the return of Marco's daughter, who has hooked a socialite member of the New York State Police for her future husband, and by the presence of a beer-drinking orphan, Douglas Fairbanks Rosenbloom. Joseph Sweeney, as Mike, carries the burden of the play squarely on hefty shoulders.

Tobacco Road

Sexy stuff about poor white trash in Georgia. Pandering to the vulgar appetites of the out-of-towners has kept it alive for the past two years. The role of Jeeter Lester is a fat one and seems to invariably secure movie contracts for its interpreters. The cast is only fair.

Moon Over Mulberry Street

At present this play has managed to keep alive for four weeks. It concerns a society girl who dallies with a poor young Italian, tires of him, and sends him packing with the usual words about the difference in their stations in life. We can only ponder its longevity.

the torch bearers . . .

Whether the Duke Players will be able to reproduce George Kelly's hilarious farce of the amateur stage remains to be seen. We, for one(?), are frankly dubious as to the ability of collegiate actors to properly interpret the middle-aged characters of the play; but the present cast may rise to unexplored heights and honor a delightful comedy.

Though the house may laugh at the comedy, we hope the presentation does not attain the dimensions of a farce within a farce.

Give A Man Enough Rope

(Continued from page 10)

nigger, too, had a book. He was holding it in his left hand with one bony finger marking the place where he had just closed it.

The guard, after making sure that the barred door was locked, walked over to the cell, "Coupla newspapermen to see you, Jim."

Eddie walked up close to the cell bars and smiling affably said, "Hello, Jim, do you remember me?"

Slowly raising himself from the stool, the nigger walked the short eight feet to the bars and looked out at the reporter. His eyes traveled over Eddie's face and gradually he recognized the newspaperman. "Yas suh, you're de man dat usta come and see me at de county jailhouse."

Bill, still working on his mental picture for the story, noted the subdued air of the man's speech, the way his tall closely-knit frame seemed on the verge of suddenly loosening and the strange fire that lingered in the depths of his sunken eyes. Something about the whole appearance of the nigger made him uncomfortable. A radiation, disturbing and intangible, seemed to flow from the blackness of his skin.

Bill suddenly realized that he wasn't thinking of the nigger as a murderer, hut as a damned interesting human. It was getting rather bad when a newspaperman began thinking anything soft about a nigger. Still, there the nigger was, waiting for Friday and Friday only a few short days away. Five short days in fact. And then at whatever the hour was, the nigger would climb the last thirteen steps and wait for the noose to wind itself around his neck.

"Well, Jim, how do you feel?" said Eddie's voice, jerking Bill back to the realization that they had come for an interview.

"I feel fine, dey feeds me right and I sleeps well; dat's about all I needs right now."

The words in their simplicity made Bill poignantly aware of what life in this death cell must be. To sleep and to eat, he thought, and never to get away from yourself. To always have your mind turning and twisting and inevitably returning to the minutes that bring you nearer to death.

With a start Eddie shook himself free of his thoughts and asked the nigger, "Harris, do you write anything? I see you have pencil and paper on that desk."

The nigger with a proud smile turned to the desk, took several of the sheets

of cheap paper and handed them to the reporters. "Them is some hymns I wrote. De boys from the cell block sang dem for me dis morning."

Bill, scanning with difficulty the poorly written lines, read half aloud,

*"Halleluia, for the Lord will come
And take me on that glory road.
He will take me to His bosom
Where the Lord Jesus awaits."*

Looking up from the written words, Bill said to the nigger, "Not bad, Harris, do you mind if I keep this?"

"No, suh, and here's some more if you wants 'em. I'll never have any use for 'em," said Harris and he reached over to the desk again and handed a sheaf of the hymns through the bars to Bill.

Among the hymns which Bill leafed through was a code for prisoners. Bill, looking over the rules inscribed by the condemned man, saw one that said, "Don't never fight while in prison."

He looked up from the list of rules and said, "You seem pretty well convinced that violence doesn't pay, Harris."

"Yas, suh," answered the nigger, "I got myself into too much trouble with dem fights and dat nogood whiskey."

"Jim, you've never admitted you were guilty since they got a confession from you. How about telling us now?" asked Eddie.

"I can't do that now," said Harris with almost a tinge of regret in his deep voice, "but if you're around Friday, I'll let you know."

Eddie and Bill both lowered their eyes as the nigger mentioned the thing that was uppermost in all their minds. A silence of a few moments was broken embarrassedly when Bill asked, "What's going to happen after Friday, Harris?"

Naive surprise at the reporter's ignorance spread over the nigger's face as he replied, "Why, I'll be with the Master, of course."

"You think He'll help you," Bill persisted.

The glow which Bill had noticed in the man's eyes deepened and flashed as he said with the timbre of emotion and conviction in his voice, "Yes, suh, He helps us all, and I'm in His hands now and He won't let me be alone!"

Power and feeling, the emanation which Bill had felt before to be intangible when he first saw the nigger, seemed again to fill the dim death house. A vision of Negroes in spiritual glory came to Bill and he remembered a time in Louisiana when he saw a bayou nigger

ecstatically rolling his eyes in religious frenzy.

Eddie turned to Bill and said it was about time they left. Bill moved away from the bars as Eddie passed some tailor made cigarettes through the bars to Harris, then after seeing Eddie shake hands with the nigger and murmur something about "Good luck," moved back to the barred cell and grasped the hand which Harris stuck through the cell bars and said, "Take care of yourself, Harris."

The guard had already opened the door for them to leave. Bill took a last look back into the death house and saw Harris leaning limply against the bars. The nigger's eyes were staring fixedly at the black and white lines cast by the sunlight as it streamed through the bars of the open doorway.

Unescorted the two reporters moved back toward the exit. As they walked through the prison yard they could feel the unfriendly eyes of convicts fixed on them. An article Bill had read once said that there was always a tension in the prison when a hanging was due.

Bill and Eddie were both silent until they had safely passed through the revolving cage that connected with the freedom beyond the prison walls.

"Well," murmured Eddie at last, "What do you think of the nigger who gave us our nasty crime?"

As they walked along the narrow corridor that led to the warden's office, Bill mused a moment before he answered. "To tell the truth, Eddie, I came down here ready to be disgusted by seeing a nigger that could commit the crime that he did. And yet I have the feeling now that he's just a good-natured Virginia nigger gone bad."

"Yeh," replied Eddie, "but while you're thinking about him being a good Virginia nigger, you might think of that yellow haired kid with his head almost cut off!"

"Okay, let's drop it, but you're going to write the interview tale when we get back."

With a shrug, Eddie dismissed the task of writing the story and turned into the office of Warden Carewe. Passing his secretary, they knocked on the door to his private office and entered at his "Yes."

When he saw the newspapermen, the warden smiled and asked them if they had gotten their story. Eddie smiled back and said they had all they wanted. Politics entered the conversation and

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Bill dropped into a convenient chair, tipped his hat over his eyes and went into a light doze.

He awakened when Eddie shook him and said, "Let's get going." Bill muttered something about the pleasure he had had from meeting the warden, said goodbye and followed Eddie out of the prison to the spot where they had parked the car.

Once the car was under way and his body comfortably disposed, Eddie reached in the breast pocket of his jacket and dragged out two blue tickets with the explanation, "Passes to the execution, my boy, procured by Eddie while you snoozed."

Bill inspected the passes and handed them back to Eddie. "Well, I never saw a hanging, so I may as well come down Friday, but let's get back to town. I got a date with a lulu this afternoon."

* * * *

With a rapid zipp, Bill tore the sheet of paper from his typewriter, dragged out a cigarette and turning to Eddie who was comfortably sprawled in his chair said wearily, "Well, I've cleaned up all my work. Ready to go?"

"Sure, I'm all clear. Let's get going. The hanging comes off at nine o'clock and it's eight now. Besides, Young's car is even more asthmatic than it was last Sunday."

Finally away from the office and on the road to the prison, Bill looked into the summer night and leaned out the car window to gaze at the stars that were pricking their pinholes in the sky's blackness. "If Harris gets a peek out of his cell tonight, it'll be the last time he sees those stars," he murmured.

"Yeh," said Eddie, "but remember that we have a job to cover tonight. When we get to the prison, you grab all the dope on what he had for his last meal, what he told the chaplain, his last letters and all the usual stuff."

"And just what are you going to do?" asked Bill sarcastically.

"I'll grab a statement from the warden, get the time death was pronounced, but we'll both have to try and get his last words, if he has any. Bet two bits he dies protesting his innocence!"

Bill felt in his coat pocket to make sure he had enough pencils and copy paper, then relaxed in the corner of the houncing car and patiently waited until the looming mass of the prison hove in view.

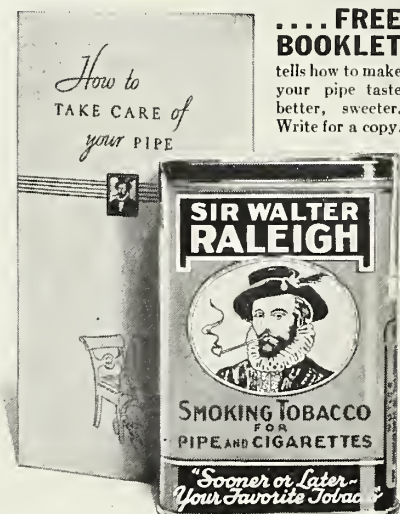
"Here we are again," said Eddie as he once more turned off the ignition and climbed from the car. Bill didn't say anything, but got out and followed Eddie into the prison. They headed for the anteroom where the revolving cage let into the prison proper.

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"Hells Bells!" gasped Bill, as they entered the anteroom. His startled eyes ran over the room that was crowded with forty or fifty men. He turned to Eddie and questioned, "What are all these slugs doing here?"

"They're here for the same reason you are," replied Eddie complacently.

"But this isn't a Roman holiday, is it?" protested Bill.

"As long as they have their passes signed by the warden, they'll be admitted to the execution chamber," said Eddie.

"But why are they here?" persisted Eddie. "They can't all be newspapermen. Lord knows it's bad enough to allow anyone to watch a man hang, but to have this mob about—"

"They'll be there and there's nothing that can be done about it. They've probably been pestering the warden for passes ever since the nigger was sentenced. There's Captain Davidson. He's probably going to get the spectators ready to march to the execution chamber. What time is it, Bill?"

Bill glanced at his watch, "It's 8:40."

"Then the show's just about to start," said Eddie. "In a few minutes Harris will start the death march and in about ten minutes will be in the execution chamber."

The man Eddie had called Captain Davidson suddenly called out, "Show your passes, enter the cage and form in a column of twos in the corridor within the prison."

A preliminary buzz of anticipation sprang up in the anteroom and died down as the assembled men presented their passes and were passed through the revolving cage.

"They're like a mob of buccolic morons going to a sideshow," thought Bill bitterly as the men crowded to be the first admitted. He presented his pass and lined up with the rest of them, but Eddie was farther back in the column. Somehow or other Bill found himself in the fore part of the line.

Guards gradually appeared from side corridors and soon massed around the spectators in protecting formation.

A wildly clanging bell caused Bill to jump perceptibly. The man opposite him in the line smiled and said, "That's just the 'lights out' signal. They've locked all the prisoners in for the night now."

Bill looked at his companion narrowly. The man had beady eyes resting behind lobes of fat. The rotundity of his face made the spareness of his body seem repulsive. Maliciously Bill said, "You must like this, evidently you've been here before."

"Say," boasted the rotund face, "I've seen every hanging here in the past ten years. Did you ever hear the story of the time they jerked the head right off Andy Marranas?"

"No!" snapped Bill, "and I don't want to hear anything about it." He turned away and stared at the blue shirt of a guard in front of him. It made him sick at his stomach to think of watching the mouth that belonged to that fat, greedy face uttering the gruesome details of the time they jerked a man's head off."

Someone opened the door leading into the prison yard and the long column obediently began to file along after the advance line of guards. Bill's heart gave a queer little start as he moved forward. He suddenly realized that the nigger, too, was starting his march. Harris would be in the execution chamber by the time the line of spectators reached there.

The column filed out into the open prison yard and marched slowly across the flagstones. A man ahead of Bill snickered and giggled to the spectator marching beside him, "It won't be long now!"

Bill smothered a curse and looked around the yard. All the lights were out except the one over the entrance to the execution chamber. Bill wondered why they seemed to approach it so slowly.

He raised his eyes to a first tier cell

and saw a Negro looking down at the winding column. The Negro's lips seemed to move, but Bill heard no sound. Gawd, he thought, that's what's the matter with this place. There's no noise. Not even a cricket screeching.

As he walked methodically behind the man in front of him, he threw back his head and drew in a shuddering breath of air. As he gazed upward, he saw the stars, twinkling merrily, brighter and clearer than he had seen them for years.

Feet shuffled to a halt and Bill realized that they had reached the lone light. His eyes puckered when he recognized the doorway as that which leads to the death house where Harris had been. The column followed a guard into the death house and breaking ranks massed before a door that Bill had not noticed when he and Eddie had interviewed the nigger.

His glance sped about the death house. The door to the nigger's cell was open now and the writing table was bare. A quick jerk pulled at Bill's stomach as he thought that Harris had walked out of that door for the last time.

A preliminary rattle sounded on the other side of the door before which they had stopped. Then that must be the door to the execution chamber, reasoned Bill, and Harris had been living right next to the hangman's noose for the past week.

Rustling whispers spread through the crowd of spectators as the door swung slowly open. Somehow Eddie had pushed his way to Bill's side and they nodded to each other without speaking.

A guard motioned and the men with soft steps walked into the room.

"Gawd," said Bill half aloud. Eddie followed his friend's glance to where the gallows built against the wall of the bare grey-painted room reared its wooden planks above them.

The spectators crowded the narrow chamber. Bill and Eddie found themselves being pushed closer and closer to

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the gallows until they were standing a few scant yards from it.

Bill's eyes were fastened tightly on the ragged blue curtain that hid all except the feet of the people standing on the platform of the scaffold. Above the curtain he could see the rope, hard and stiff with shiny yellow newness.

"See if you can count how many people are standing on the gallows," Eddie leaned over and whispered in his ear.

Bill was peering at the feet that seemed disembodied when the curtain swished back on its wire supports.

Harris was already standing on the trap. Thick heavy straps bound his elbows and knees and thinner ones were tight against the blackness of the suit he wore.

Bill swallowed with difficulty and his stomach seemed to be leaping crazily within him. He had to force himself to keep his eyes on the nigger. But his eyes skipped to the other bodies standing on the gallows. The faces all seemed the same to him. All had the same tense expression.

A voice that must have been the chaplain's suddenly droned. Bill caught only the last few words. "—and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

Warden Carewe stepped up to Harris

who had kept his head lowered while the chaplain spoke. "Do you have anything to say, Harris?" asked the warden kindly.

The nigger raised his head and looked around the room. With the Negro flare for drama, he stared at the spectators for long tension-packed moments.

"Gawd, Gawd," breathed Bill to himself. "Why doesn't he say something!"

A ripple ran along the taut muscles of the nigger's face and the fire which Bill had noticed in his eyes flared up until it seemed that some blaze was eating itself out from behind the black face.

Harris took one look around the room, then said, "Gentlemen, I want you to look me straight in the eye!" His voice, clear and vibrant echoed melodiously from the bare walls as he spoke. He fixed his eyes on the two reporters as they stood at the bottom of the gallows.

"He's talking to us. He's talking to us," the thought raced through Bill's mind.

And the nigger's eyes were centered on the two men. His eyes glowed brighter and he continued, "I'm ready to go! . . . I confess dat I committed de murder! . . . I'm ready to stand here and pay for my crime like a man! . . . I'm ready, let 'er go! . . ."

The words rang bugle clear in the chamber and still lingered as the hangman stepped forward and swiftly drew the black cap over the nigger's proudly lifted head.

Bill's heart began to thump wildly and he vainly tried to swallow as a guard dragged down the noose and put it around the nigger's neck. The hangman motioned him aside, removed the noose and turning the yellow rope, replaced it around Harris' neck.

Bill's breath was coming in short snatches. He again tried unsuccessfully to swallow.

His eyes clung to the hangman's hands which drew the knot hard against the cap covering the nigger's neck. Dimly he saw the hangman step back and nonchalantly stretch his hand toward a button on the wall.

A sharp clatter crashed the silence of the chamber and the nigger dropped weirdly to the end of the rope. When he hit the end, a soft thudding crunch echoed in the chamber. His body jerked upward from the knees once, then hung limply and ripples ran through the tightened muscles of his hands.

"Gawd," whispered Bill.

A soft hissing ran through the spectators. Bill and Eddie were pushed

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even closer to the railing that separated them from the twisting body as those in the rear pressed forward for a better look.

Bill cast an angry look behind him and his stomach went sick again as he saw the stupid faces peering greedily at the swaying nigger. "Th' bastards," he muttered. "Have to see the nigger killed, then have to watch him twist, th' bastards!"

His shaking hands quieted a bit when a guard ordered all out but newspapermen and officials. Eddie said in a throaty voice, "I'll get all the rest of the dope from the warden and chaplain. You find out when he's pronounced dead. I'll meet you at the car."

Bill turned to watch the prison officials. With strong hands the doctor was keeping the body of the nigger from twisting. His stethoscope was placed on the bare chest of Harris. Minutes slowly picked their way along until the doctor turned from the nigger to say, "Alright boys, here's the official time. The trap was sprung at 8:58. His neck wasn't broken by the drop. He died at 9:06."

Pencils noted the time and Bill watched the guards who were lowering the nigger to the floor. Harris had been a heavy man and the guards strained

as they awkwardly laid the nigger on the cement floor. Two more guards carried in a long wicker basket and the body was dumped into it.

Bill saw the nigger's face before the wicker basket was closed. The protruding swollen tongue made him shudder. Harris' eyes were open, but the flame in his eyes had burned out. As the lid closed and the guards protestingly lifted their heavy burden, Bill turned to the doctor who was wiping his stethoscope, "Know where they're going to bury him, doc?"

The prison doctor looked up and answered, "Warden said in the potter's field. He didn't have any relatives you know. And say, that nigger stood right up like a man didn't he? If ever a nigger was filled with religion, Harris was."

"Yeah," said Bill, "he stood up like a man."

With a short look around the execution chamber, Bill walked out and retraced his way to the revolving cage. He walked slowly out to the car and raised his head once to look at the stars. The Southern Cross was low in the sky and his eyes hung on it a moment as he stooped beside the car.

Eddie was already inside and said, "Ready to go?"

Bill climbed into the car and said,

"Didn't happen to bring a bottle, did you, Eddie? I could use a drink."

"I thought of that. There's one in the side pocket."

Bill pulled the whiskey from the car pocket, took out the cork, held the bottle in his hand a moment, "Well, here's to Harris. He deserved what he got, but still—" He raised the bottle and drank deeply, then passed it to Eddie.

Eddie silently drank and returned the bottle to Bill. As the car rolled along, the two kept silent for some time until Bill said, "Got your lead for the story yet?"

Eddie thought a moment, then answered, "Sure. It'll be something like this: 'After a dramatic last minute confession on the gallows, James Harris, Negro, dropped to his death last night as the State exacted payment for a crime committed last'—"



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To Make A Long Story Short

(Continued from page three)

day the circus ceased to be and Spencer found himself in a very dim and distant corner of Texas with no prospects of ever seeing the East Coast again, since the only vehicle available for transportation was the still inhabited lion cage.

Refusing with commendable firmness to travel with leonine pranksters, he enlisted two other stranded sawdusters in his troupe of one and started homeward via the roads of dirt.

In the equipment which they managed to filch from the circus in lieu of salary, was a rather mangy skin, a shedding grass skirt, a length of chain and all the other necessary accoutrements of the traditional wild man from Borneo. Spencer, inspired by an idea which would aid them in their journey, persuaded one of his companions, former stake driver for the circus, that he should imitate a wild man. The third member of the trio, ex-spieler for the defunct show, was to harangue and spellbind rural townsmen into believing that the original wild man was standing before them.

So from town to town they wandered. The procedure was to attract a crowd in

the town square and then, while Spencer held the chained and gibbering stoker, the spieler went on to explain the habits of this wild man from Borneo. The climax of the spiel came when the brazen-voiced orator thundered at the crowd, "And—ladies and gentlemen, dis wild man lives entirely on *roots and herbs!*" Which was the wild man's cue to break into his wild gibberish, scream, struggle and do his utmost to terrify the credulous townspeople.

The crowd was attentively listening to the spieler, and the act was going well. One fluttery old maid was standing close to the gibbering wild man, gazing on the wierd creature with fascination and horror. She was rather frightened merely from staring. Suddenly the barker thundered the "*roots and herbs*" cue and the wild man screamed his unearthly screech into the face of the fluttery old maid who promptly screamed, too, and then fainted into the arms of a quite astonished wild man. The metamorphosed stake-driver held the lady gingerly, glancing piteously at his companions for assistance. The three went to jail.

Even the jailer was most considerate of the wild man. Every day into the woods and fields he wandered, to return with roots and herbs which he served elaborately and punctually to the pseudo-Bornean.

On the third day of the incarceration, a delegation of farmers wandered into the jail and seriously discussed the proper method to be used in lynching imposters. The wild man thought his last day on earth had arrived, and dropped his wierd gibberish for the first time since his capture.

We regard his plea, uttered through the bars of his cell, as probably the most fervent and heart-felt request ever made in the English language. With blazing eyes he addressed the would-be lynchers thusly, "Men! Men! I don't care what you do with me, but before you hang me, for God's sake give me just one minute with Spencer there, who persuaded me to be a wild man."

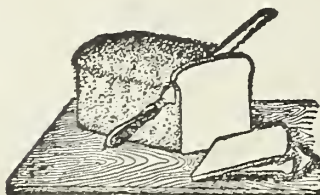
Later the three were released, and Spencer, with honest fear in his heart, outdistanced the hunger-weakened wild man from Borneo.

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The Income Tax."*

. . .

*Now getting around to cigarettes
There are no ifs ands or buts
About Chesterfield
Two words make everything clear . . .*

They Satisfy

*Chesterfield ... the cigarette that's **MILDER**
Chesterfield ... the cigarette that **TASTES BETTER***



The Vanity Case

(Continued from page 4)

about Amy. The floor manager agreed with him. Amy did not.

"You'd better do as I say," she ordered. "Call Bremmon's and ask for Elsie Crane in cosmetics. Ask her whether Amy Barnes bought a vanity case from her this . . ."

"Say, sister, we ain't that dumb. How do we know this ain't framed?"

Amy was furious.

"If you don't release me at once, I shall make a good deal of trouble when you do," she flared.

The floor manager began to disagree with Mike. After all, a law suit was not a pleasant thing. He had to think of the reputation of the store.

"Mike," he suggested, "you go over to Bremmon's and inquire. Also inquire as to the identity of Miss—er, what did you say your name is?"

"Mrs. Paul Barnes," said Amy in a flat voice.

The floor manager and Mike walked out and closed the door. Amy was too

stunned to move, and then she saw a shadow on the glass-plated door and knew that she was being held. They were treating her like a criminal, and she hadn't done a thing. They'd find out the truth, of course, and apologize, but this was a good case, she realized. Only Paul couldn't afford to go to court. What irony! Amy wanted so much to help him. Perhaps she could see a way to make use of this curious turn of affairs.

The door opened. The floor manager, very nervous, and Mike, very dejected, came into the room. Behind them were numerous other officials. Amy rose. It was as she had expected. The floor manager's words flowed profusely. He begged. He pleaded. Amy, apparently firm, was shaking inwardly. No money for court—no way to profit by this oddity. If only she might gain from this the five hundred dollars necessary for Paul's transactions. Her head whirled.

The manager's head also whirled. He tried for some time to dissuade Amy. Then he had a wonderful thought.

"Madam," he said, "if you will not bring suit, we will do something to make amends. Madam," the floor manager ran his hand over his slick hair and shivered for fear Amy would not comply with his plan, "if you will not bring suit, we will give you any one thing in the store." He paused to see the effect of his beautiful idea. "*Any one thing*, Madam," he continued. "Out of our many furs, our silver, surely there is something . . ."

"Yes," said Amy suddenly, "I will do it."

"Ah, Madam is most kind," the floor manager rubbed his hands together, and his worried look faded. "And what will Madam choose?"

Amy set her mouth. Her stomach quaked. Her hands were icy. But her voice was clear.

"A grand piano," said Amy.

Riding home in the taxi that the somewhat shocked but relieved floor manager had called for her, Amy wondered how much over five hundred dollars the grand piano would bring.

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NO THANKS!
I'D RATHER HAVE
A LUCKY.

They're easy on
my throat



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There are no finer tobaccos than those used in *Luckies*

THE ARCHIVE




November, 1935


**CHICK MEEHAN
FAMOUS COACH**

Chick Meehan's *INSIDE TIPS ON* **WATCHING FOOTBALL**




**AT THE GAME, CAMELS EASE THE STRAIN - AND
AFTER IT'S OVER, WHEN YOU FEEL "ALL IN", GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!**

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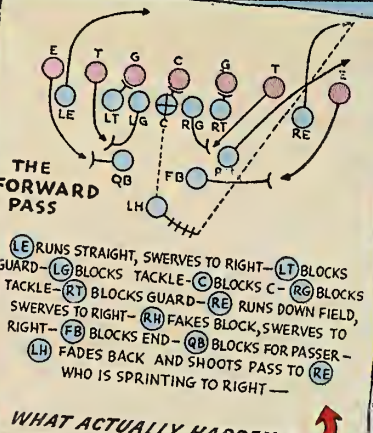
MR. MEEHAN, MY SISTER BETTY WANTS SOME INSIDE DOPE ON FOOTBALL!

SURE! COME UP IN THE STANDS AND WE'LL WATCH THIS PRACTICE GAME!




IT TOOK ELEVEN MEN TO MAKE THAT PASS PERFECT!

WHAT A PERFECT PASS THOSE TWO MEN MADE!




THE FORWARD PASS

LE RUNS STRAIGHT, SWERVES TO RIGHT - LT BLOCKS GUARD - LG BLOCKS TACKLE - C BLOCKS C - RG BLOCKS TACKLE - RT BLOCKS GUARD - RE RUNS DOWN FIELD, SWERVES TO RIGHT - RH FAKES BLOCK, SWERVES TO RIGHT - FB BLOCKS END - QB BLOCKS FOR PASSER - LH FADES BACK AND SHOOTS PASS TO RE WHO IS SPRINTING TO RIGHT -



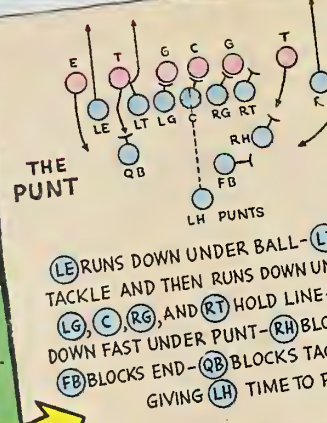
NOW-WATCH THIS PUNT FROM THE SAME FORMATION!

I DIDN'T KNOW EACH MAN HAD SUCH A DEFINITE JOB




BETTY SEES A BACK GET OFF A 60-YD. SPIRAL - AND

THIS IS HOW IT WAS DONE -



THE PUNT


LE RUNS DOWN UNDER BALL - LT CHECKS TACKLE AND THEN RUNS DOWN UNDER BALL - LG, C, RG, AND RT HOLD LINE - RE RUNS DOWN FAST UNDER PUNT - RH BLOCKS TACKLE - FB BLOCKS END - QB BLOCKS TACKLE OR END - GIVING LH TIME TO PUNT




WELL, BETS, DID YOU LEARN SOMETHING?

REMEMBER, WATCH THE LINEMEN

DID I! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE BIG GAME!



BETTY LEARNS THESE PLAYS - AND MANY OTHERS



A SPLENDID RUN - BUT GOOD BLOCKING MADE IT POSSIBLE

BETTY AT THE BIG GAME



THAT GAME WAS A THRILLER! HAVE A CAMEL!

YOU'RE AN EXPERT NOW, THANKS TO CHICK MEEHAN!

I NEED ONE! SO MANY THRILLS USE UP A LOT OF ENERGY!




A CAMEL ALWAYS RENEWS MY FLOW OF ENERGY WHEN I NEED IT - AND THEY NEVER GET ON MY NERVES

YES, THEY CERTAINLY ARE MILD!

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R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
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GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!

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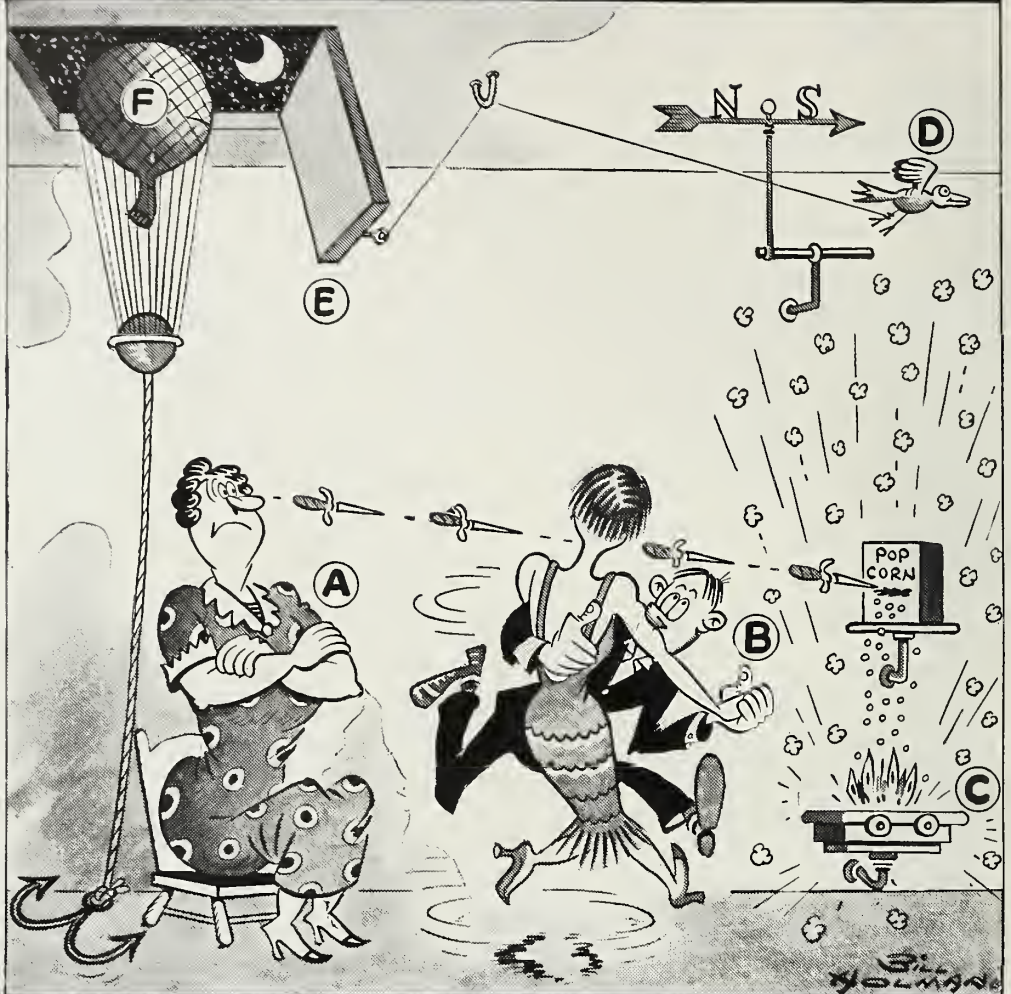
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... AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE

I GET MORE FLAVOR,
MORE PLEASURE,
AND MORE TOBACCO
IN EVERY TIN OF
PRINCE ALBERT



THE BIG
2
OUNCE
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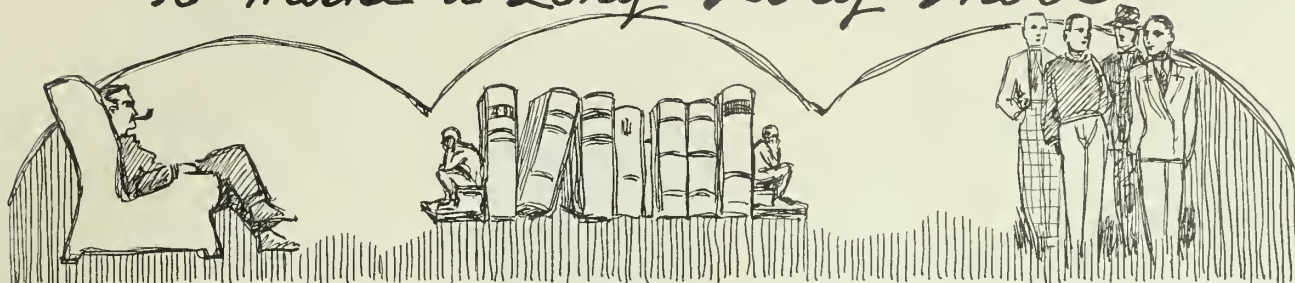
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To Make a Long Story Short



just consecrating . . .

From a dubious origin, we have heard that because of the "abundant pining in the Duke environs, Zane Grey's carpets of needles have been employed for the purpose of sowing wild oats," rather than for the rough and ready gun play of Roaring Gulch. In spite of the possible truth in this punk-poor punster's poignant statement, however, a colorful story came to our ears, and tends to put the point in a questionable light.

One dark foggy night two well-known guardians of the peace (their own, we hear), known locally as Captain Hiarches and Patrolman Loarches, were snake-tracking through the forest out near the Greensboro highway, in search of three Haitian Jones Boys, whose spirited roars had carried all the way over to the main quadrangle (you've heard how voices magnify on a foggy night), ominously warning the community of trespassers and of the possibility of murder on the Duke preserves. The Captain and the Patrolman (believed by many to be on the same footing, though Hiarches has the golden bars in his voice) were almost upon the prowlers at one time, in fact they were so close, Hiarches swore he could detect the East Lake origin of the perfume on their breaths, but they got away. It was a bad night, and, at length, they gave up the search. The guardians flatfooted it back towards the monotony of peace and quiet on the campus.

On the way back, Hiarches suddenly jerked Loarches' arm, and they stopped in their tracks. Amid the odor of pine needles and the low-hanging mist, the murmur of two voices floated through the trees. Hiarches knocked out his pipe, put it in his pocket (while Loarches dutifully ground out the live ashes), whipped out his flashlight, and exclaimed in a low voice:

"Gawd dam'. Courtin' on a night like this. Let's go git 'em."

They crept down the hillside, avoiding trees and dripping shrubbery. They crossed the brook, taking plenty of mud along for souvenirs, and climbed the hill. The two voices seemed closer now.

The fog was thicker. Leaves crinkled under Loarches' feet; he hit a low stump, and fell, groaning. Hiarches: "Shhhhhhhh!—you big heel! we can't sneak up on 'em with you crunching about like an elephant." They crossed the hill. The voices were clearer, more to the south. One voice was softly melodious, both were well controlled, and intimate.

"Students find the damndest places for their fun," Loarches remarked.

"Shut up," Hiarches growled; "we got to sneak up on 'em easy. Hell, we got to catch 'em in a situation, or we ain't doin' any good. Come on now." They slipped noiselessly down the hill, trying hard to perceive objects through the heavy mist. Captain Hiarches and Patrolman Loarches were muddy up to their elbows now. . . . At length, they came to a small creek and stopped; the voices were coming from the opposite side, further over to the west. Both waded out into the cold water up to their knees. Above the rippling of the stream they heard the voices continue. Hiarches whispered: "We gotta take it easy; we'll wade down and come out near 'em; don't splash."

Hiarches lurched against a rock, but cut on his flashlight too late. He fell with a terrific splash, and dropped his flashlamp. He got up, soaked, and sputtering: "Gawd dam', Gawd dam'!" Patrolman Loarches found the faint glow on the water and fished out the flashlight. They stopped to listen again. The melodious voices were clear. One voice murmured ecstatically, "Lord, Lord, Lord." Loarches said: "Whud I tell-ya; reminds me of summer school." Hiarches snickered: "Shhhhhh. We'll catch 'em red-handed." Both continued down the middle of the stream, feeling their way cautiously.

When they came adjacent to the direction of the vocal sounds, the guardians stopped. Only one murmuring voice was audible now; it was low and half under the owner's breath. Hiarches whispered: "We'll git 'em. You push the bushes aside and I'll throw the flash on 'em." On all fours they crawled up the

muddy bank, Hiarches snickering under his breath, and suddenly stood up. Loarches pushed the reeds aside with a swish and Hiarches fanned the flashlight.

The spot of light fell on two School of Religion students, both kneeling against a fallen log, with hands folded and heads raised, both praying fervidly. Hiarches said gruffly: "What's going on here?" One student turned, "We found the dormitories too noisy for consecration, so we came here to consecrate in peace." Hiarches growled, "Well, I'll be Gawd dam'," and sneezed.

* * * *

a mighty big man . . .

The president of the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association, W. Lamonte Brown, was told that Henry R. Dwire, director of public relations at Duke, is one of the most redoubtable after-dinner speakers in these parts, a man who could give and take bigger punches on a full stomach than the best of them. Accordingly, while introducing Mr. Dwire as the banquet's guest speaker, Brown, having decided to test this assertion, said: "I asked about this man, and I was told that he is a big man, as a matter of fact, the *biggest* man at Duke; now, I wish to introduce as our speaker a man who, I have just discovered, is even bigger than Duke University. . . ."

Mr. Dwire got up, still a little red about the ears from the big meal, we heard, and began without delay: "You've all heard your president compliment me on my architectural development. . . in speaking of great architectural developments I am reminded of a tomb-stone I ran across in a New England graveyard a number of years ago. The stone read:

'HENRY JONES

A Great Soul, Weight 364 lbs.,

With a Great Heart

Open Wide Ye Golden Portal'."

Incidentally, Mr. Dwire, after warning the collegiate journalists against too hastily accepting cynical viewpoints, begged them not to be like the famous cop on the Brooklyn Bridge. The cop

(Continued on page 22)

April Breeze

MARGARET TAYLOR

a sorority girl does or doesn't get a kick out of life?...



An April breeze, heavy with the smell of rain-washed lilacs and freshly-mown grass, fluttered the seat covers on the wide porch of the Kappa Epsilon sorority house. It fluttered Martha's dress and Robert's cowlick as they sat close together, dangling their feet over the edge of the veranda.

"Martha," Robert smiled, "I know a young man's fancy that's lightly turning again."

"Let's not talk about that, Robert. Let's not talk at all. Let's just sit and feel and smell the spring."

"Three more months and we'll be graduated, sitting in our little home. Gosh, it was luck, my landing that assistantship with Mr. Gilford—even before I got out of school, too. With a start like that I'm bound to get somewhere. I'll make a lot of money some day and then we'll have a big home and kids who can have anything they want. It'll be tremendous!"

Martha sighed impatiently. She was not in a mood to be patient.

"Children and money; what a day dream! You remember that old manuscript translation I read you once about like—how a person was like some bird who, from out of the darkness, flew into the window of a bright room and was blinded by the light. Then after beating around a bit he flew out of another window into the darkness where he came from. Well, I want to see as much of that bright room as I can before I fly out—even if I should fly into

the light and burn myself. That's the only way, Robert. Don't you see, it's not my secret desire to be a wealthy lawyer's wife."

Robert supported his back against a post and laughed loudly.

"You've been taking Dr. Haynes' lectures too seriously, young lady. This stuff about leading your own life, doing what your inner soul craves makes swell lectures—they're sensational, but it just doesn't work in real life, that's all. You've got to live like other people do if you really want peace and happiness."

"Who said anything about peace? I want peace only after I've worn myself out!" Martha jumped to the ground. She tore her blouse on a nail as she jumped, but took no notice of it. "And you needn't talk against Dr. Haynes, because if you do, I won't listen. I've always felt like he does, but hearing him has made me sure I ought to do something about it. He's the finest man I ever knew. He lives. It's just that I'm not made like you, Robert. You never did understand that I'm the kind of a person who *has* to dig ruins in Italy, gather a million orchids in New Zealand and pile them all in a heap, dance on wine grapes and feel the juice oozing through my toes, or sell apples on a street corner and watch the people!"

"We might arrange the last," Robert said dejectedly. If Martha wanted to be a poet, why couldn't she write on paper, he thought.

He, too, jumped off the porch. "Well,

if I don't see you any more, I'll know you fell in while dancing on a wine barrel! Say hello to your mother for me when she visits you tomorrow."

Martha walked into the damp April breeze, trying to quell the consternation induced by Robert's last remarks. Without doubt they were different, she thought. Nothing in common but their good looks, and their good game of tennis.

Suddenly she felt the uselessness of her mother coming six hundred miles in order to break up a romance which, from her letters to home must have seemed too fervent.

She knew that was what prompted her mother's visit. It had been done before. Her mother wanted her home for a few years. It would add to her personal prestige to have a daughter just out of college who was in demand to lecture on literature at the Woman's Club, to serve on committees of the D. A. R. Then later she would want to marry her off with a huge wedding to some man acclaimed by her social set. A toy, she thought. God, is there no escape!

Anger overcame her and conquered other reflections. Her feet moved towards Dr. Haynes' apartment. Would he mind talking to her? After all she was something of a campus leader. President of Pan-Hellenic, President of Kappa Epsilon, President of the Literary society—not just one of the humble and nameless students. She paused a second in front of the bachelor apartment house, then impulsively ran up the steps.

If Dr. Haynes was bewildered by his unexpected, tangled-hairer caller he did not disclose the fact.

"Hello, my friend," he said, after staring at her for a second. "I suppose you may be classed in the general category of a friend—I never laid eyes on you before. If you want to see me, come in, if you don't, come in anyway, you look interesting."

"I just wanted to ask you something, Dr. Haynes—Martha Harrison is my name. I listen to your lectures every time I get a chance."

"Ah-ha, an admirer," he laughed softly and pleasantly, "rather unusual. Do have a chair and perhaps a cigarette."

It was an experience being here, Martha thought. His sharp eyes were so fascinating, set deeply in their laugh-wrinkles.

If I had realized before how young he

(Continued on page 24)

Send Me Gardenias

RUBY FOGEL

a short short story wherein lydia discovers something about gardenias. . . .

When Lydia opened her eyes that morning, the sunlight lay across her bed like a river of light. It was sharply warm against her body. She got up quickly, dressing rapidly to keep herself from remembering that this would be the last day she would ever get up—the last brightly yellow summer sun she would ever see. She felt almost tragic, thinking of it, regretting that she had already spent so much of the day asleep. Then night would come, and everything, like this day, would be at an end. . . .

How long she had planned this day she did not really know. It did not seem to matter. The only thing that mattered was that the day was here—warm and vibrant, beautiful and sunny.

She picked up her diary and turned the pages through her fingers. Diaries were born of vanity. And yet these pages and the thoughts inscribed upon them were the suff of which her life had been made. The great philosophers had wondered about life.

Tonight she would have to tell George of what she had planned to do—or she would not tell him at all. He would not understand, anyway. Always he had thought her so sane, wary. He might even laugh at her. She could not bear that. She bit a well-shaped fingernail.

A faint odor of gardenias invaded the room. Gardenias . . . white, lovely, fragrant. George had once told her that she was like a gardenia, with her white skin against her black, black hair. She looked into the mirror. But she did not see a gardenia, she saw a still white face with bright red lips like a sharp wound upon it.

She looked at the withered gardenias in the small bud vase and solemnly removed them to the cool back porch. Below the porch she glimpsed the river which flowed calmly on in a still, even current.

The river was always flowing, but somehow it never really moved. It was always right there below the porch . . . always, ever since she could remember. Perhaps her life had been like that, always flowing placidly and never arriving at any destination.

Or perhaps it had been like the gardenia bushes across the river, which, eternally rooted to one spot, stirred now and then in the summer wind. Except the gardenia blossoms. They were not rooted to their trees. Eventually some one came along, saw, admired, and

picked the blossoms. Then they died pitifully, all withered and dry, in somebody's beautiful bud vase. George had told her she was like a gardenia, but he had been wrong. They would never see her withered, old.

Lydia had been slightly bewildered by George's protestations of love. Love, Lydia had told him, was an emotion about which many people spoke and of which they knew little—or nothing. "I am of a modern genre," she had told him, "who question all unquestionable institutions."

Lydia was a paradox of scientific coldness and emotional warmth. She had invented a religion of her own—founded on facts, realities.

But people in love were not facts. It was like talking with angels. No one did, but no one declined to speak of their "sacred emotion." And people, stupid creatures, believed.

Not having seen her soul or heard it function, Lydia logically decided that her soul did not exist. Nor did any one else's soul.

George preferred to overlook her skepticism. If Lydia believed or did not believe things which she should not or should believe, it did not matter to him. What concerned him was her wariness, her uncanny foresight, her careful weighing and balancing of trifles. She was, he had told her, the type who ended by scraping cold egg from a breakfast plate.

Thinking of this, Lydia smiled to herself. She would not end that way at all! Thirty years of freedom. Well—there would not be another.

Into the blue night they walked. It was that hour when the blue sky reflects its blueness in the water. The whole earth was one shade of deep blue. No cloud disrupted the even blueness of the evening.

Lydia sniffed at the air, heavy with the fragrance of the gardenia trees. "Gardenias," she said, "are more fragrant than orchids, more interesting than roses . . . and I'll be snobbish and not even mention sweet peas."

George smiled. "You hinted that you had something very mysterious to tell me," he said, "I can't imagine you attempting mystery . . . something terribly revolutionary, I suppose . . . I give up."

"Nothing revolutionary," she said. "Perhaps shocking."

"I know. You've fallen in love with me."

"You know I don't believe in love."

"You believe that I love you."

"That's different."

"Then why don't you believe that you could love me?" he asked, ignoring her last comment. "Don't you believe that you could?"

"Perhaps, but why speak of non-existents?"

"How do you know that it doesn't exist?"

"Because I haven't seen it existing."

Crossing to the river bank, they followed a well-known path and sat down near the water's edge.

"You theorize too much," George scolded her. "You get crazy notions once in a while. . . ."

Lydia smiled dramatically. She thought: *when I'm dead, he'll send me gardenias. He'll be sorry he never understood me. He'll say, she looks like a gardenia now . . . so still and white and beautiful. He will wonder about my soul, and he will come to realize that dead gardenias leave no souls. . . . How vain of man to insist that he alone, of all biological creatures, sheds only his body at death. One's body was one's life. And that was all.*

"Come Lydia," he said, "what have you to tell me? I'm terribly anxious . . . and curious . . . to know. . . ."

Into the blue night a red moon rose, slowly, then growing gradually brighter until the dark river assumed a yellow iridescent gleam upon its waves, and the sky was burnished with moonlight.

So this was the last moon she would ever see, the last lovely night.

She felt suddenly as if she had never really lived, as if the cup of life were still full and tempting. And she was cheating her life of days she should yet enjoy.

George's lips were hard against her mouth, and her body pounded with a tense vibration. She seemed to stiffen in his arms . . . then she trembled and relaxed.

The night was blue, so entirely, wholly blue. The earth was blue and the river was blue. Perhaps she was in the sky now instead of upon the earth. She seemed to float, she seemed to hover near the moon.

From far off she seemed to hear her own voice floating all through the blue earth. "Send me gardenias," she whispered into his ear.

The Masquerader

R. C. TOWNER

poor mr. millford was a timid soul, but his antics made even himself smile. . . .

Mr. George T. Millford gazed appraisingly at the large wall-mirror and frowned. Mr. Millford was greatly perplexed. He had received from his boss an almost imperative invitation to attend a masquerade party at the Country Club. The festivities were to begin promptly at nine that evening, and it was already seven o'clock. Not being in the habit of attending masquerade parties, he could not think of no way in which to disguise himself and yet maintain his self-respect.

Mr. Millford, therefore, had a right to be perplexed. His wife, who usually made up his mind for him in matters of dress, was spending the week-end at the home of a friend in a neighboring town. The more he looked in the mirror, the more hopeless the situation became.

Mr. Millford would have liked to represent himself as a dashing cavalier, but his scant five feet five would not exactly make him a dashing figure. He thought of blacking his face and going as a Negro. His hesitating speech and high voice, however, discouraged his hopes of speaking intelligible Negro dialect.

It occurred to him that he might dress as a small child, for that would certainly be simple enough. The mirror, however, gave him no encouragement. A bald head, colorless eyes, and spindly legs hardly served to give him a youthful vivacity.

For a moment he was inspired to go as an Indian, since the major requirement would be a blanket. Again the mirror defied him. His pale face, made whiter by contrast to his unshaven beard, was completely out of harmony with the popular conception of the Red Man. Apparently realizing the spell which the mirror held over him, he buried himself in the depths of an easy chair and began to read the evening paper.

Headlines fairly stood up and shouted the news. "Mysterious Bandit Continues to Ravage Suburban Homes." As he read the details, Mr. Millford's jaw dropped and a slight smile overcame the droop of his mouth. He bounced out of his chair, stumbled up the stairs, and for the next few minutes the house was alive with the noise of banging closet doors and hurried footsteps.

With his loot gathered before the mirror, Mr. Millford began operations. Using a piece of charcoal, he heightened the darkness of his beard, made his eye-

brows heavier and almost terrifying, and slightly blackened one eye. Taking a discarded tube of lipstick, he made a deep and horrifying scar on his right cheek. A pair of baggy trousers and a dark-blue, turtle-neck sweater soon adorned his person. It was an old checkered golf hat that completed the disguise and covered his baldness. Arming himself with a decrepit blank-gun, he called a taxi and slipped out the door, barely pausing to slip the catch on the night lock.

Four hours later, Mr. Millford was homeward bound in a taxi. He was still exulting over the sensation he had caused. His head was full of incidents to relate to his wife on her return. The thought of his having accomplished a social coup of his own was infinitely pleasing. It was not until he had gotten out to pay the taxi driver that any premonition of disaster came upon him.

He had remembered to transfer his pocket-hook to his present pair of trousers, but he had entirely forgotten the key to the door. Optimistically he tried the front, side, and back doors with the same degree of success in each case. He then recalled that he taken every precaution to prevent the entry of the intruder that he himself was supposed to represent. What an ironical predicament. It seemed almost as though he had taken special pains to lock himself out. The thought occurred to him, that he had not considered the cellar windows, for they were almost hidden by a thick, protective hedge. Into the hedge he plunged, accumulating several deep scratches on his face and hands. Every window, however, remained obdurately closed. It seemed that his only hope was to clean up somewhere and go to a hotel for the evening.

On hands and knees, he began his exit through the hedge. Almost at the point of pushing his shoulders through the outer rim of the hedge, he glanced upwards and came to a dead stop. Just across the yard, walking up and down the sidewalk was a policeman. There was just enough light to distinguish the brass buttons and the badge. The club in his hand made a hollow sound as the officer tapped it against a tree.

Mr. Millford stopped to consider his next move. Through his mind ran excerpts from the newspaper that he had read earlier in the evening. "Police ordered to shoot on sight; to ask questions afterwards. Arrest expected within

twenty-four hours." Suppose the officer didn't shoot. There would still be complications. He would be taken in custody and probably be forced to remain in jail, until someone could come and identify him. Mr. Millford drew back within the hedge and decided to await developments. Certainly, the officer shouldn't walk in the same spot all evening. As soon as he left the scene, everything would clear up.

At the end of thirty minutes the officer was seated on the curb and Mr. Millford had taken on about ten years.

The hedge wasn't quite high enough for him to stand erect without being seen, and it was too near the wall of the house to allow him to lie down. The result was a decidedly uncomfortable sitting-howing position. Meanwhile, he had been turning over in his mind the consequences of whatever action he would have to decide upon. If he escaped being shot, he would probably suffer embarrassing experiences. His case might even be publicized in the newspapers. Most embarrassing of all would be his being shot down by an overzealous guardian of the law. The more he pondered over the situation, the more imaginative he became.

A harmless spider had been working its way downward about a foot from the side of his face. Noticing it for the first time, he thought the spider to be making directly for him with malicious intent. The tension was too much for Mr. Millford. Shouting "Officer! Officer!" he burst from the security of the hedge and ran towards the astonished policeman.

Finding himself, miraculously enough, still in one piece, he began a hurried explanation to the officer. "Don't arrest me. I'm merely locked out of my house. I was at a masquerade. My family is out of town. Could you help me get in? I look like this, because I'm made up for the masquerade. I can identify myself."

Having delivered this all in one breath, he stopped to inhale, regarding the policeman expectantly. The astonishment on the face of the officer gave way to a good-natured smile. "Well now, isn't that a coincidence?"

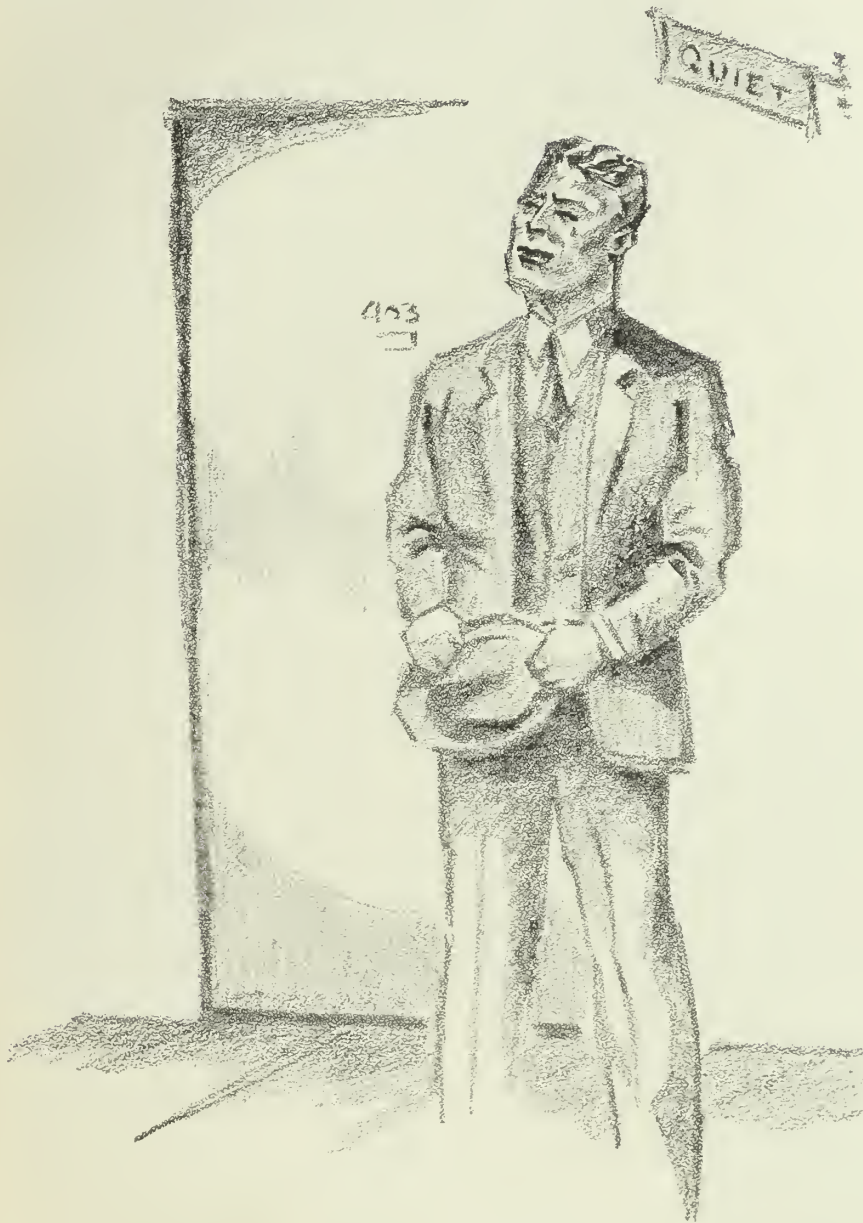
Mr. Millford, fearing sarcasm, inquired fearfully, "Why a coincidence?"

"Well, you know," drawled the other, "I'm in the same fix. My house is just across the way, and I can't get in either. Whose masquerade did you attend?"

Call My Dog Sandwich

JEAN DIPMAN

they were frightened while they waited at the hospital, but al wasn't. . . .



The hospital was ominously quiet. In the waiting room there were five of us, three boys and two girls, all of us bandaged and tensely awaiting word from the room within. It was six o'clock in the morning. We had been there for four hours, ever since a drunken driver had crashed into our car. Although we five had escaped with only minor injuries, Bea's back had been broken and they had told us she was dying.

Outside the windows, the grey of early morning was displacing the night. Muted foot-steps occasionally pounded in the

corridor. All of us started nervously when a dog barked in the distance. Suddenly Ted began to pace the floor while the rest of us shifted our cramped bodies around in the straight, hard chairs. It was over an hour since anyone had spoken. We sat there, staring at the single dim kerosene lamp, our faces white and drawn. Jane, breaking under the strain of waiting, sobbed hysterically and we looked at her blankly, without saying anything. Joe's lips moved as if in prayer.

We jerked again as a door slammed

far down the corridor, and the sound of hurrying feet echoed through the hall. As we heard them pause outside our room we stared dumbly at the door. It opened, slamming against the wall, and Al, disheveled and out of breath, walked in. "How's Bea?" he asked loudly.

The tension broken, we all began to sob. It was terrible to see the boys' broad shoulders shaking convulsively, their faces contorting as they cried unashamedly. It was worse to see Al grinning blankly, his big white teeth gleaming and tears running down his cheeks. Poor, dull-witted Al had always followed Bea around like a dog, always in the way, always punning. We hated him for breaking in on us, and didn't know how we could stand having him here now.

He drew out a small dirty comb, ran it through his dark hair, and carefully put it back in his pocket. With the aid of a battered mirror, he straightened his rumpled necktie, then tucked his shirt inside his belt. Buttoning his coat and squaring his narrow shoulders, he announced in his deep bass voice that he was ready to see Bea. As he shuffled towards the room where she was, Ted stepped before him and stood quietly at the door. His attitude was so unmistakably menacing that Al stopped, then with a puzzled, hurt look walked over to a chair and sat down heavily. He picked up a humor magazine and turned the pages noisily, humming a romantic jazz tune. After a few minutes he slapped his knee in delight and read us a joke, laughing uproariously. Al, when he laughed, was horrible. His thick lips drew away from his gleaming teeth; his nostrils dilated and while his heavy black brows rose, his eyes closed almost entirely. Little lines formed at the corners of his eyes and around his nose. The vacuous expression on his face that made us shudder.

His hollow bass laugh called Bea's brother from her room to threaten him. After that Al was quieter. His thick, stubby fingers were constantly plucking at the seam of his tie as he hummed the same tune. From time to time he wiggled noisily in his chair and glanced

(Continued on page 22)

I Used To Joke About Being Crazy

SIZER CHAMBLISS

*and when we finished reading this short short,
we discarded our jokes about insanity. . . .*

I used to joke about being crazy. People would say I was crazy, and I would laugh and laugh, and they would laugh too, because they were joking. But now people say I'm *not* crazy, and then I smile, and they smile, too. They think I'm really crazy, but it isn't true. And I smile because I know it isn't true. Because it really happened the way I told them.

I was a precocious boy. Mother taught me little speeches to make when the relatives came. The relatives would say how bright little Christian was, and Mother would look at me and say it looked like all the genius in the Tubbs family was in one place. I would get tired sometimes, but she told me that geniuses shouldn't get tired, and that I ought to learn now so that I would be way ahead of every one else when I grew up. So I went on working.

Mother thought I was ready to start school when I was five. For the first six years I always studied hard and made good grades. Mother was away from home, and one day when I had a bad cold Dad told me to go on to school anyway. I was terrible sick with pneumonia for over a month. I don't know much about it. Some one told me that my heart stopped beating for over three minutes once.

Well, after that things changed. I didn't go back to school that year, and the next year Dad sent me away to a military school. "It'll do him good to be away from home," he said. "He's getting to be too much of a sissy. Joe and Bill are strong boys, even if they don't make grades like Wash."—He called me Wash, because he didn't like Christian for a name.—"I would rather see a boy of mine grow up to be a man any day than a genius. There are too many geniuses flying around today, anyhow. Some one ought to be natural."

The first day at the school was awful. I had to answer a lot of questions that I never had heard of, and they made me take off all my clothes while a doctor looked at me, and then they measured me for a uniform. There were a lot of uniforms already there, but I was too skinny, and they had to send off for one.

But after classes started it wasn't so bad. We had drill every day except Wednesday and Saturday, and we had to take some sort of exercise the rest of the afternoon. I played tennis for exercise, but for the first couple of weeks I

was too sore to play. After that I began to feel better, and I ate an awful lot. I even got a little bit fat. The drill was so hard that I couldn't get very fat. It made me very tired to drill and exercise, and at night, when we were supposed to study until ten, I would go to sleep, and then have my roommate wake me up when the guard came around inspecting.

My roommate was a Persian. I liked him, but he teased me a lot. It wasn't bad when he taught me to pray in Persian, but he painted me all over with shoe dye once, and one day he made me fight him with a bayonet. When we had the bayonet fight I was so scared that I cut a big hole in his hand. After that he didn't tease me so much. His name was Benjamin, Afrisiab Benjamin, and he claimed to be a direct descendant of Harun-al-Raschid. He acted like a king, and he always made people treat him like one. I only saw him drunk once.

It was the night after the state track meet. Benjamin ran the mile, and he had won the only race he had run in before. He wasn't a good runner, but we didn't meet any good teams before the meet. Only one team we met before had even entered a runner in the mile. At the big meet, Ben lost, and he lost badly. The winner ran it in about four-thirty, and Ben couldn't run a mile in less than five minutes. After the race he got drunk.

The state rifle meet was just a week off, and I had been practicing pointing my heavy rifle at a target stuck on the wall, just so I would be in pretty good trim for the meet. It wasn't quite settled whether I was going or not, but I could shoot a steady 98 prone, 95 sitting, and 75 kneeling. The major in charge might take me if someone else looked a little sick or had eye trouble. So I was painting the gun, standing up, holding it as steady as I could, and slowly squeezing the trigger. If only I could hold it half as steady standing as I could the rest of the time! What good would even a hundred do prone if I made only forty standing.

At ten o'clock I was tired, but between tattoo and taps I put my bayonet on the gun and challenged anyone on the floor—it was the fourth and top—to come out and fight. They all laughed and said I was crazy. I laughed, too, and went back to my room. When I went to bed I just laid the gun against the foot of my bunk. I was asleep in no time.

Ben came in at two o'clock, so drunk he could barely stand. He pulled me out of bed and had me say his prayers for him. Then he started to pinch me. I tried to push him away, and he stumbled back and fell over my bed. How he did it I don't know—the gun must have been braced against the wall pretty strongly—he fell so that the point of the bayonet ran up into the back of his head.

No one was awake. The track team had come in long before Ben. The two of us were there alone. Ben was dead.

He didn't seem to bleed much. And because he didn't I thought maybe I could hide it. I know I wasn't strong enough to carry him, but I did just the same. I wrapped a dirty towel around his head and carried him down the steps and outside. It was four stories down, but I did it, and then I took him to the lake and out onto the spring board. I found a big rock and put it in his shirt, and I filled his pockets with little rocks. I did all that, and then I pushed him into the lake. The bottom is fifty feet down, but if you'll go down you'll find him. He stays there all day.

Of course I cleaned the bayonet off and put it away. Then I went to bed.

Ben woke me up when he came in. He came in just like he did before, and he made me get up and say his prayers. Then he began to pinch me. He didn't stop, and I screamed and screamed. Everyone on the fourth floor got up, I think. I finally crawled under the bunk to get away. Ben must have gone before any one got there. They asked me what the matter was, and I told them Ben had been pinching me. They looked sort of sick. Captain Stanley came in about that time and told Pug Gilbert and Phil Memerades to take me to the hospital. I was so tired and sore from carrying Ben that I couldn't walk.

I'm back in the room again. No one stays with me, and everyone who sees me says, "Hello, Wash," and smiles a little. They never laugh anymore. Captain Stanley told me the next day that Ben ran so hard in the race that he killed himself, and they were afraid to tell me until later; but I know what happened. He still comes in once in a while at night, and makes me say his prayers. Then he pinches me. He won't stop at all, and I scream and scream. He leaves me then. But I can't study. He creeps up behind me when I do, and pinches me in the back of the neck. And I scream and scream.

Campus Bells

THE OLD



The symbol stands; the days are gone. And tucked away into obscurity, "Marse Jack" tolls out each sunset, little minding that his days have lost their prestige. His, the simple garb of Trinity days; his, the solos now drowned beneath the mighty tollings of the Carillon.

THE NEW

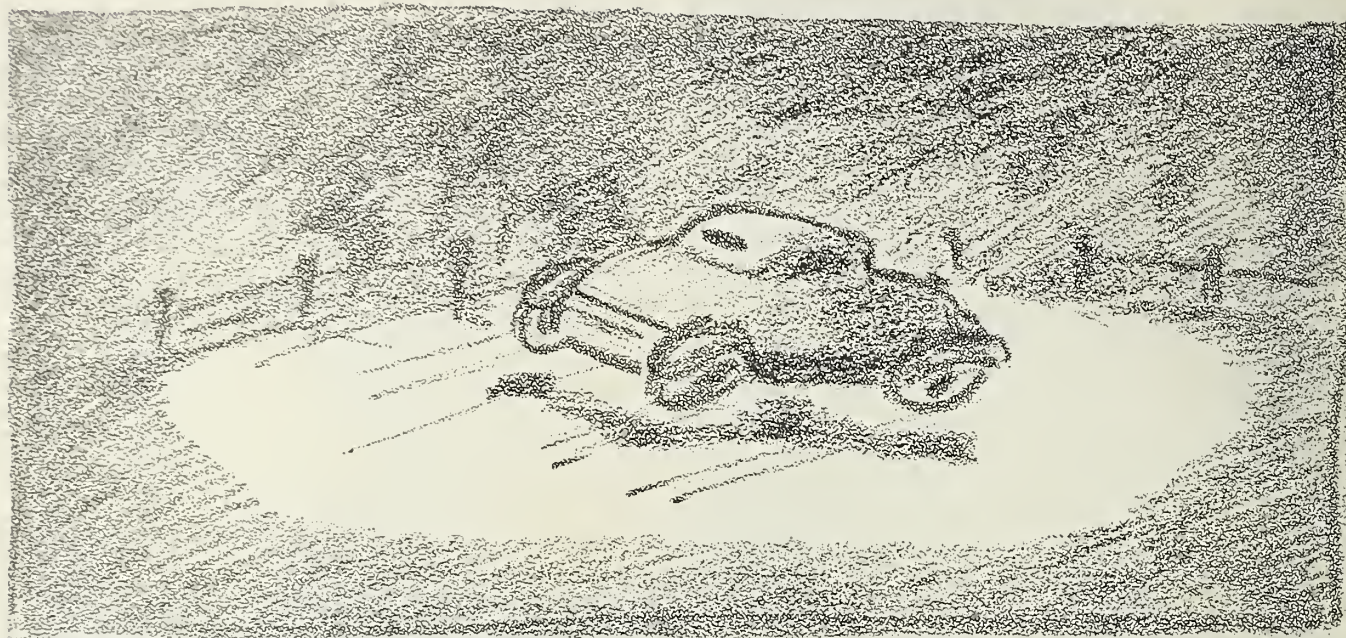


Towering high in his nest of stone, "Marse Jack's" successors rests in quiet and ponderous beauty, waking now and then to prove themselves rightful heir to the long-established tradition that the campus bells shall ring majestically and proudly.

Bob Tate

CHARLES SHUFF

the predicament was mind-torturing; perhaps he decided to do the right thing. . . .



I suppose that I know more than anyone else about Bob Tate—as a matter of fact, I suppose that I am the only person who really does understand him.

It all started last summer, when Dr. Tate divorced his wife. I remember how early my father came home for lunch, that day, in order to tell my mother the news. Mother started crying, because, you see, she and Mrs. Tate had grown up together. She couldn't understand it, she said—she had always thought the Tates to have been so congenial.

By night fall, everybody in town had heard about it and was discussing it. After supper, Mrs. Glasgow came over, and she and my mother and father talked about the affair—about how surprised they were, and what a terrible thing it was for Mrs. Tate.

According to the way I saw the situation, it hit Bob harder than anyone else. I new Bob quite well, then, despite the fact that he was nineteen, two years older than I, and I was afraid of what the divorce might do to him. You see, he was a rather moody sort of boy, and you could never be sure of what he would do—at least, I was never sure.

After supper, I went over to the Tates' to see him. I rang the bell several times, but no one answered. I knew there was someone in the house, however, because I could see that the library was lighted up, so I walked on into the house.

I went through the dark hall and front room and stopped in the doorway of the library. The radio was on—some

orchestra was playing "Hear Comes the British," I remember—and a bridge lamp was burning. Bob was stretched out on the couch, sound asleep. A book which he had, apparently, been reading, had fallen to the floor beside him. I walked over and picked it up; it easily opened to a poem whose first verse had been underlined:

*Oh, when I was in love with you,
Then I was clean and brave;
And miles around the wonder grew—
How well did I behave!*

*And now the fancy passes by,
And nothing will remain;
And miles around they say that I
Am quite myself again!*

I looked down at Bob. His face in sleep looked weaker—his chin smaller, his features thinner—than usual. His yellow hair was rumpled, and strands of it were plastered to his forehead with perspiration. He was breathing rather heavily.

I shook him and called in his ear. He groaned and half-opened his eyes.

"He'o, Tom."

He closed his eyes again.

"Bob!"

"Hmmmm—yeah! What d'you want?"

"Wake up!"

He gazed at me for a moment and knit his brow. Then he sighed and swung himself up to a sitting position.

"Hello. What're you doing here?"

"Nothing—I just dropped in to see you for a while."

"Ummmm—I say, turn the radio a bit louder—I like that piece."

I reached over and turned the knob just as the orchestra ended "Here Comes the British" *al crescendo*.

Two hours later, I left the Tates' place still rather uneasy. Bob had talked easily enough, but he hadn't mentioned the divorce to me a single time—and I was one of his best friends.

For the next few weeks I saw very little of Bob. Of course, I saw him down town, every now and then, and one night, late, when Kat and I were coming home from a cabin party, we saw him out riding, but I rarely saw him to talk to him for any time. Twice, I went over to see him at night, but each time no one was at home—at least nobody answered the bell and the house was dark.

I rather expected Bob to start going out again, after every thing was settled and the talk about the divorce began to die down, but he didn't. Several times I persuaded him to go riding with me, but he ran the horses so much that I finally stopped asking him; after all, I couldn't afford to be so very considerate of his loneliness when my mother raised Cain about the way I was running the horses to death.

His behavior made me rather angry—he might have been worried, and all that,

(Continued on page 17)

That Which He Seeks

WALTER WEINTZ

impressionistic is our life and impressionistic is this tale of night and storm and toil. . . .



This is the sacrament a man must make, the legend on the stone had read: to go by moonlight on the proper night into the Valley of the Gods; to mount the pyramid and stand at dawn before the altar making sacrifice; so shall he have that which he seeks. . . .

Now when at length the moon came up across the dim sierra, the valley opened out before my eyes as though a curtain suddenly had dropped, and once again the well-remembered sense of unreality sent shivers across my spine. I tightened up the girth that held my precious pack in place upon the little burro's back, and, leading him, took the rough trail that dropped away below the flat face of the cliff into the empty moonlight. Like water the loose shale surged down about my ankles from the burro's feet; I moved but slowly, pressing hard against the solid stone beside me, never looking to the left where now the desert valley, cloaked in blue, was like a great dead sunken lake between the piled-up cliffs. The burro, who through all the weary marches of this endless journey had been patient, suddenly grew obstinate, and needed constant urging. As we went down the darkness shut us in until at last the rough wall by my shoulder was my only guide; I could not risk a light, and went by sense of touch alone, trusting my memory for the safety of the trail.

We rested at the bottom, and I watched the stars, faint flashes in a narrow strip of faded sky set in a jet-black frame; I watched until they reeled and blurred before my eyes and my existence seemed a fool's hypothesis, an idle

dream. I took the canteen from my belt and drank, relieved to feel the hard reality of cold curved metal in my hands and brackish moisture on my swollen tongue; but in a moment once again the obscure uneasiness had settled in my breast. The little burro jerked his lead-rope nervously and would not touch the dry rough grass that grew against the cliff. I stood long after he was rested, indecisive, until I knew I could no longer hesitate, but must go on or turn again. Then with a last look at the stars I set my eyes upon the pyramid that rose out of the moon-mist in the center of the valley, and went on.

We were two pigmies naked in an endless waste, a level and interminable sea of ghastly sand, beneath a terrifying dome, malignant blue; we moved yet did not seem to move, as in a dream, and always saw the brooding mass before us and above, a great squat monster looming in the night. But now my burro stopped, nor would he move, and all my coaxing, shouts, and blows were of no avail. I took up the heavy pack upon my shoulders and released him; he scuttled back into the dark, and, my eyes once more upon that indistinct malicious form, I swung with tired step into the last stage of my pilgrimage. My time grew short.

I paused within the shadow of the pyramid and saw the cold stone sweating evilly; then, with the leaden pack against my neck, I put my foot upon that rough and crumbling stair and started the laborious ascent. One hundred were the sacred steps between the desert and the altar, all so steep a man

must crawl; and now I knew I must make haste, or fail. The stars had faded and the sky was black, heavy with storm; yet in the darkness I could feel the horror of this place, sharp as the stones that bit into my bleeding hands and knees.

As I went on the steps were lost in thick debris; great boulders, fallen away, had left me slimy perpendicular walls to struggle up, and massive rubble pushed me back, the loose stuff moving underneath my feet while jagged stones rolled down to bruise and cut my head. I could no longer see; the darkness was complete. And all the while time fled swiftly. My pack was like a monster of the night that pinned me down, eating into my back with fangs of fire; a benchman of the enfolding night which caught my throat and stifled me; in league with all the savage forces of the rocks that held me back.

My strength was gone; I moved by force of will alone, yet as I moved, I think I sobbed aloud. As from another world I heard the steady roll and crash of thunder, and in a higher key the wind, which had become a shrieking gale. Flat on my face I dragged myself, moving convulsively. The end was in sight; one last great effort and my task was done.

Then the storm broke with a great lightning crash that shook the world and split the altar just above my reach and wiped away my consciousness. I lay quite senseless in the cold rain, how long I do not know, and struggled back through an eternity of agony to empty knowledge of complete defeat, to hopelessness, and bitter sense of wasted effort.

How long had all this taken? I was cold. Slowly I drew my aching muscles in and rose upon my knees. Gone was the altar; in its place a gash proclaimed the violence of the thunderbolt. *So shall he have that which he seeks. . . .* The storm had gone, the dawn was come; away far, far below me stretched the brown desert to the clean blue hills, seen clearly now without illusion of the night. Joy welled up in me with the aurora that now rolled across the eastern sky, where crimson blended into orange, and orange to amber; the morning held a meaning; time was short, and in the changing scarlet of the heaven I read a promise of fulfillment not too long to be delayed.

The Last Putting Out of the Evening Star

NANCY HUDSON

This is not a story. It is not even a sketch. It is what Jaime saw as he watched from his makeshift window a day and a night with the fever over him and his brow burning chill. She should never have been named the *Evening Star*, he thought; no ship should have a name like that. But he was wasted and helpless, so over the dock there he watched her.

All night she lay at her dock like a great white bird with folded wings, and morning came. Hordes of men speckled her decks, and though they sprinkled her deep silence with their men-sounds, the silence lay there still. Presently a wide wound opened in her side, bound apart by a hundred waiting hands. Then set up a traffic through this wound, storing into her great heart rubber from the Congo, cotton from Virginia, coffee from Brazil. All through the day came the rumblings of carts, the jerkings of the grim arms of the winches, the curses of men, the horns of boats, the silent slippings in and out of the black towed barges.

At noon, this traffic never ceasing, the sun grew white and hot. The air smoked white hot. Whiteness blazed over the docks. The winches gleamed like heaving monsters. Curses grew fiercer. Men grew grimmer. The smell of coffee and bodies and rope and salt became as stale as the backwash of dirty foam that the tugs kicked up in their inconsequential comings and goings. All the sharp dock noises melted into drones, settling into one great monotony of sound. And the *Evening Star* lay with regal serenity in the thick sound, amid the hot smell and the dank smell, with the whiteness over it all.

In the evening clean salt air cut shoreward and the turmoil of noon died away. The wound in the *Evening Star* folded closed. The milling men, with all their faint disturbances of noise and movement, departed, and it was as if they had never been. The *Evening Star* lay clean-lined, leanly lovely. A sudden rumble of cables drawn, the far calling cry of her horn, the weird siren of her whistle, caught and echoed by other deep funneled throats, and then up to her sides hurried the little *Jerry Downs*. It caught on and strained at her prow, and slowly the ship began her majestic slipping out to sea. Another deep cry of horns, a rub of hawsers loosening; the *Jerry* scuttled back to port. The great ship turned outwards, and evening closed her in.

Jaime lay still in his bed and mused on men and ships that sailed gallant at evening, and felt in his own veins the full tide drawing ever outwards.



From 1900 up to 1934 the leaf tobacco used for cigarettes increased from

13,084,037 lbs. to
326,093,357 lbs.;
an increase of 2392%

*There is no substitute
for mild, ripe tobacco.*

During the year ending June 30,
1900, the Government collected
from cigarette taxes

\$3,969,191

For the year ending June 30,
1934, the same taxes were

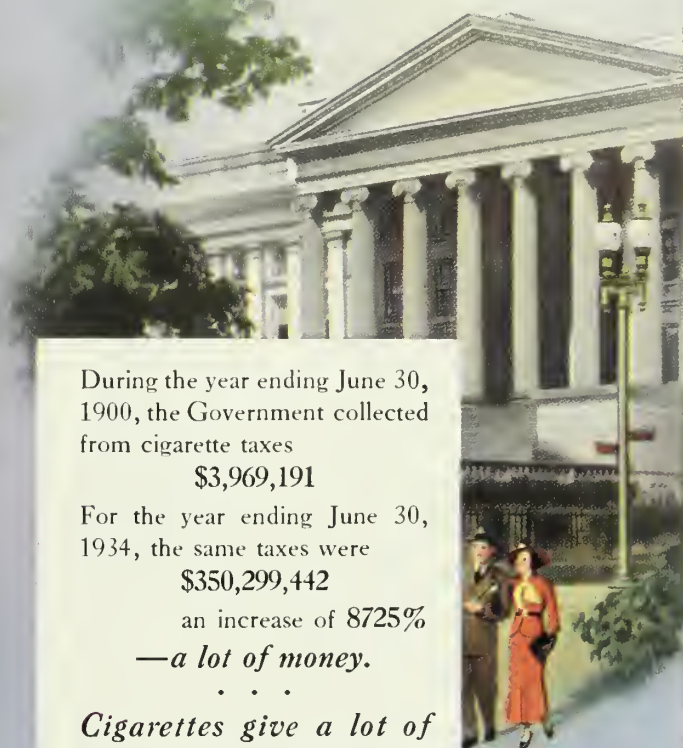
\$350,299,442

an increase of 8725%

—a lot of money.

*Cigarettes give a lot of
pleasure to a lot of people.*

United States
Treasury Building



More cigarettes are smoked today because
more people know about them—they are better advertised.

But the main reason for the increase is that they are made
better—made of better tobaccos; then again the tobaccos
are blended—a blend of Domestic and Turkish tobaccos.

*Chesterfield is made of mild, ripe tobaccos.
Everything that science knows about is used in
making it a milder and better-tasting cigarette.*

We believe you will enjoy them.

ANNOUNCING

THAT

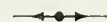
THE ARCHIVE

offers prizes for the best short story, best freshman composition, best poem and best drawing submitted for the January 1936 issue.



PRIZES :

Best Short Story	\$7.50
Best Freshman Composition.....	5.00
Best Poem	3.00
Best Drawing	3.00



RULES

1. Contestants must be members of the undergraduate body of Duke University.
2. Specifications:
 - Short story not less than 2500 nor more than 3500 words.
 - Freshman composition not less than 900 nor more than 1100 words.
 - Poem not more than thirty lines. If sonnet form is used, two must be submitted.
 - Drawing to be an original representation of campus life; pen and ink medium; dimensions to be 7'' wide by 6½'' high.
3. Manuscripts must be typed, double spaced.
4. All entries must be mailed to ARCHIVE Contest, Box 4665, Duke Station, on or before December 18, 1935.
5. Members of the present editorial staff and students who have contributed more than one article or story prior to, but not including, this issue, will not be eligible to enter the contest.

FROM COVER TO COVER



CURRENT BOOKS IN REVIEW

***Seven Pillars of Wisdom.* By T. E. Lawrence. Doubleday Doran.**

A detailed and careful record of the Arab revolt, T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, by virtue of the subject matter alone, is an outstanding book. But it is more than this, the personal confession of a revolutionary leader, quick with emotion and intelligence; he writes with feeling, with pity, generosity, and high indignation, and with the keenness of a mind that cut through subterfuge, recognizes dishonest devices, and condemns all treachery. Woven into swift tales of battle are dark passages of soul-searching and doubt which reveal the sensitive soul of the man who had "two customs, two educations, two environments," who wore the Arab dress yet was an Englishman, and who helped lead men "as unstable as water." The book cut deep into his consciousness; he saw it as his other self, and his unwillingness to publish it becomes more comprehensible—though an age which has produced the autobiographies of Frank Harris, Lincoln Steffens, and H. G. Wells may fail to sympathize.

Now Lawrence is dead, and his great text is published, and the task of evaluating the man and his work will occupy a thousand critics for years to come.

The strange and mysterious figure of "Aircraftman Shaw" is already one of the most famous in all the small gallery of true heroes of the World War. His perverse reticence, his distaste for publicity, has become a legendary matter; and for this reason (if for no other) the general public has eagerly awaited the publication of his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. But those who anticipated revelations startling or sensational will be disappointed, for the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is simply the original text of the abridged *Revolt of the Desert* copiously and beautifully illustrated. But it is the *Revolt* magnified and extended, showing two beauties where before it showed but one, 330,000 words instead of 130,000; it is a work which by itself will bring its author literary immortality; it is one of the few solid pieces our uneasy age has born, and one of the few great works of all time.

Lawrence wrote the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* in 1919 and lost it subsequently in a railway station. A second text, done in three months of the year 1920, he later

destroyed. In 1922 he finished a third text, 330,000 words long, and from it printed eight copies, of which, characteristically, he destroyed three. Later a fourth text (which sold for \$20,000 in America) was privately printed for subscribers, and issued in such a way that only Lawrence knew how many copies were produced. *Revolt in the Desert* was issued in 1926 to help meet the expenses of the privately printed edition. The new edition is taken from the subscriber's text, complete with all the illustrations it contained.

The story of a peculiar, diffuse type of tribal warfare which he fought with the Arabs against the Turks, a tale of audacious raids and heroic individual daring, is told with vigor, clarity, and classical use of the language, and always with keen insight and imaginative understanding. "Since the dawn of life, in successive waves they had been dashing themselves against the coasts of flesh. Each wave was broken, but, like the sea, wore away ever so little of the granite on which it failed, and some day, ages yet, might roll unchecked over the place where the material would have been, and God would move upon the face of those waters. One such wave (and not the least) I raised and rolled before the breath of an idea, till it reached its crest, and toppled over and fell at Damascus. The wash of that wave, thrown back by the resistance of vested things, will provide the matter of the following wave, when in fullness of time the sea shall be raised once more."

worth reading . . .

***Spring Came On Forever*
by Bess Stretter Aldrich**

***It Can't Happen Here*
by Sinclair Lewis**

***Butterfield* by John O'Hara**

***Mrs. Astor's Horse*
by Stanley Walker**

***Freedom of the Press*
by George Seldes**

***Hands* by George G. Norris**

***Paul Cezanne.* By Gerstle Mack. Knopf.**

Like all pioneers of every field in every age, Cezanne has suffered ridicule and misrepresentation; and during his life as a painter of revolt in the stolid nineteenth century, he inevitably suffered more than his proper share of persecution. Yet by his death in 1906 the tide had turned and he had begun to drift towards popularity, and now today he has an honored place beside the venerable masters of antiquity. Because his paintings conformed to his innervision, his life in its relation to his paintings is particularly important for an artist. "Unlike the impressionists, he conceived his pictures not from without but from within. . . Since his object was not primarily the representation of nature as it appeared to his eye, but the composition of an aesthetic organism, he could permit himself to distort the forms he saw before him so as to bring them into the desired relationship on the canvas." Gerstle Mack's biography is comprehensive and well-balanced, inverting Cezanne's ideas as well as his affairs in a long career; it is also a delight to the eye, printed in Baskerville and copiously illustrated from photographs of Cezanne's pictures. Walter Pach has called *Paul Cezanne* the most complete biography of a modern artist that he knows.

* * * *

***Green Hills of Africa.* By Ernest Hemingway. Scribner.**

Whether or not one admires Hemingway, he must be taken into account in any consideration of modern fiction. In *Green Hills of Africa* he strips himself of the cloak of authorship, and comes forth naked and a man to present a statement of his literary principles, "half-guilty, half-defiant," and very personal. The story of a hunting trip in Tanganyika, *Green Hills of Africa* is filled with discussions and reflections which give us, disjointedly but in detail, the Hemingway attitude toward life and the world. The swift and well-organized action is fresh and vivid, and noteworthy for some of the best description he has ever done; his comments on literature, politics, revolution, and man's fate are stimulating, and his work becomes more lucid in the light which *Green Hills of Africa* throws upon his personality.

MASKS AND GREASE PAINT

CURRENT PLAYS AND CINEMA

When the Duke Players take to the stage several weeks from now, they have a fine opportunity of presenting a university audience with one of the fastest moving and most exciting plays that has been written in recent years. This second production, composed by Frank Wead, will be the commercial airport play, "Ceiling Zero."

The Players, so we hear, will be the first amateur group in the country to produce the play. Since it was only last spring that the melodrama ended a long and successful run on Broadway, it appears that the campus thespian organization will vary its usual routine with a presentation that is still fresh and new.

As we go to press the cast has been selected and rehearsals are under way. Whether the actors can mould themselves to the sometimes difficult roles will be known only when the curtain rises on the initial evening, Thursday, December 12.

Moulded around a commercial airport, the play presents with sharp, rapid strokes the struggle between the old military type of flyer and the new school of technically trained flyers.

Much credit is due Director A. T. West for his accomplishment in obtaining a script which is virile and new enough to merit anyone's attendance on the opening night. In fact, the script is so new that even the cinema hasn't produced it, which sets a record of some sort.

The new season in the theatre has, with one or two exceptions, thus far been one of the duller in recent years. The most notable exception is "Porgy and Bess," the first real opera from the pen of an American composer, and incidentally the first genuine opera written anywhere in some time. The composer, as might well be expected, is George Gershwin. The libretto was written for Mr. Gershwin by his brother, Ira Gershwin, and by Dubose Heyward and follows closely the text of the Heyward play of some seasons ago "Porgy." The story is that of a crippled negro beggar of Charleston's Catfish row. Mr. Gershwin has transcribed into it music of undeniable power and beauty. The songs, which range from the starkly tragic to the beguilingly funny, are sung by a black cast which can stand comparison with any opera company. They fall from the lips of the singers with perfect ease and naturalness. The chorus, which received

its training with the Gertrude Stein opera, "Four Saints in Three Acts," far surpasses anything of the kind seen in recent years. That the whole production is so well knit, so well integrated, is undoubtedly due to the dramatic direction of Rouben Mamoulian and the orchestral direction of Alexander Smallens.

Another exception to the general rule of dullness now prevailing is Maxwell Anderson's poetical play "Winterset." It has long been noted that Mr. Anderson's plays fall into two categories, those of the poet of "Night Over Taos" and "Mary of Scotland," and those of the social reporter with a conscience such as "Both Our Houses." In "Winterset" he attempts a combination of these two elements in his playwriting, and if he fails it is still an important failure for he has at least demonstrated that a play can be written about modern life in verse. His failure in this case seems to be due to the fact that he is not quite enough of a poet to be able to say exactly what he wishes through the medium of poetry.

The play is about a young Italian whose father, a radical labourer, has been executed for a murder he did not commit. The boy, haunted by the memory of this injustice, seeks to find the real murderer and thereby to clear his father's name. All the action takes place beneath the shadow of a New York bridge and Jo Mielziner's settings are among the most effective ever done for the stage. In this narrow spot move the figures of the judge who has condemned the father and who has gone mad with the knowledge of the injustice, the gang leader who directed the murder, a boy who witnessed it, and the boy's sister with whom Mio, the young Italian, is in love. The parts of Mio and the girl are made things of moving beauty by the splendid performances of Burgess Meredith and Margo. Rarely have two young people with so little dramatic experience given performances of such brilliance. It is evident that greater things may be expected of Maxwell Anderson and it is to be hoped that by next season he will be a little more sure of himself as a poet.

Jamse Warwick's "Blind Alley" is an absorbing melodrama concerning a psychology professor and a gangster "on the lam." The gangster decides to hide in the professor's home and the professor, not being very enthusiastic about such an idea, decides to destroy him with the

only weapon he has—his science. The whole thing is very gripping and exciting, etc., and will probably be a smash hit at the box office. The leading roles are well acted by George Colouris and Roy Hargrave. The fact that some of the textbook lectures on psychology should be left out, may be overlooked because of the tempo of the direction.

The only other really important dramatic event is the Guild's (and the Lunts') revival of "The Taming of the Shrew." It is a mad house of Elizabethan fun and rough house put on as only Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne could do it. It is not too much to say that never has the play been done with such spirit. The costumes and setting are over-lavish to exactly the right degree. The rest of the cast is worthy of the two principals, which is saying quite a lot. The only trouble seems to be with the audiences which are a little too super-sophisticated to appreciate humor in any other vein than that of Noel Coward.

It is a long way from the Duke campus to Times Square; not nearly so far to the Durham movie houses. Appreciating this fact this column will from now on try to note a few of the trends in recent "movies," and next month try to say a few words in regard to the aesthetics of the cinema as opposed to the aesthetics of the stage.

Artistically, the most important production in the offing is the new Chaplin comedy, "Modern Times." In it the man whom Alexander Woollcott says is the greatest artist of the world at present, continues his superb characterization of the lonely, pathetic, divinely humorous little tramp with a profound social comment upon the machine age. When one pauses to consider what Chaplin has accomplished within the narrow limits of a single characterization, and without once opening his mouth to utter a word, then and then only can one begin to appreciate him as a dramatic artist. That this latest of his films, five years in the making, should at present be withheld from the public by the board of censors, is itself a profound comment upon the incongruity of American morality.

Another imaginative film of importance is the new British film, "Transatlantic Tunnel." It has scenes of realism the like of which Hollywood has never equalled. Curiously enough, the cast is mostly American, being headed by Helen

(Continued on page 21)

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Bob Tate

(Continued from page 10)

but there was no excuse to kill my horse because of it—and our relations became cool.

This situation lasted all that month. I was very sorry about it, because Bob was a dam' good boy, but I couldn't see that there was any point to his aloofness—living like a hermit wouldn't cancel the divorce.

And then, one night, when I got home after a date, I found him waiting on the stoop for me.

"Hello, Bob! What're you doing here?"

"Well, I came over to see you a little while ago, but your father told me you'd be in soon, so I figured I'd just sit out here and wait for you."

"But—but didn't Daddy ask you in the house? Really, I'm awfully sorry. . ."

"Of course he did. You see, I started to leave when I found out you weren't home, but I changed my mind. And by that time, he had already gone back into the house."

"I see."

I sat down beside him on the bench.

"Cigarette?"

"Thanks."

After the process of lighting the cigarettes was completed, I waited expectantly for him to tell me the object of his visit. For some time the silence lasted. He was looking out across the lawn, gazing at the shadowy maple tree, standing out against the dark of the sky. I didn't say anything, for I knew his moodiness and knew that his silence should not be broken.

Bob's a good-looking chap, I thought as I observed his profile—strong, regular, and distinctly then. He could be a holy terror, as far as girls are concerned, if he really wanted to. Well-dressed, handsome, money, car—wish I were in his boots! I can't understand how a boy like that can lead the life he does. . . . Surely, the divorce exaggerated it, but even before that, he didn't go with anybody in particular. Of course, he went to lots of dances—usually tight, though—and dated every now and then, but, my lord, he's practically a hermit! And he's such a dam' good boy when he wants to be—

"Going to the August Cotillion, Tom?"

"What—in Raleigh?"

"Certainly! Where else do you think it's be?"

"Why, I think not. You see, Daddy has to go to Richmond, Friday morning, and I know I can't get Mother's car that night. I'd like to go, but—well, you see how it is."

"Would you go with me? I think I'll go—I've nothing else to do."

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"Yes, I should like, to Bob—very much."

"Righto."

"Thanks no end—"

"Forget it! I'll be around for you about five-thirty, Friday afternoon. I want to get to Raleigh fairly early—there are some people I want to see. Somebody's throwing some sort of party just before the dance—we'll go to that, too, for a while."

"That's fine, Bob. I appreciate it lots."

"That's all right. God, it's twelve-thirty! I'd beter be going, Tom. Mother's probably still waiting up for me. Good-night!"

"Good-night! I'll see you later!"

I watched him as he hurried down the walk. He limped a bit—the result of a horse-back accident that happened three or four years before.

I was upstairs packing my bag when he came for me that Friday afternoon. Someone let him in and in a little while I heard him playing "Schöne Rosmarin." Mother must be down there with him, I thought. She's always liked to hear him play the piano.

When my bag was packed, I put on my coat, straightened my tie, and hurried down stairs. As I entered the side room where Bob was playing, he began "Remember." He really played it very well;

it was his own arrangement—rather erratic but quite beautiful. When he finished it, he absent-mindedly struck a few chords. Mother and I exchanged glances.

"Well, Tom, let's go. It's five-forty now."

"Hight ho!"

As we rode along, I realized that Bob was tense and restless with a sort of nervous expectancy. He was smoking one cigarette after another, spoke rarely—and jerkily, when he did—and whistled continuously. The songs he whistled were all about three years old, then; and "Remember" came to his lips more often than any other piece.

It all seemed rather odd to me—his half-suppressed excitement, the old popular songs, and the inordinate amount of smoking. I wondered if there might be any connection between all that and Raleigh and the limp acquired three years ago.

Suddenly—out of the blue, as it were—he asked me a question. I could hardly believe my ears. I turned and looked at him; his eyes were narrowed and intent upon the road before us.

"What?"

"I said, have you ever been in love?"

"Why—why, yes! Of course!"

"Did you bo completely haywire about the dam' girl? Were you *mad* about her?"

"Well, not *exactly*, but I was in love with her."

"Did you ever feel very foolish and almost ecstatically happy? Did you have a slap-happy, don't-give-a-dam'-about-anything-else sensation? Did you feel idiotic and contented all at once? You knew you were a dam' fool, but you didn't particularly care? Did you ever reach the point at which you felt yourself trembling inside every time you touched her? And you suddenly became breathless whenever you saw her unexpectedly?"

I stared at him in amazement. What could have happened to the self-restrained, unemotional, cynical Bob Tate I thought I knew? What could have caused this aloof, silent boy to babble like a fifteen-year-old? But during his whole speech he kept his eyes straight ahead and his chin set.

"Were you miserable whenever you saw someone else dancing with her? Did you find yourself staring at her all the time—even at theatres, at parties, at dances—*everywhere*? Did every song you heard seem to be written about her? Did you see the girl and yourself as the subjects of every poem and novel you read? Did the fact that you both had brown eyes and fair hair, that you both wanted to see Scottish heather some day, and

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that you both liked Housman—did all that seem to indicate that you were destined for each other? Soul-mates, and all that rot?”

He paused as if to catch his breath.

“Well! *Did* you ever feel that way?” he demanded irritably.

“Why, yes, I did—more or less.”

“Mostly less! Congratulations! Don’t you ever let any girl tie you up like that. It’s not worth it!”

By that time, his expression had changed. His mouth was widened, his eyes seemed darkened; his whole physiognomy had become a brooding and impenetrable mask. I checked my impulse to question him.

For the rest of the trip he hardly spoke at all. His only change was toward the end. As we entered Raleigh, he began to hum “Remember” again.

We ate dinner down town and then went out to a fraternity house at State, where I was introduced to about a dozen boys as “a future Beta Psi” and was rather dazed by it all, and changed clothes.

From the fraternity house we went out to Hayes-Barton to Jane Conrad’s house, where a party was going on. There were a whole lot of people there, and Boh seemed to know them all. I

could not help thinking of the difference between the gay, amiable chap he was here and the unsociable devil he was at home.

During the couple of hours we were at Jane Conrad’s, I noticed that he seemed to avoid one particular girl as much as possible. At the moment, I couldn’t quite understand that, as she was undeniably beautiful—tall, blonde, brown-eyed.

But I didn’t pay so very much attention to Bob’s actions, for I had found a smooth girl. Her name was Dot Gaylord—small and dark. We went out into the garden and sat down on a bench and talked for a long while. I made a late date with her for after the dance and prayed that Bob might be willing to stay over long enough for me to keep it.

The dance was just like every other August Cotillion—crowded, hot, good music, and people from all over East Carolina. I met the tall blonde who had been at the Conrads’—her name was Harriet Otey, and she was a Raleigh girl. I discovered that she had known Bob Tate for several years—“rather well,” as she expressed it. I didn’t see much of him at the dance, but each time I did see him he was with Harriet Otey.

Towards the end of the affair, I hunted him up and asked him about staying over for late dates.

“Why, that’s fine. I have one, myself.”

“Who is she?”

“The best-looking girl on the floor—Harriet Otey!”

My lord, I thought. Six o’clock, and he’s an hour late! He promised to be here on time, too! I wonder what this girl thinks of me—she’ll be inviting me to breakfast pretty soon! What a hell of an expression to make! But there must be some reason for this delay—he must be making plenty of time with that Harriet Otey. Well, she’s a beautiful girl—

The buzz of the doorbell suddenly sounded. Dot and I rushed to the door together, afraid Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord would be awakened by the noise. I flung open the door. There was Bob, swaying slightly, stewed to the gills.

“Let’s go home, Tommy boy,” he smiled at me.

“All right. You go on down to the car. I’ll be out in a minute.”

I told Dot good-bye and hurried out of the house. When I reached the automobile, Bob was not, thank God, under the wheel.

“Tommy-baby, I’m much too much drunk to attempt to drive any sort of vehicle, so you, my little man, must drive us home.”

“Very well.”

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I felt his eyes fixed on my face for some time, before I finally managed to catch his eye. He smiled at me rather foolishly.

"You're a nice boy, Tommy—"

"Thanks."

"and I'm drunk as hell."

"That's right."

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt me!" He knit his brow as if in thought. "Oh, yes! Do you know why I'm tight? What? Do you know?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, I'll tell you. I got this way in order to celebrate! D'you know what I'm celebrating?"

"No."

"Er—emancipation! Yep, that's the word—emancipation . . . emancipation. . . . Emancipation Proclamation . . . emancipation for all the goddam niggers and Bob Tate. Freedom, Tom! That's what it is! Liberty—you know, the thing they make Fourth-of-July speeches about!"

"But from what are you freed, Bob?"

"An—an obsession! That's what it is—that's what it *was*! I've been released from an illusion—or is it *delusion*?—that has enthralled me for three years. Three God dam' long bloody dam' years! That's—let me see, now—that's over a

thousand days. You know what that slavery was?"

"No, I don't. What was it?"

He laughed sharply.

"I thought I was in love with Harriet Otey. As a matter of fact, I thought I was in love with her until two hours ago. Imagine, Bob—I was mad about the girl for three years although I knew she didn't give two hoots in hell for me! That's the reason I haven't bothered with any girl at home. That's the reason Mother and Father's divorce bowled me over so. It's the reason for a hell of a lot of odd things I've done in the last three years. Now, do you wonder why I feel like celebrating. I feel as if I've been washed clean, Tommy boy."

"Well, er—what made you change so?"

"Have you ever read Housman?"

"A little."

"Well, you ought to read more of him. He's my favorite poet. For instance, one of his best poems is:

*Oh, when I was in love with you,
Then I was clean and brave,
And miles around the wonder grew
How well did I behave.*

*And now the fancy passes by,
And nothing will remain,
And miles around they'll say that I
Am quite myself again.*

D'you see what's the reason, now, Tommy? That second verse is particularly—

A horn seemed to be blown right in my ear. I yanked the steering-wheel to the right, but the nose of the car dropped and glass was broken and something hit my head.

"How is Bob?" was my first question.

"Now, you just lie down quietly and don't fret," answered the stupid-looking little nurse. "He'll be perfectly well in a few days. He's a little delirious, now, but that's perfectly natural, because of the shock and the fever, and so forth. But he'll be all right soon."

"Well, that's fine. Is he out of his head very much?"

"Lord, yes! He says all the time that his foot hurts, but there's nothing at all wrong with it, and he swears terribly about some horse. But most of the time he keeps asking for a girl by the name of Harriet. Do you know who he could be talking about? It's the name of his sweetheart, isn't it?"

She was a shrewish, pinch-faced little woman with small, pale eyes and a long nose. She blinked her eyes as she talked.

"Isn't that who she is? Isn't it? I think it's so sweet!"

"I haven't the slightest idea. Please go away—I want to sleep."

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Masks and Grease Paint

(Continued from page 16)

Vinson, Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Walter Huston, and George Arliss.

The British have scored another triumph in the film "The 39 Steps." It is a melodrama about a young Canadian, played by Robert Donat, who gets involved with a gang of spies and spends the night, after escaping from their clutches, handcuffed to a pretty girl, Madelene Carroll. The reviewer caught this one in New Haven late in the summer, at which time Mr. Donat was still removing wet stockings from the shapely legs of Miss Carroll in order that she might warm them by the fire. However, before the picture was allowed to be shown in New York the censors agreed that this sequence be cut in half, allowing Mr. Donat to remove only the left stocking, since it would shock little Johnny to death if he were allowed to remove the right one also. Furthermore, Mr. Donat was given to the frequent uttering of the word "damn!" which was also regarded as dangerous to little Johnny's morals, therefore the sound track was removed in places and he

moves his lips silently. Shade of Paul Green's lecture of recent date!

There are rumors to the effect that Durham may yet see Fred Astaire, of the nimble toes, in "Top Hat." Yankees fortunate enough to see it before they left home will probably smile pityingly and promptly tell their Southern friends all about it, so I shall not attempt to do so. It is sufficient to note that Mr. Astaire is in usual form and that Ginger Rogers improves with every picture.

Addenda: Miss Catherine Cornell has acquired a new Romeo for her road production of "Romeo and Juliet." He is Maurice Evans and received his training in the "Old Vic" in London. Inasmuch as Basil Rathbone was considered as the weak point in last year's production this addition is to be regarded as a distinct improvement. Unfortunately Edith Evans will be playing the nurse in the London production this year. . . Miss Myrna Loy is back in Hollywood after a long quarrel with M.G.M. She is to play the part of Billie Burke in "The Great Ziegfeld." William Powell will play the title role and Louise Rainer the part

of Anna Held in the same picture. . . . Brian Ahern and Norma Shearer will do "Romeo and Juliet" for the movies in spite of the apparent failure of Max Reinhardt's "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" at the box office. . . Speaking of Shakespeare, "Macbeth" and "Othello" have both come and gone in New York to a chorus of critical raspberries. . . A little too much dry goods and mush in the mouth. . . Walter Hampden's first play of the year, "Achilles Had a Heel," was a miserable flop—after the way he treated Durham audiences last year, one cannot help feeling just a little pleased. . . . All the good accomplished by Miss Cornell's fine performance in opening up this district was undone in a single night. . . . After many delays Billy Rose's "Jumbo" will possibly have opened by the time this magazine comes from the press. This is the maddest thing the mad Mr. Rose has ever done. The book is by Hecht and MacArthur. . . Cole Porter and Moss Hart's new musical, "Jubilee," does not measure up to "Anything Goes," but is still amusing.

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To Make a Long Story Short

(Continued from page 3)

was patrolling the center of the bridge when he saw a man suddenly walk to the rail and start climbing over. The patrolman stopped him and said, "Hold everything; now let's you and me talk this thing over before you do any leaping." After they discussed the situation for a few minutes, the question appeared in a new light. They both jumped.

* * * *

everybody should give . . .

Dean Horack, of the Duke law school, told us one about a grateful alumnus. This young lawyer, flushed with a few early victories, returned to the law school to proclaim this the best of all possible worlds, and encountered Dean Horack. The law graduate expounded the theory that the best way to develop the school would be to have each graduate give something to his Alma Mater. The school must keep after them until each becomes a benefactor of the university. Thus the contacts will continue and the university will grow rapidly.

Mr. Horack agreed with him heartily, and suddenly asked, "When are you going to give something to the university?"

"Oh," he replied, "I have already." "Great. Sorry I hadn't heard about it," the dean rejoined. "What did you give?" The young lawyer's face fell, "Haven't you heard? I just donated a Negro's corpse to the medical school . . . My first big case in Raleigh."

* * * *

startling concession . . .

This one came to us through a very prominent lady philosopher. She picked it up at a dinner over at the Hill. The tale has grey moss for whiskers, but developed a sparkle in its eye during the depression. Professor Horace Williams, former head of the University of North Carolina department of philosophy, now in retirement, remembers way back when he was just one of the underpaid, underfed professors, teaching at a school which had practically no money. Those were very lean years for Chapel Hill. At the end of one of those fiscal

years, the college board decided to hear out each instructor and consider his many complaints.

Each professor, in his turn, appeared before the council, explained how extremely difficult it was to get three squares and a room out of his small salary, how impossible it was to carry on any experiments, let alone half the departmental work expected, and ended by asking for a humane raise and a promise of funds for departmental and private research. It did not take long to discover that all complaints were exactly alike. Each instructor received a promise of careful consideration of his case.

When Professor Williams' turn came, he went in, was asked what he considered absolutely necessary, and replied: "Gentlemen, just two things: freedom to teach the boys what they need to know, and seclusion for the purpose of philosophic research and plain thinking." The president suddenly came to life, banged his fist on the table, and replied:

"Sir, you shall have it."

Call My Dog Sandwich

(Continued from page 7)

furtively at us. In his clumsy, dull-witted way he seemed to want to comfort us, but our silence puzzled him. His offer of cigarettes ignored, he sat quietly by the window, drumming on the table until we thought we would go mad.

He must have decided we needed entertainment, for he began telling Little Audrey stories, at each of which he rocked to and fro in soundless mirth. I shivered. "God!" Tom muttered. It

was the first time any of us had spoken, and we all turned to gaze disinterestedly at him.

Al cheerfully remarked that he was hungry, "and speaking of food, I call my dog Sandwich because he's well-bred."

We looked at each other helplessly. Ted, with his good arm, opened the door and pushed Al through it. He closed it and came back to his chair. We heard

Al remonstrating outside for a while, then the thick silence settled over us again.

Bea died at eight o'clock. As we left the room, weeping, we saw Al sitting in a corridor corner. He stood up as we passed, and said distinctly, "I've always called her Resolution, because I knew she'd have to be carried out."

After that, he, too, began to sob wildly.

Knowledge

I knew not love until you came,
I knew not Hate, nor Jealousy
Nor Fear—
You brought them all to me,
My dear.

Whene'er you smiled the sun shone through,
Whene'er you frowned its glory waned
And all the beauty of the world
Was symbolized in you.

Now you are gone, I brood
While you were here, I sang
Happily,
Pensively—
And I walked with joyous steps.

I knew not love until you came—
I knew not sorrow 'till you'd gone.

—Evelyn Schaffle.

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AT TRYING TIMES . . . TRY A *Smooth* OLD GOLD

April Breeze

(Continued from page 1)

was, she said to herself, I wouldn't have come. She thought again, this isn't a time to consider how things look.

"I really don't know why I came," Martha stuttered. Her voice sounded naïve and young after his drowsy, rich bass. "Except—you really believe what you say. I mean about living. Getting what you want out of life. It's not just talk, just lectures that you give. You really mean it, don't you?"

Still smiling, he answered carefully. "Have my speeches meant so much to you? I am honored, but you came here to inquire into the seriousness of my doctrines, and I'll answer you as straight-from-the-shoulder as you asked. When I speak, I mean every word I say. I've gotten a lot from life and I've taken a lot and there's more of life that I'm going to get. Turn about's fair play, you know. But it's the only way to feel yourself alive, to live by the dictates of your inner self. You'll never regret it."

Dr. Haynes smiled again and looked at his finger tips. "I hope it's understood that these precepts are not for those

who suppress a desire to kill off a few of their neighbors."

"Yes," breathed Martha. "I've always thought like you, but it takes nerve and strength. I must go now. I'll keep you from your dinner."

"Certainly it takes nerve, my dear. It's worth it. I'll tell you that. May I tell you that you are one of the few women I've met who is, if you understand my Meaning. As for me, I'm waiting a month or two to get fired from the university so I can go boar-hunting in Central Africa."

* * * *

A month of springtime had passed since Martha's first impulsive visit to Dr. Haynes: the Kappa Epsilons were sprawled all over their pink and white parlor. Every pink and white face looked as serious as it could.

"I guess we'll have to elect a new president tonight," said Dotty. "Of all ludicrous things! Not two weeks before graduation and she pops off to God knows where, without a word to anyone. Insanity must run in her family; at least

that's what I thought when I saw her mother."

"I don't understand what more Martha could have wanted," one of the pink and white faces interrupted. "President of Kappa Epsilon, President of Pan-Hel, President of the Literary society, and no end of other things. Bobby in love with her—by the way, girls, I've got a date with him tonight. Lord, if I had a prospect of marrying Bobby and settling down in a cute little home, you wouldn't catch me running away."

"I think I understand," said a girl from the corner. "Like she said in her note—she was going somewhere to live, not just to be another person. I admire her for it. I'd do the same thing if I had the courage. It shows how great she really is."

"Great? Silly, I call it," said another.

"I can't help but wonder, though," said Dotty, "why she so foolishly spent that hundred dollars bribe her mother gave her for deserting Bobby. Of course you knew she used the money to buy linen riding pants and an African hunting hat. One might think she was setting off to do some hunting.

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THE ARCHIVE

December, 1935

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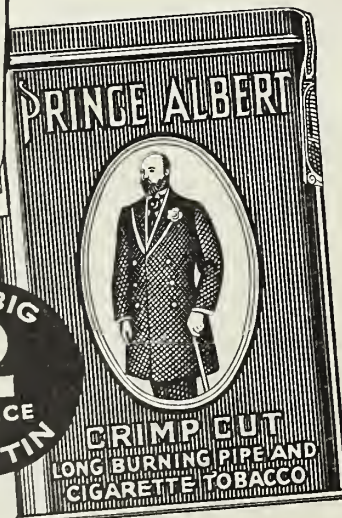


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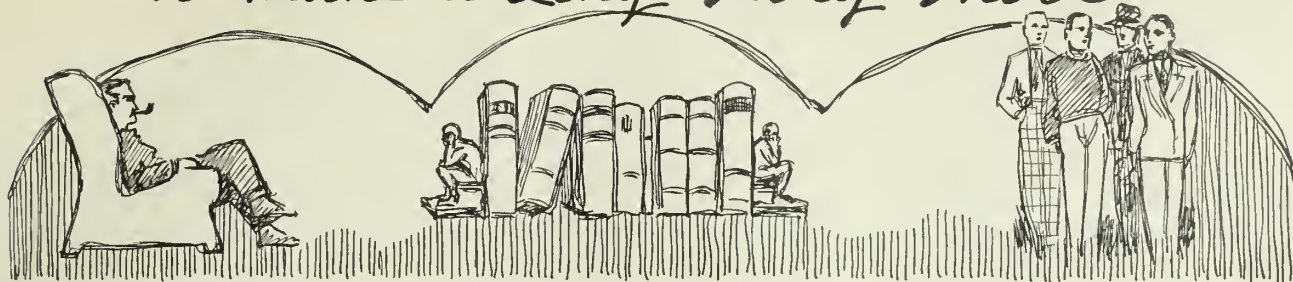
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To Make a Long Story Short



after gertrude. . .

At the last moment, in looking through our January and February material for a Christmas story, we made a dark discovery. Someone on our staff has gone completely Stein. It was a distinct shock to us, but the more we found of this Steiniana, the more certain we were that it was an inside job. Our files, desk drawers, and pigeon-holes were full of it. We choose this mere taste of it to take the place of the Yuletide yarn because it mentions an apple. We feel certain Gertrude would approve of it because of its seasonal propriety.

"If Gertrude can do it I can do it. It's not as if it takes brains because then I couldn't do it on account of not having exactly brains, and Gertrude couldn't either I think but that is a very private thought between the two of us. It takes laziness that's what it takes laziness and a great deal of no punctuation—mentally. And when Gertrude gets the laziest she begins saying things over and over like this like this like this like a virola that should be turned off. When I want to do that and not feel foolish I say to myself 'The reason she does it is because she believes in emphasis by reputation which is a very good policy that all smart people practice' and I say this to myself in a very convincing sort of way but I still feel a little foolish. Now when I began to want to write like Gertrude I said to myself the thing to do is to be quietly unintelligible, so for a long time I went off alone and was quietly unintelligible until now I can write like Gertrude. But there is something more that only Gertrude and I know about. And since I know about it and am also very lazy and have it too, I shall write like this. . .

"When I said Gertrude was unintelligible something uncomfortable began to happen and it's been happening all the way down the page so that I have to stop right now and explain. Gertrude is simple. She is silly but she is not silly like people who say an apple is a fleshy edible pome of the *malus malus* of the family *pomaceae*. She says an apple is an apple. Sometimes she says an apple

is an apple is an apple on account of making it clearer and also of having been to Paris and become a modernistic neither of which I have yet.

"Now something I like about Gertrude is the sweet way she likes American funny papers and Picasso. Picasso likes funny papers too so I think maybe I would like him the way I do Gertrude. Gertrude is lovely ungrammatical in her writing and Picasso is ungrammatical in the sign language so maybe that's why they like each other. Gertrude is unintelligible as I have pointed out, but Picasso is even more unintelligible. He is more unintelligible than anybody. Much more. I think it must make Gertrude feel maternal towards him don't you. Gertrude has lots of friends and they all like her really like her and she likes all of them really likes them. So much that she even gives them her funny papers which is the real way to like a friend.

"And when I thought about it the more I thought about Gertrude with her friends and her funny papers and Picasso the more I liked her. And the more I liked her the more I liked the sweet silly way she writes. And the more I was pleased about how silly she was the more I thought I was silly in that way myself. So I said if Gertrude can do it I can do it and I did it and here it is."

first victory. . .

Mr. Willis Smith, prominent lawyer, Duke law alumnus, and benefactor of the school, in trying to warm up our embryonic attorneys, disconcerted the students with this bit of realism.

The beloved alumnus relates this one about a fellow classmate shortly after their graduation and their successful entry in the profession. His friend, who was defending his first big case at Kings Mountain, a Negro indicted for murder, wired Smith that he was expecting a victory very shortly and wanted him to be at the court house for the acquittal. Smith wired back:

SORRY CANNOT MAKE IT FOR THE ACQUITTAL STOP WILL MEET YOU AT THE HANGING.

slightly conditional. . .

A prominent lady notably interested in the novel let this one escape the other day over a pot of tea and a tasty helping of Fielding, the eighteenth century novelist and satirist not unlike his "spicy, robust characters."

The lady in mention, who is invariably bubbling over with admiration about admirable literary things, declared that the most priceless experience would be to know the charming personality of *Tom Jones'* author. And ended: "Oh, I would give anything if I could meet the vibrant charm of this living force; oh, if I could sit across from the real Harry Fielding in front of the fireplace in a tap-house, sipping ale at two in the morning, listening to that marvelous intellect—if one could only be transported back to the eighteenth century . . . were I a man."

sceptical student. . .

A well-known member of the School of Religion faculty who is noted for his ability to tell bad jokes (we use the adjective in all its senses) tells us about his attempt to teach a sceptical student the meaning of the word "miracle."

"Suppose I told you," said the Professor, "that while I was walking down the street a workman on the third story of a building dropped a brick on my head and I wasn't hurt. What would you say to that?"

"Professor," replied the student, "I'd call that a very fortunate escape."

"Suppose, then," said the patient Professor, "that I told you that the very next day I was walking by the very same spot, and another brick was dropped from the third story, and again I was unhurt. What would you call that?"

"I'd call it a remarkable coincidence."

"All right. But suppose I told you that the very day after that, at the same spot, another brick was dropped on my head, and it didn't hurt me either. Then what would you say?" the Professor triumphantly asked.

"Professor," replied the sceptic, "I'd call it a damned lie!"

(Continued on page 21)

Excelsior

LESTER CRAIG

jo costello had trouble in his tubes, but he had a goal in life. . . .

"I'll be right back," Jo said and slammed the door of the car in which I was sitting and ran on into the church to get his throat blessed.

"Damn funny ideas these Catholics have," I thought and sat there shivering with the cold and wondering how long this throat-blessing would take. It was a pretty big throat Jo had. From what I'd heard it would take a heap of blessing to do it any good. That is, he had some sort of disease in it, and the doctors had advised him to go to El Paso for a few months until the thing cleared up. They told him it was chronic bronchitis, I believe—at least that's what Jo thought it was.

Immediately when I had heard that Jo was going West, I had arranged to go with him, for it offered an inexpensive way for me to get back to school. Jo was a good steady fellow, and had lived on our street ever since I could remember. I had never known him very well, but he and his older brother, who ran a taxi company, always used to wave to me as they tore up and down the street in their big cars—so I had always liked the Costello boys and thought them mighty congenial fellows. Dad had agreed that Jo Costello was certainly reliable, and besides that he was a good driver and had a nice 1932 Chevrolet Coupe. Consequently, it had been arranged that I should share trip expenses with him as far as El Paso. We had gotten an early start this morning, but Jo had taken an hour telling some aunt of his goodbye, and now he was in there seeing Saint Ezekiel or Saint somebody, who was supposed to be bookkeeper or supervisor of all throat diseases that God passed out among the people. It was chilly sitting in the car waiting, and I wished he'd hurry up so we could get started. Looking about the interior of the car, I noticed a small medal tacked up over the windshield, bearing a picture of a benign old gentleman labelled St. Christopher—the guardian of travellers. Well, we certainly did have the saints on our side. That was one thing!

Pretty soon Jo came back all full of blessing. He didn't look much better for it, I thought. His eyes had a strained, bloodshot appearance that made one know right away that he was a sick man. His lean face, with its large hooked nose, was just as pallid as before, and certainly the three dark upper teeth in

front hadn't whitened even one Kolynos shade. But he had a smile on his face now and looked at peace with something. Perhaps the psychological effect had been good.

Jo climbed into the driver's seat and began readjusting three or four scarfs he had wrapped and pinned about his neck. One of them looked suspiciously like an old tablecloth, but I let it pass, supposing it had some mystical curative power. All the while he was pinning and wrapping and tucking his scarfs he was explaining to me, "The doctor says I gotta keep warm on dis trip. Can't be catchin' no more cold. I gotta watch me health." At last he was finished, and as he put the car in gear and started off down the road he leaned over and shrieked in my ear, "On to El Payso!" He laughed boisterously at his own remark, which he evidently thought was very witty. I looked out at the houses going by and was glad that at last our much delayed journey had begun. My travelling companion might be a bit eccentric, but I'd get there just the same. I was hoping he didn't have anything worse than bronchitis.

"Jo," I asked, "how long do you expect to stay out West?"

"Well, ya see," he said, "I'm goin' out to El Payso to git me tubes dried out. I gucss I'll stay dere till all the stuff dat's in 'em gits dried up and quits chokin' me all the time when I'm tryin' to breath. As soon as me tubes git all clean inside I'll be coming back agin." There was something more than hope in his voice. There was a tone of finality, conviction that what he pronounced would actually come true within a few months. Why sure, wasn't that what the doctors had told him? They ought to know. Jo started to say more, but something seemed to catch in his throat. He gagged a moment, then broke into a fit of coughing. "Hang it all, why did I ever get into this mess." It was a deep-chested, rasping cough, and it shook his frail, bent shoulders so, and his eyes popped so, that I thought he would surely bring up one of his "tubes" with it. "If that's anything but a tubercular cough," I said to myself, "then I'm a—"

"Stop! What ya tink yer doing? Roll dat back up. Fer Christ sake, ya want me to catch more cold?" I had started to roll down one of the car windows to ventilate the place after his fit of cough-

ing, but Jo would have none of that. Reluctantly, I rolled the window up. I gritted my teeth, folded my arms on my chest, and sat there holding my breath so as not to inhale any of the germs I knew Jo had sprayed about with his cough. I could see germs all over the car. There were thousands flying about in the air and millions more gathered on the dashboard and windshield. I was certain there was a whole row of big juicy ones sitting on my lower lip, just waiting to hop in should I open my mouth. When I felt I should burst for want of air, I began breathing short, quick breaths through my nose. Suddenly, something red flashed in my brain and I got mad and blurted out.

"Listen here, Jo, you must realize there are other people in this car besides yourself, and when you cough like that you spray germs in here that I don't want crawling on me. I think we ought to let in some fresh air. It'll be better for both of us."

An argument ensued in which Jo explained that if I opened windows it would pua draughts in the car and he might catch more cold.

He glared resentfully at me and asked, "What in hell are ya tryin' to do—crucify me?"

"No, Jo, I'm merely asserting my rights, and I don't think a little fresh air will hurt you."

We finally struck a compromise. Every time he coughed I would be allowed to roll the window down three inches from the top until all the germs had a chance to file out if they wanted to, and then I had to close it again.

Jo was taking me by a "new and shorter" route he knew of to Washington. When we finally got there, four hours later than it usually takes to make the same trip by the usual route, I knew from then on I was to be official pathfinder for the party. We put up that night in a Washington hotel. The next morning when Jo got up I asked him how he had slept.

"Terrible," he grunted, "didn't get a wink. Smelled fresh paint all night and it kept me awake."

That morning I took the wheel, but not before Jo had given me a long talk on how it was done.

"I gotta watch me property," he ex-
(Continued on page 18)

Spring In Her Heart

GRACE GEORGE KOEHLER

spring is a delicate dagger in her heart in this story of altruism and romance. . . .

Caroline Marvell was coming home. She had hoped that after fifteen years New England might welcome her with a spring softness in the air and a spring greenness on the earth, but rain was falling in gray sheets so that she could scarcely see the road. If she had not remembered so well, she would not have known that she was driving by the haunts of her childhood. There was the quaint country store where she had bought many a candy bar and pennyweight of cinnamon drops. Before she realized it she was passing the orchard of old Mr. Craig where she had long ago played beneath the trees.

She shivered to think that in a few minutes she would be home, and wondered dismally why she had come. In New York her studio would be cheerful and bright, a comforting fortification against the pall of the late afternoon storm. There she would have been at ease and calmly sure of her place and importance. She could not have helped it with her singing master, the greatest of them all, to give her assurance, with her friends and admirers near to laugh with her and talk and take tea—to pay her the homage she had grown to expect. But now it was different. She was returning to a place that remembered her only as a shy and awkward girl, as Anne's big sister. She thought of the many times she had had to care for the child, to sing her to sleep, to brush her silky blonde hair, to soothe her when she cried. It was really to see Anne that she had made her decision.

"I am going home," she had said one night to Ivan Larson, and he laughed indulgently.

"You've kept a little of the sentimentalist in you through all these years of success, haven't you?" Then he forgot to smile. "Don't let a new spring steal your heart while you are so far away."

Thinking about it now, Caroline sighed. Poor dear Ivan! He had believed in her. When he had first seen her, so young, so sweet and earnest in her great desire to sing, he had been strangely moved. He had loved her even then, loved her enough to give her tedious lessons, to scold her and comfort her until she had attained an exalted position in the music world. For all of that Caroline remained untouched.

"Perhaps," she often thought, "I have

given too much of myself to a great ambition."

But there it was. No one could make her heart beat in a glad song, no one could make ecstasy for her out of commonplace things. And so she was coming home, at least to all that was left of home.

She was now passing the village churchyard where her parents lay side by side under two white stones and she felt a tightening in her throat, not so much for herself or for them, as for Anne. It was Anne who had stayed behind to face the sorrow of bereavement, to learn the pain of sympathy. But Anne had married. He was tall, she wrote, and straight as the New England poplar. His eyes were eager and blue. His hair shone like burnished copper in the sun. Truly, those were letters filled with happiness and love, and Caroline, who possessed only the happiness of worldly treasure, yearned to capture her lost youth.

The rain had turned to mist when she finally stopped before the house. Lights burned softly into the dusk from unshuttered windows, and when she dropped the knocker against the little white door, she heard a sudden rush of feet down a hall to her.

"My darling!" Anne half cried, half laughed when she drew her inside to kiss her affectionately. "At last, at last you are here. John," she called, "it is Caroline. Come quickly."

"Yes," Caroline sang after her. "Do come quickly."

He was just as she had imagined he would be. He was tall, taller than even Anne had described him, and straighter. His hair shone, and his eyes were gay as his smiling lips.

"Welcome home, little one," he said, and in that minute she felt young again, as though he were the elder. Truly she was little and slim, and for all her thirty-odd years, she might have been seventeen that night. John thought he had never seen anyone so lovely, and she laughed at his frank stare.

"It is good to be here," she said slowly when they sat down to supper that night.

Anne, ladling soup into yellow bowls, lifted puzzled eyes to her sister.

"After Paris and Vienna and New York, what could there be here for you? Life is very simple in this house. We have no glamorous experiences to remember." But the light in her face when

she looked at John belied her words.

It was because she did not want Anne to know how little life had really given her, that Caroline made herself gay and amusing. She told her most exciting stories, her nearly incredible anecdotes. She told about the tea a queen had given her, the time an audience had waited three hours when her train was late to hear her sing, she even laughingly described how, in a scene from *Romeo and Juliet*, the balcony had fallen down with her standing on it.

Anne listened wide-eyed and entranced.

But John said, "Many men must break their hearts over you, Caroline." His voice was soft and Caroline caught her breath sharply even while her lips smiled.

"How many," he continued, "how many have you loved?"

Blue eyes dazzled her dark ones, held them captive. She wanted to cry out, "None! None!" Instead, she found herself saying, "I can't tell. I really can't tell that."

Because she could not let her blood rush hotly through her veins the way it did, because she felt confused and somehow angry with herself, Caroline brushed her head wearily.

"I am tired. It has been a long trip," she said, and with a smiling goodnight slipped away.

Anne looked at her husband. "She is very lovely. More beautiful than I remembered."

He answered, even as she rebelled against the banality of the phrase, knowing that ordinary words could not classify Caroline, "More beautiful than any woman has a right to be."

The next morning the mist had gone and the sun was shining on the hills and valleys. The new grass was green and tiny drops of water still hung on the trees. Caroline awoke with light and shadow making fantastic patterns across her counterpane.

"A new spring is here," she sang to herself, "and I almost did not awake to greet it."

What fun it was to slip on rough brogues, to pull a soft wool dress over her head, to let her hair tumble carelessly about her face. Downstairs she heard Anne moving about the great house, walking with light, swift steps, and remembered that there was work to do on bright Mondays when the sun is high.

All morning the two women swept and dusted and cooked and hummed at their tasks. All morning John plowed and harrowed the damp, fresh earth with a tremendous fervor.

When noon came Anne said, "Caroline, will you take John's lunch to him by the spring on the hill?"

So Caroline tied a scarf around her throat, for in the shadows it was cool, and walked out towards the spring. The air was mild, and as she walked her feet pressed gently on ground loosened and springy from the rain. When he saw her, he shouted joyfully and ran to her.

"I brought your lunch," she said simply.

They sat down on smooth rocks beside the water, and the trees sheltered them from the sun. It was a friendly, gay meal. He picked brambles from her skirt that had caught to her in the field, and when she found a white violet growing in a shady recess by the rocks, she gave it to him. Gravely he put it in a pocket over his heart. It was then she rose to her feet and stood looking down at him, seeing his lean brown face, his blue, blue eyes.

"I will come tomorrow," was what she said, and without waiting for an answer she turned towards the farm house.

All the way home Caroline kept repeating to herself, "He is just a boy and he likes me because I belong to Anne." But in her heart of hearts, she wondered, and wondering she was afraid of the absurd gladness that flowed through her. Try as she would she could not shake the tumult in her breast, not even when afternoon drew around and callers came.

"We hear Carie's back," they said when the door was opened to them.

"Yes, she came last night," Caroline heard her sister answer in the hall.

When they sat down with her in the parlor, self-conscious in their stiff, slightly old-fashioned silk gowns, Caroline, too, felt ill at ease. These women, about her own age, school chums of so long ago, were untidy, unattractive. She shuddered and wondered if she might have grown angular and weatherbeaten had she not changed her destiny by leaving the village and New England and the life that wore a woman down, tied her to the soil and elemental things. Dear Anne!—sitting there beside her, so proud and sweet and fine. It must never happen to her! But then, John would protect her. Together they were strong and the world would not hurt their spirit.

Thinking of John made Caroline feel lonely. Once more the little fear came to her.

Forgetful of her guests, she said aloud to herself with trembling mouth, "Have I lost spring?" And the women turned

and looked at her, startled, and Anne who had been interrupted, reproached Caroline with her eyes.

Strolling down the road afterwards one of the women said, "That Carie always a queer one. She used to burst out in school with the funniest sayings."

"Yes," another rejoined, "you never could get to her, and she hasn't changed much."

At home Caroline sighed and said to her sister, "I hope I didn't embarrass you, dear. There was such a chasm between those women and me, that after a half-hour of talking about babies and cooking, I just couldn't keep up the conversation."

But somehow Anne failed to understand, and for the first time since she had come, Caroline thought regretfully of her own world in New York.

And so the days passed one by one. The mornings were full, for there were many chores. Caroline learned again to churn butter with rhythmic strokes, to milk the two brown and white cows, to draw water in a leaky wooden bucket at the well, to care for the azaleas and geraniums growing in red and green and blue pots on the window sills where the spring sun lingered longest. Yes, the mornings were full, and when evenings came bringing John in from the fields, the little family drew around the tall stove in the front room to drowse and dream.

It was then that Caroline was happiest and most troubled, too. She spent many hours accompanying herself at the high, mahogany piano while she sang the songs they all loved best. Some evenings there were folk-songs, lilting rollicking tunes that left them in a gay mood, then again there were love songs, sweetly mournful, and one night she sang the haunting melodies from "Madam Butterfly."

John found it good to have her near. His blue eyes followed her about the house, and the happiness in his heart was there for anyone to see. Caroline knew herself to be bewitched, bound by a fairy spell. Although she trembled when she remembered Anne, there was nothing she could do to stop the enchantment closing in on her. She felt insecure and restless, but when she walked, she walked in a heaven of her own, and when she sang it was the fulfillment of the dreams of all musicians from the beginning of time. Never had she sung so before. Sweetly, majestically, or madly—it made no difference. In her voice was a wild, free spirit, beautiful but frightening, and it was there because it was in the soul of her.

John, too, had a fine strong tenor, and although he would not sing with her in

the evenings before Anne, many times when Caroline went out to him at noon by the spring, their voices would unconsciously blend together, saying to music what they dared not speak.

There came a day, nearly a month after Caroline had arrived, when the pear trees broke into bloom. They were a white mist beside the spring and stream, and they were soft in color against the blue noon sky, against the green meadow with its profusion of pink and yellow flowers. The northern country had awakened to a new beauty, and in her heart Caroline felt that this day would be different from the rest, that perhaps spring would be fulfilled.

Anne no longer needed to tell her when the sun was high that John must have his lunch. She came to him every morning bringing enchantment in her wake. And on this one, which was even lovelier than the rest, she walked towards their meeting place with the warm wind on her face, the sunlight making a halo of her hair. Beyond the patches of wild hyacinths and lilies-of-the-valley and primrose she saw John standing beneath the slim white fruit trees. The pear blossoms drifted down on his shoulders in a white cloud. He brushed them off impatiently as he watched for her, and, finding her, he shouted and ran to take her hand and lead her through the tall grasses.

"It's been a long time since yesterday," he said.

Caroline laughed. "And here we are again in our own little domain."

"Where you are the fairy princess and I am your white knight," he knelt to kiss her hand.

And so they played at the game. It was sweet to reward him with parts of the lunch for imaginary knightly feats—with an apple, or a tart, or a piece of sliced ham, thick and pink and juicy. What fun it was to laugh and chatter and be carefree together! She felt like a child and forgot caution and reality. This was her day, her very own. Nothing could still her warm happiness.

When lunch was done Caroline said, "Let us follow the brook, John. When I was a little one I always wanted to see where it went, but my feet were too small to carry me far."

He rose and lifted her up with his strong brown arms.

"Come, my princess. We will explore the land I have conquered for you."

Along the bank they ran, dignity forgotten, and when the foliage was too thick on the bank for walking and she stepped from one stone to another in the water, he followed her.

Sometimes there was a long stretch
(Continued on page 24)

Smacked by a Sappy-Santy?

... light an Old Gold



ONLY FINE OLD TOBACCO
can give that natural aroma
and fragrance of Old Gold
cigarettes.



© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

When a messy mistle-toad
takes advantage of an old Christmas custom to
cop a kiss . . . don't let it hamper your happy
holiday. Just light a mellow, honey-smooth Old Gold
and its appealing taste will tell you, that despite the
phoney Santies . . . there *is* a Santa Claus.

FOR MERRY TIMES . . . LIGHT A **MERRY** OLD GOLD

Shadow of a Pyramid

RUBY FOGEL

ethiopia and judy are related in this tale of strange identifications and a pyramid. . .

Judy repeated the word over to herself several times. Home. Home. Something that almost everyone else in the whole world had had besides herself. And now here it was. Here before her. Under her feet, deep under the soft carpet . . . and high above her, high over the brilliant glassy chandelier.

She felt anchored.

No more hotels with their wall papers of botanical print, and gaudily printed note paper at inevitable desks.

"Such a lovely house," Judy breathed to her aunt.

"Well, after South Africa—and North Africa too, for that matter," sighed her aunt. "I shouldn't wonder. But, remember this is to be your home always. If your mother had . . ." the prim lady paused, then went on, "Anyway, Judy, your Uncle Charles says you've wanted more than anything a home, and we are both so glad that at last you may have it."

Her aunt was as she had expected, with deep sunken eyes and a waving nose.

"In Cairo, you know," Judy began, "there was someone who . . ." But she knew it was no use. Aunt Jane would never understand about a young man from Cairo and the shadow of a pyramid in the moonlight.

Upstairs in her room she looked around her with a grim satisfaction. She decided to write the young man she had met at Cairo. . .

"I'm world-sick," she wrote. "I guess you've heard about people being homesick, but have you ever heard of anybody being world-sick?"

And it seemed to her only a little sort of amazing that here, in this house, she would spend her life.

Until this day she had been a wanderer, laughing slightly to cover the faint ache in her heart when people asked her where she was from.

From? Why, from Timbuctoo, perhaps, or the steppes of Russia, or a South Sea island.

She remembered her mother vaguely, a dark-eyed young woman who had carelessly forgotten whether Judy had been born in Paris of Asia Minor and had never bothered to see that her daughter had a permanent address.

How her aunt had found her she probably never would understand, but she knew it had something to do with her uncle who was part owner of a diamond

mine in South Africa, and the Ethiopian war.

She could not, of course, have made the mistake of being present in Africa at the time, but she had been glad that Ethiopia was so far from South Africa and that Charles was her uncle.

She went down to dinner that evening in a white satin evening dress, and could not suppress her natural feminine vanity enough to notice that even the butler admired. Her aunt smiled approvingly, and Judy wineed a little as she guessed that her aunt was probably thinking of all the "eligible" young men she knew. She wanted to shout at her aunt that she didn't care about eligible men, because one night in the shadow of a pyramid. . .

But she mustn't forget: he was a wanderer such as she had been, signifying everything she had spent her life trying to avoid.

Aunt Jane and Judy smiled at each other. They both understood with a sort of divine intuition.

Her aunt lifted an icy glass of water to her lips, put it down, pursed her lips together, and said, "The Metropolitan Art Gallery will be open tomorrow. They have some things by Cezanne I know you would adore."

"How very nice," her niece replied. She would remember not to look at Cezanne. The pyramidal shapes of his drawings would remind her of—. But how very far-fetched, she reflected, almost disgusted with herself. "I adore Cezanne," she said aloud.

She wondered how long her inner thoughts would continue to quarrel in this manner.

She went to bed that night with the safe, anchored feeling enveloping her.

After the first month she had met and vanquished Perey, who had decided to marry her because of her interesting background and renowned South African diamonds. And after the second month she had expressed her contempt for Harold, who thought she looked well in white satin. She was tired of Cezanne's orbs and rectangles and had decided that too many bulbs were burning in the glass chandelier. She deserted Bach for St. Louis Blues, and felt sorry for every colored person she saw because of the Ethiopian situation.

She always went to the Plaza for luncheon because the head waiter looked like Haile Selassie.

Aunt Jane was bewildered, in a sort

of confounded bewilderment that amused Judy. Judy, however, would not admit that she was bewildered herself.

Was it not nice to know that 1910 Commonwealth Place was one's *own* home? Was it not pleasant to reflect that the high stone steps and the great windows were so stable and secure?

Her aunt was in the library, clucking her lips over the latest newspaper. All very well, thought Judy, for her to be clucking when triggers of guns were clicking in the far-off jungles and deserts.

"Aunt Judy," she said, "let's go to Africa."

"Judy, you must be going insane."

"Your brother Charles is there," she reminded her.

"Judy, you're only being silly. You're perfectly safe here. . ."

"Safe? Why, of course, I'm safe. But Aunt Jane, I tell you I'm sick to death of being safe. I hate being safe!"

"Judy, you're being hysterical. Why, all your life you've always wanted a home, and now . . ."

"And for the rest of my life I don't want a home!"

It was an ungrateful, terrible thing to say, but having said it she felt better. She wanted to say more. She wanted to tell her about a young man in Cairo, and the shadow of a pyramid in the moonlight . . . of days spent on an endless ocean . . . of bay inlets at ebb tide where the boats were rocking.

But she . . . she was anchored. Anchored fast but now she must be moving. She was sick of solid stone steps and the permanence of a house where huge chandeliers hung and aunts who preferred Bach.

And what if he were a rover, just as she had been, and the night in the shadow of a pyramid had been so short, so transient. . . Its transiency had been breath-taking, its shortness wonderful. . .

She flew from the room, and with the click-clicking of her high heels on the polished steps she thought, with the divine glow that must have rewarded the ancient philosophers who had discovered great truths: the night had been fleeting and the desert sands were restless and blew into one's eyes and hurt them . . . but a pyramid . . . a pyramid was the most eternal thing in the mortal world.

In confusion, she entered her room, and wondered why she had never noticed the wall paper of botanical print that plastered the walls.

My God, Bull

JEAN DIPMAN

the chief loved writing and the nobler things in life, but could still do a classic job at knifing. . . .



"My God, Bull, what ya doin' in Noo Yark? I ain't seen you in years; where ya been, up the river? Come on in and have a shot on me, and for God sakes, tell me what to do! Nah, the cops ain't after us, but I almost wisht they was. It's Chief. You remember Chief Mike Fiorelli? Well, he got some batty ideas in his belfry last month, and it turned out putrid, see. And now all us guys is scared stiff to bump into him.

"It was last mont' when we first got wind of it, see. Chief herds us int' the back parlor one night as per, and when we're all there, he sorta squirms around a while and then tells us he's quit the racket. We all asks him what's up, if the cops is catchin' wise, and he squawks at us and says can't we see how this life is killin' all that's noble in him. Right then we know he's gone bats, see. Chief never acted that way before, and he never had nothin' noble in him, no-how. So we all try to calm him down an' make him talk sense, but it don't work. He's all blowed up about expressin' his inner love of beauty and lettin' his soul rise. Well, you know Chief. We just let him rage, an' then he quiets down an' gives us the lowdown: he's wrote a story. 'Magine? A story! He reads it to us, see. An' Holy Geez, you should of heard him! He gets all excited and walks up 'n' down the room an' waves his cigar an' yells.

"It's a goofy story, anyhow; it's all about some skoit whats brought up in a convent, and when they let her out she goes to Noo Yark. She's all wide-eyed and innocent, an' has a lot of dough, but she don't know what the

score's all about, see. She ain't ever seen a subway or an el, and she's scared to death of taxis. She don't know nothin' about clothes, and she gets a friend to doll her up in a sattin' dress an' a fur coat, an' then she stays at a ritzy hotel like the Plaza. So she meets up with some swell society fella. His name's Percy Ritzerbilt, an' he shows her all the sights. When he takes her to the Follies she's so pure she sits an' blushes, an' when he takes her out to dinner she nearly starves b'cause she can't read the Frenchy menoos an' orders the wrong things. Then he asks her to marry him, so they go up to Connecticut an' get hitched up. He finally gets tired of her b'cause she don't want to stay up all night an' make whoopee, so he hands her a divorce all tied up in a pink ribbon, an' he goes away.

"She'd spent all her dough an' tries to get a job, but she don't know none of the big shots, so she nearly starves. Finally she hears some screwy Red in Times Square an' gets all het up b'cause he says everyone's goin' to hell fast, so she decides a pure life is best and beats it back to the convent.

"Did you ever hear such a phoney mess? Chief looks all shy and flustered an' asks us what we think of it. I'm all for sayin' its lousy, but Kitten Malloy pipes up an' says it's wonderful, and Spike agrees. Hell, you know Chief—he'd riddle me if I told him what I thought, so I says yeah, it's high-class stuff, and he drinks it all up. He tells us he's sending it to the *Saturday Evening Post* for them to put in their magazine, and he thanks us an' gives us all

cigars. Kitten and me tries to tell him about a job we thought up, but he won't listen—says he's through with the racket, and while he hopes we'll still be good friends, he don't want to hear no more about it. Well, after that, we pull out an' try to figger how to get him back in the racket. Spike's all set to write the *Post* a letter an' tell them they better not take the story, but we remind him how Chief always finds out about things like that, an' they wouldn't want it anyhow; it's plenty punk, see.

"The next couple a weeks we don't see much of Chief and we're scared to find out about the story; we're afraid he'll shoot us all up when they don't take it because we told him it was good. So we all hang around doin' little jobs an' passin' up good ones, hopin' Chief will blow in an' tell us he's changed his mind. When we're all about broke, he does call us. We rush over to the parlor; he meets us at the door an' sets us up to as many drinks as we want, an' then tells us they've took his story. We're all half knocked out because we don't see who'd ever want that crazy mess, but we tell him it's swell an' get out for air as quick as we can.

"Chief still won't go back in the racket, so we join up with Spider Sorrento. We do a few jobs, and then yesterday Chief calls up. His story's comin' out today an' he wants us to come over tonight an' help celebrate.

"Well, this mornin' I dash down to the newsstand to buys a *Post*, an' find his story. Wait; I got it in my pocket, here; an' my God, look what they say about him:

"In this issue we present Michael Fiorelli, satirist. This is Mr. Fiorelli's first contribution. We predict for him a phenomenal success. In the article on the following page, marriage, divorce, fashionable entertainments, and other farbles of metropolitan society life are cleverly dissected and bared before the reading public. Mr. Fiorelli's cleverly clumsy style is an innovation that sets his work far above the usual satire. We are hoping to hear more from this satirist."

"My God, Bull, what can we do? The party's tonight, see, an' we gotta go or get the woiks; but, Jecz, Bull. I'm scared green! You know how quick Chief knifed up that guy that called him a pig. What in hell will he do to us when he finds out they called him a satirist?"

A World All Her Own

BESSIE GRAHAM

why did her daddy send her away? gloria's tears are contagious in this story. . . .

Gloria looked down at her patent leather shoes. How shiny and new they were, not scuffed at the toes like her everyday pair. Why, this was the second time she had had them on, and today was not Sunday. Daddy must not have known that they were her Sunday school shoes. She gazed at a smear of the sun reflected on each toe.

"Miss Gloria, are you going to stand there all day?" Peter, Gloria's great Aunt Tempe's chauffeur, towered above her. "You're to go in the side door. You'll find Ella waiting for you. Your aunt is having a tea."

Gloria nodded slowly. She did not want to go into her Aunt Tempe's big, brick house. She wanted to run down the street home, or draw a hopscotch plot and play, and never go inside her aunt's old home. Why did her Daddy have to send her away? He had said she was going to have a new, little brother or sister, and would she like it? Oh, yes, she wanted one, but why couldn't she stay home? Gloria wanted to see the big bird her Mama had told her about. Why did they have to go shoo her off, as if she were a little girl? Why, she could help take care of the baby; she could do lots of things. Gloria knew she would like playing with a real, live baby instead of dolls. She would have even let them have Sara Belle's bed, and Sara Belle was her new Mama doll. It was not fair treating her like this. Tears came into Gloria's eyes. She reached into her bloomer pocket for her handkerchief. She did not have one. Daddy had forgotten.

"Miss Gloria, you can't spend the afternoon standing there. Go on in now, child." Peter gently pushed her on the shoulder.

"All right," answered Gloria. "I will stay with Aunt Tempe tonight and go home tomorrow," she mumbled. "Mama will want me back. I know she will."

Gloria opened the side door and found herself in a dark hallway. She did not know which way to go. She was frightened by the darkness. If only she could have brought Puggy along to keep her company. He would have barked and told them she was here. She tried to call Aunt Tempe. Gloria was scared. She pushed open a door.

Suddenly Gloria found herself in a large room where a number of ladies were all talking at once, or at least Gloria thought so. She stood by the door,

wide-eyed. Straight ahead of her a thin woman was playing a gold instrument on a raised platform in front of a colored window like the one they had in the Sunday school room. Gloria wanted to go up and watch her, but was afraid. There was Aunt Tempe in a long, black dress, standing behind a table filled with tea things. Aunt Tempe did not seem to see her. Gloria started to call, "I'm here, Aunt Tempe," and then decided not to. She continued looking around the room. Her Mama had never had a party like this, with people all dressed up. Gloria, standing on her left leg and wrapping her right one around it, suddenly saw a plate of cookies on a low table and just as suddenly lost balance and fell. There were gasps and murmurs from all sides.

Gloria was not hurt but surprised. She looked up to see her great Aunt Tempe standing above her. She was so much bigger and taller than her Mama, and looked at her through glasses. Gloria pointed to her knee and waited for her Aunt Tempe to kiss it and make it well like her Mama always did. Aunt Tempe didn't seem to notice.

"Marie," called her Aunt, her voice was commanding and there was no smile for Gloria, "take this child to the library, and see that she remains there." Aunt Tempe patted Gloria on the head, and holding up her lorgnette, beamed at her guests.

Gloria heard a tall lady turn to her Aunt and say, "Tempe, it was so kind of you to take such a responsibility as that child." Gloria did not exactly understand what she meant, but she was sure it was not nice.

"I - I'm sorry I fell, Aunt Tempe," Gloria said in a small voice, still waiting to have her knee kissed.

"Get up, child," her Aunt Tempe replied. "Go along with Marie, dear." She patted Gloria's head again.

Gloria went to the library with the maid and promised that she would stay there.

Gloria did not like the walls of the library. The cases lined with books to the ceiling looked like tall buildings. They frightened her. There was no dark room like this at home. She sat in a huge, leather chair. It felt cold against her arms and legs. She was lonesome in the quiet room all by herself. Why did Aunt Tempe have to go and run her off?

She had not even said hello. They had not even given her a cookie. When her mother had tea parties, she would sit on a low stool near her mother and drink milk in a cup, as if she were grown and having tea. All the ladies smiled at her and talked to her. Gloria wished she had not come to Aunt Tempe's. She hated it. They did not want her there. She wanted to go home. She wanted her mother. Why had she left? Gloria leaned her head on the arm of the chair and cried.

"Miss Gloria, Miss Gloria, wake up. It's time you had dinner." Ella tapped Gloria on the arm.

Gloria opened her eyes. "Has Mommie come home?" she asked, and then she remembered. "Oh," she said in a hurt voice. "All right. Is Aunt Tempe waiting for me?" Gloria did not like eating with Aunt Tempe. She had done it once before when her mother had taken a trip. Aunt Tempe had said she held her fork all wrong. She had said something bad about her mother, and her daddy had talked in a loud voice, and Gloria had cried and had been sent from the table and didn't get any more to eat all night.

Dinner seemed to last forever. Gloria tried to sit straight and quiet while her Aunt Tempe ate slowly course after course. Twice her Aunt told her to stop squirming. Gloria wanted to curl her feet up in the chair, but she knew she must not do it. She longed to say "scuse me" and run off to play for a little while, but there was nowhere to run to, and no Daddy or Puggy to play with. At last her Aunt finished eating; Gloria turned to her expecting a bedtime story or a game.

"I think it is your bed time now, Gloria. Good night, dear. Ella will put you to bed," said her Aunt. "Ella, come take this child upstairs. She is sleepy. I can see that plainly." Gloria's Aunt Tempe rose slowly and walked out of the dining room.

Gloria took Ella's hand, and they went upstairs to her bedroom. The room was large, much bigger than even Daddy and Mama's room at home. The furniture was bigger, too. Why, she could just climb up on the bed. This was not like home. At home they all came upstairs. She would have a tussle with Daddy with Puggy running at their heels. Then her Mama would tuck her in bed and give her a goodnight kiss. After they were

(Continued on page 18)



Chesterfields
— and a Merry Christmas to you all



Photos in Motley of



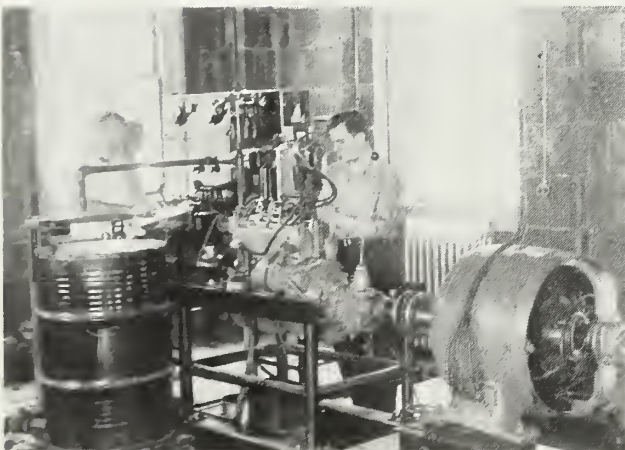
Duke fans in Raleigh; in circle note Duke's Fixture, none other than Azel the Prophet, beard and all, savior of 300,000 souls, seriously being considered for Ambassadors' mascot.



A rare shot (point blank) of the nightly fanfare in the Union Ballroom; this photo gives a glimpse of the annual (Delta Sigma Phi) Black and White Ball.



President W. P. Few and Dr. R. L. Flowers, treasurer, both now celebrating a quarter century in their positions, appear in public during Homecoming festivities.



Engineers at work; many engineers claim that the School is deceased in publicity circles; we produce this shot as graphic evidence that the claim is somewhat exaggerated.



Co-eds scurrying to that 8 o'clock class; it is difficult to believe one would find co-eds up at this hour; perhaps our photographer put one over on us.

the Campus at Large



The newly completed and long needed reading room and lounge; bouquets to the Y. M. C. A. and the interior decorating of Mrs. Fred. Hanes.



A familiar sight; students lolling on the Chapel steps between classes and during the twenty-minute unofficial dating period.



The prize winning float (Ellis Stone's) in the Duke-Tennessee Homecoming parade; the piquant floral cargo evidently have the judges' eye.



Tombs Day; after a quarter century of nocturnal terror, Tombs sheds light on its activities; the alarm clocks, part of the cruel ritual, are to keep the initiates awake (during classes).



Ye Doppe Shoppe; a hasty game of billiards, refreshments, smokes; after the theatre, between studies, before breakfast; tomato juice, stationery, assorted candies, belt buckles, valentines.

Maybe Next Year

DOROTHY ZERBACH

the spectre of tragedy always lurks within the poignant story of tobacco, some will say. . . .

Mary Braswell brushed the straggling wisps of hair away from her eyes and drew the woolen sweater closer around her thin shoulders. It was near the last of October and the days were getting chilly. By night probably it would be colder, and the men returning from town would want a fire to take off the dampness. She must remember to send John down to the grove to pick up a little fire-wood.

It was late afternoon and from the porch of the house Mary could see the gray mist gathering over the fields around her. It smelled fresh and clean and she liked the way the air stung her fingers and ears.

The fields looked deserted now. They were bare except for stripped stalks of tobacco sticking from the even mounds. That was all there was to see—just the sprawling sandy fields dotted here and there with clumps of the tall green pines. Near her were only the three log tobacco barns standing along the narrow road that wound itself past the house.

The world appeared very still and motionless, and Mary felt alone and tired as she stood quietly there, watching the gathering dusk.

The season had been a hard one and Mary had worked like a man in the fields. There'd been long days cropping the tobacco, then there were long nights sitting up "curing" to keep the barns fired. Henry had insisted that John be taken out of school to help with the work, and finally the two younger ones had to quit too. Henry needed all the help he could get to "string" the tobacco.

Many times Mary had wondered if all life was concerned with growing and curing tobacco, selling it and scarcely having enough money then to go through the winter. She had been born in the plains; she'd seen many tobacco crops. Some had been good crops, and others had been too light. There'd been times when the price paid in the town was not enough to pay their debts; then some years the men had come back from the city with great rolls of money and with food and clothes for everyone.

It had been after one of these seasons when Mary was nearly twelve that she had started to school. She had been tall and lanky and the rest of the pupils snickered when she stood up with the smaller children to recite. Yet that

hadn't bothered her and she hated to stop when prices were low again.

When she had cried they promised her she could go back some day.

"Book sense ain't much 'count, no how," they consoled her, and Mary never went back to school.

Henry didn't think much of "book sense" either, but she wanted John to go to school anyway. John was a "bright boy"—or that was what the teacher told her when she came to the house to ask why John didn't go to school any more.

"You really should send him to school, Mrs. Braswell," she told her.

The teacher had gone to school many years, and it seemed that "book sense" had not hurt her. Mary liked the way her clothes fitted her and the way she smiled when she spoke. She had a pleasant voice too—very low and even and her words were distinct and clear.

Henry had told the teacher that John could go back to school after tobacco season. He needed shoes first, and Mary hoped Henry would not forget to get them now that he was in town. Of course, there was much to buy and Mary wondered if there would be enough money from the sale to go around. Henry had told her that tobacco "sellin' high" and that the Millers' tobacco had brought nearly 20 cents a pound.

It had been several seasons since the price had been as high. The Millers, Henry said, had pretty tobacco, but Mary thought she'd never seen better tobacco than their's this year. It was a healthy bright yellow and the bitter twang burned her nostrils.

The Millers, though, were slovenly. Take, for instance, the way they spent their tobacco money. Everyone knew that they always had to be "carried along" from one season to another. Somehow there was never enough money from the crop to pay last season's debts and buy food for the winter, too. They would never be able to leave the place because they could never save enough to pay for what they used the year before. Yet the Millers were good-natured and happy and never seemed to worry.

But Mary did not worry. For the past three years now, their share of the tobacco money had given out before the end of the winter. So they had been "carried along" too, and crops had not yet brought to pay the debt. Mary did

not want to be like the Millers, but once you are "carried along" it seemed you were not able to stop it.

This year, though, the crops were good and she felt there'd be plenty of money. She hoped Henry would be careful when he was buying, and that was why she had asked to go to town with him. Henry did not intend to be wasteful but with money in his pocket he was never satisfied until it was gone. Besides, Henry was too carried away by pretty trinkets. She remembered one year when most of the crop had been killed by mould that Henry had brought home a brilliant red wagon for John.

The toy looked very new and shiny in the middle of the bare room. Of course, it was the only sort of room Mary had ever known. Rough, unpainted floors and walls, straight wooden chairs, a sagging couch and a table with a dingy white oil cloth on it. It was like all tenant houses. Her's was no worse, but yet Mary had felt the toy didn't belong there.

Mary hoped Henry would not bring any toy wagons home this year. It was too much like the Millers. Besides, they needed every cent to pay for last year's supplies and buy enough for this winter. There would be plenty, she felt sure, if Henry was careful.

Mr. Miller had gone to town last night, too, with his last load of tobacco. Her father had gone with Henry, and both of them had scoffed when she asked to go. She hoped her father would make Henry keep his head after he was paid off. But her father, like Mr. Miller, had always been "carried along" and she supposed he always would be. Somehow, she would have felt much better if he'd not been with her father or Mr. Miller. She even felt that Henry would have taken her along had it not been for them. Her father and Mr. Miller did not believe in taking women to the sales.

It was completely dark now and the first stars of evening were twinkling in the sky. With a sigh she moved slowly into the house to light a lamp and "warm up" supper. The men ought to be along any time now and they would be very hungry.

The smell of collards and corn bread brought the children into the kitchen. They sat on the floor squabbling over a basket John had made from pine cones

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FROM COVER TO COVER



CURRENT BOOKS IN REVIEW

***Measuring Ethiopia and Flight Into Arabia.* Carleton S. Coon. Little, Brown.**

Recent months have brought to publication a dozen books concerned, in one way or another, with Ethiopia. Easily the most readable and entertaining of them all is *Measuring Ethiopia and Flight into Arabia*, the account of a small anthropological expedition, headed by Dr. Coon, which optimistically set out to measure Abyssinian skulls. The party met with disaster in Addis Ababa, where the tortuous obstructions of native government combined with the knavery of a Westernized native, whom Dr. Coon had retained as guide and advisor, to thwart all plans. Eventually forced to move into more hospitable country, they fled to Arabia, penetrating the kingdom of Yemen. Here they acquired some interesting information about the aims of Italian imperialism.

Schrewd and vivacious throughout, written in a vein of sustained and lively humor, Dr. Coon's work contributes much about the racial complexities in Ethiopia, the intrigues and curious night life of Addis Ababa, and the customs and temper of a country which for some time past has been the center of world news. Moreover, those who do not care for enlightenment and education (and few of us appreciate "educational" books) will find *Measuring Ethiopia and Flight into Arabia* an extraordinary interesting and lively travel book in which the bitter pill of information is thoroughly sugar-coated.

***Ethiopia, a Pawn in European Diplomacy.* Ernest Work. Macmillan.**

Totally unlike Dr. Coon's book, both in manner and style, this is a diplomatic history of Ethiopia by an American who was formerly educational advisor to the Ethiopian government. Written from the Ethiopian viewpoint, it is a useful and exceptionally informative source book, but rather hard going for the layman; there is here no humor or literary beauty, but a dry, technical, and detailed account of the mistreatment which Ethiopia has suffered at the hands of the European powers. It describes the efforts made by Italy, France, and England to grab the last of Free Africa, and the description is both disillusioning and disheartening. The period covered primarily is from

1885 to 1906, when the imperialistic fever was at its height among the nations. The facts Mr. Work discloses are so unsavory that one wonders how other nations today dare to condemn Italy for a course of action which they in principle have long been following.

***King Coffin.* Conrad Aiken. Scribner's.**

Conrad Aiken's deep interest in psychoanalysis, which has so greatly influenced all his previous work, has obviously had much to do with *King Coffin*. It is a brilliant story of madness, gruesome and fascinating. The leading character is a young man driven by a mania of egotism to show his scorn and hatred of all mankind by taking a human life. He plans the perfect crime, the cold, motiveless murder of a perfect stranger; but his madness leads, eventually, to his progressive identification of himself with the man he means to kill, and the life he eventually takes is his own. As a study in insanity, this is a brilliant book.

***Our Lords and Masters. The Unofficial Observer.* Simon and Schuster.**

Walter Winchell has identified The Unofficial Observer as John Carter; most writers believe that Carter and Ernest K. Lindley collaborated to produce *Our Lords and Masters*, a pungent and richly informative book of glib extravagant assertions. It is a study, schrewd, alarming, but questionable, of the thrusts and forces which are causing desperate tension both in the East and West today. Each major country is taken up in turn and analyzed in terms of its psychology, aspirations, and guiding potentates. The destinies of the world, according to The Unofficial Observer, are controlled by an odd two hundred men. These unofficial rulers of the universe are designated by name, and sharply sketched in a little series of tabloid biographies. From an examination of the witch's brew of hatred, imperialism, and economic deadlock, which he believes is the true state of the world today, The Unofficial Observer concludes that the future probably lies with Asia, that Germany is the most dynamic country in Europe and has been grossly mistreated, that the Catholic church will continue to function as a

great despotic force in the lives of deluded millions, that England's hands are as tainted as those of Fascist countries and are rapidly losing their grip.

Thy pyrotechnic style of *Our Lords and Masters* is apt to be extremely convincing; it is difficult to remember that this is after all the wild speculation of an anonymous writer, not wholly reliable. Nevertheless, the running comment on world affairs here given is stimulating and well worth reading.

***Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles.* Stefan Zweig. Viking.**

Contemporary contributions to Biography will perhaps be remembered long after modern poetry and prose fiction have been forgotten; this is a literary age of biography. The development of scientific methods, the new scientific scholarship, and the break-down of the old reticence of Victorian times, all have favored the biographer; finally, the tradition of eulogism has been discredited, and the biographers have learned to write in a straight-forward and pleasant literary style. But Stefan Zweig, in *Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles*, contributes nothing of value to modern biography.

Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles is a biographical thriller in the grand manner which made Herr Zweig's *Maria Antionette* a best seller; a Strehchesque piece of fictionizing with which history students will find much to quarrel. He has interpreted various highly debateable historical sources in a manner quite unscholarly; notably, he believes that the famous Casket Letters are at least in part genuine. Still, his interpretation is logical and thoroughly readable; and if one is not particularly interested in obtaining the truth, the book will prove amusing.

The unfortunate queen is analyzed, sympathetically yet critically, with stress laid in the bright modern manner upon the psychological effect of her three marriages on her development. No minimization of Mary's share in the assassination of Darnley is attempted, although Zweig concludes that "only on the ground that Mary was suffering from a paralysis of the will . . . can we at least sympathetically understand a deed which, from the outlook of abstract justice, was unpardonable."

MASKS AND GREASE PAINT

CURRENT PLAYS AND CINEMA

"This thing is either going to be the most fabulous success or the most fantastic failure that ever hit New York!" prophesied Charles McArthur after seeing the rehearsals for Billy Rose's "Jumbo" for which he and Ben Hecht had written the libretto, Rodgers and Hart the music. It proved to be neither. A return to that odd mixture of circus and theatre for which the old Hippodrome was famous, "Jumbo" occupying the same house improves on its predecessors by adding all the mechanical and artistic tricks developed in the last fifteen years.

The story or plot, if such it may be called, revolves around Billy Rose's idea of what a circus would look like in a child's dream. With its combination of a circus and theatre atmosphere, its elephants, its show girls, its sophisticated music, its acrobats, and its wide price range it is a frank appeal to the entertainment loving public of all ages, sexes, and walks of life. Among the most entertaining features are a horse that claps his hoofs, Donald Novis singing a charming piece called "My Romance," and Gloria Grafton singing a hypnotic number called "Little Girl Blue." As far as this writer is concerned, and there are many who will disagree, the show's weakest point is its star, Jimmy Durante. I have yet to discover anything even approaching the humorous either in his grotesque nose or his slapstick manner. The climax of the extravaganza is supposed to come when Durante points first to his own nose and then to that of an elephant and shouts, "Me and him's related." The same joke or a similar one having been used at least ten times in every one of his numerous films.

Sidney Kingsley's new play "Dead End" is important for two reasons, neither of which are directly due to the author. The first is Norman Bel Geddes' magnificent set which takes its place along with the Jo Mielziner set for "Winterset" as one of the two most important stage designs of the season. If our playwrights were as good as our designers, the American theatre would be in much better condition than it is. The other interesting feature of the play is the fine acting contributed by the children in the cast. The play itself, written on the theme of social injustice, which is always a popular one in the theatre, is rather uninteresting. In spite of his experience with the Group Theatre Mr. Kingsley

has yet to learn the trick of delineating characters instead of types.

Charles Stewart Parnell, a tall, sickly, inarticulate man of British and American parentage, represented Wicklow in the British Parliament from 1875 to 1890. While there he became intensely interested in Irish Home Rule and became the nominal leader of the 59 Irish members. At one time he was known as "The Uncrowned King of Ireland." In 1890 when Gladstone had almost yielded to him it was discovered that he had been living with the wife of one of his lieutenants for years. Victorian England shuddered its horror, and Home Rule was retarded. A year later Parnell died. Such is the historical material which the late Elsie Schauflier turned into her play, "Parnell."

By departing somewhat from historical truth Playwright Schauflier has turned out an excellent love story. Margaret Rawlings' imaginative portrayal of the unhappy Katie O'Shea, reminiscent of some of the best of Katherine Cornell's work, is a beautiful bit of acting. The play is spoiled, however, by the too accurate, unimaginative acting of George Curzon in the title role. He is so like the original in his hypochondriacal sanctimoniousness it is impossible for an audience to believe long the beautiful Katie could love him.

Although the theatre is none too lively at present the cinema season seems to be at its height. The best picture so far this season and, unless Charlie Chaplin releases his "Modern Times," a sure bet for the best picture of the year is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Mutiny on the Bounty." The chief support it can claim to such a title is the superb performance of Charles Laughton in the difficult role of Captain Bligh. Those who have read the three-volume Nordhoff-Hall epic—"Mutiny on the Bounty," "Men Against the Sea," and "Pitcairn's Island"—will remember that Bligh, peevish, effeminate, cruel, in the first volume becomes in the second a cool, incredible hero, driving his little band across 3,600 miles of open sea in a small open boat. Laughton's performance is notable for the way he resolves these conflicting characteristics and makes it seem perfectly logical that the second man evolves out of the first. On the "Bounty" he is a pasty-faced sadist, in the boat an iron-willed hero cursing his men along their way, driven always by the idea of revenge.

The picture is a long one, lasting a full two hours and suffering in spots

from lack balance, polish, and direction. The story itself skips the Pitcairn's Island epic to allow for the introduction of a Tahiti love motif. Clark Gable as Christian, Franchot Tone as Byan, and Dudley Diggs as the ship's doctor turn in brilliant supporting performances. The photography of Arthur Edeson is excellent.

A close runner-up for the month's cinema honors is Columbia's (and incidentally Dostoevsky's) "Crime and Punishment." Strangely enough the reason for its excellence is the work of an actor not unlike Charles Laughton, Peter Lorre. His Raskolnikov is one of the unforgettable portraits of the screen, second only in its way to Lorre's interpretation of "M." The direction of Von Sterneberg, the Brooklyn genius, surpasses anything he has done in recent years. Tala Birell as Antonia, and Marian Marsh as Sonya perform in a manner that is pleasantly surprising for its sustained brilliance. Edward Arnold, at a salary over sixty times as much as Lorre's, is merely adequate as Inspector Porfiry.

Addenda: This column aims at being nothing more than boiled down resumé of the opinions of the more noted members of the critical fraternity in regard to the various plays and films that hit New York. . . The writer having found only favorable revues for "Porgy and Bess" reviewed it favorably last month. . . It would seem, however, that the eminent George Jean Nathan does not agree. . . I am not in a position to say whether Mr. Nathan is right or not. . . It has been said that Mr. Nathan would sacrifice an honest opinion to a phrase. . . but it's hard to be sure. . . Among the more unpretentious movies you would do well to see "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." . . It seems that Durham is to see no plays this year. . . Most of us would have liked to see Katherine Cornell's "Romeo and Juliet" . . . at least. . . Joan Crawford is to do her first costume picture . . . perhaps she can work in a little more glitter that way. . . We wonder what has happened Lawrence Langer's production of Wycherley's bawdy, gay Restoration comedy, "The Country Wife." . . Ruth Gordon was to have had the role of Margery Pinchwife. . . Those of you who know anything about Restoration comedy realize what a poor substitute our twentieth century stuff is. . .

The Meanest Skunk

ANNE GWIN

briand shot his dog . . . but you must read this tale that grew out of Mississippi farm lands. . . .

"Son," Hendricks said to Joseph, "I can't find that Nigger Tom anywhere, so I guess you'll have to go out and check up on the cows. This all day rain storm is bound to have caused some breaks in those old fences next to the wods. And that old devil incarnate on the other side of the woods will shoot every head of my livestock that roams onto his property."

"Sure, I'll go Dad. Do you think Zack Briand would really carry out that threat, though? Even if he does keep his rifle conditioned by shooting all the dogs that come around his house, I shouldn't think he'd dare slaughter our cattle wholesale."

"Joe," said Hendricks with conviction, "I don't think there's anything that man wouldn't dare do. He's the meanest skunk in the state of Mississippi. Anyway, you run out and check over those cows. It's stopped raining."

Joseph deliberately slackened his pace as he crossed the woods between Briand's place and his father's farm. It was a dreary late afternoon in November. Rain which had beaten the trees relentlessly all day had covered the ground with a soggy carpet of brilliant autumn leaves. A crisp wind croned through the still dense foliage of spreading oaks. The fragrance of soaked pine, cool and sweet, mingled with the heavy perfume of magnolia.

Instead of hunting cows, I ought to be out here with Tom and a couple of good setter pups hunting quail, thought Joseph wistfully. But his father kept Tom close to the barn these days. There wasn't time for hunting trips such as he and the Negro had enjoyed together for several years.

It required little time for Joseph to cover the woods separating the Hendricks and Briand farms. He could see the chimney on Zack Briand's cabin now, and unconsciously his step began to lag as it always did when he approached the boundary line. Briand had a wood on one side of him and a swamp on the other, and he claimed both, although neither belonged to him legally. The swamp area was almost impenetrable, covered with a dense undergrowth, matted vines and weeds, and wide stretches of treacherous bog. While none disputed ownership of the swamp land, the wood was a coveted hunting ground. Joseph remembered the terrifying experience which he

and Tom underwent one summer afternoon when Zack Briand . . .

For a moment, Joseph thought he must have imagined the shot, coming as it did when he was thinking. . . But the sharp report was real enough, and it came from the vicinity of Briand's house. Joseph felt sick. That skunk, he thought, that damned skunk. I'll brain him if he's shot one of our Jersey's. He bolted the barbed-wire fence and ran toward Briand's back door, facing the wood. But suddenly the door flew open and a man stood framed in the doorway. . . a black man. Joseph darted behind the nearest tree and crouched, watching, praying that he had not been noticed. The man darted out of the house and headed away from Joseph towards the tangled wilderness of swamp land. Joseph, stupefied, leaned against the tree for support. His brain whirled until he could scarcely trust his senses. It was almost night; perhaps he had been mistaken in the dim light. . . But how could he be mistaken about that head, that lean body, graceful and supple as a lynx? The man who had just disappeared in the mist was his father's hired boy, Tom.

Joseph moved painfully when he relinquished his support. The sound of his own laborious breathing, quick and short, and the blood coursing through his head, roared in his ears.

The back door, left unclosed, swung back and forth in the wind like a horrible beckoning hand. With his eyes fastened upon it Joseph stood for several minutes waiting and watching and listening. No sound issued from the blackness. Slowly, then, he stumbled toward it and cautiously mounted the rotted plank steps to the threshold. The room he peered into was but a dark blur in which he could distinguish nothing. There was no stir within.

"Hey!" Joseph exclaimed in an excited, tremulous voice, scarcely more than a whisper. "Hey!"

No response came from the shadows. By the strong smell of food Joseph judged he must be in the kitchen. The ceiling was oppressively low. As he could ascertain in running his hand over the naked vertical planks, the walls were not even white-washed. He struck a match and found a kerosene lamp on the table. Then, encouraged by the feeble light, he tried calling again, this time more vigorously. "Hey!" Is there any-

body here? Hey!" . . . No answer.

Joseph glanced about him. In one corner there was a small iron stove with a battered pipe. Dirty pans and dishes and rusty tin cans were littered over the stove, a table, and the floor. With revulsion the boy turned away and proceeded to the adjacent room. There, raising the lamp above his head, he made a rapid survey. Old newspapers, dusty, some yellowed with age, were scattered over every article of furniture. Only the bed was left unburied, a bulky thing with brass posts that gleamed in the lamp-light. A rumpled assortment of dirty blankets were piled upon it. Then Joseph saw that protruding over the edge of the cover was the toe of a man's boot.

Joseph stared at the shoe fixedly. It was plain that Zack Briand must be there underneath the tousled bedding. If he shot livestock that wandered onto his property, how would he react to an intruder in his bedroom?

The boy's heart pounded. Should he take a chance on escaping without being heard? Then he remembered that he had shouted in the kitchen almost at the sleeper's head. Could Briand really be asleep, or was he lying in wait to pounce upon his prey? What had Tom been doing in this house? And if Briand were asleep why should Tom run away? Joseph could no longer reason.

He glided over to the bed and shook it cautiously. Nothing happened. He raised the blanket and pulled it down from the face. Zack Briand was dead.

Joseph did not stop to ascertain how Briand had died. He knew. In a few moments he was dog-trotting across the dark, damp woods, trying to find in physical exertion some relief for his mixed emotions of bewilderment and terror. After a while, however, he slackened his pace and attempted to think.

Every Negro in Adams County hated and feared Briand; why should Tom, out of all of them, be deeply entangled with the man?

Joseph thought of the summer day when he and Tom and Tom's dog were in this same wood and Zack Briand came upon them.

"What the hell are you doing on my land?" he bellowed.

Most Negroes would have ducked at that and run for their lives, but Tom didn't seem to be afraid. That cool sort

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Excelsior

(Continued from page 4)

plained. "so you keep on the aloit, and look out fer de coppers."

All the day he never missed an opportunity to caution me about my driving, and always in an emergency he had a ready stream of advice to shout, which served admirably to confuse me. Once, when I went into a skid in a snow storm, he reached over and grabbed the wheel away from me. We piled up in a snow-bank. Fortunately there was little damage done and we got underway again after another argument and another compromise. Jo agreed thereafter to keep his hands off the wheel and only caution me to "keep on the aloit" occasionally whenever he deemed it absolutely necessary.

That night the chickens at the tourist camp where we stayed kept him awake, so that made two nights for poor Jo without any sleep. The next night there was no electric outlet within reach for him to plug in his electric heating pad, which he always slept with wrapped about his chest, and that made three nights, according to Jo, that he had not slept. The fourth night he said that the smoke from the trains in a nearby railroad station had made him restless. Yet I know I always had a hard time waking him up every morning. When he got up he always looked rested and had sleep in his eyes as if he'd been slumbering soundly.

One of Jo's greatest joys in life was eating. If we were ever a little late get-

ting to a town for meal time, he would shake his head mournfully and say,

"I gotta git me meals reglar, dat's all, I gotta have 'em reglar."

In such a case he would choose the first restaurant that hove in sight regardless of how uninviting it looked. If we were not waited on with lightning speed, he would pound vigorously with his fist on the table and shout in his sharp, nasal whine,

"How's about some soivice! How's about some soivice!"

When the food came he would bend over close to his plate and lay to, slopping the food into his mouth in huge forkfuls, the blue veins standing out on his pasty forehead. I never saw such an appetite for a sick man! When they asked him what he wanted to drink he would invariably ask, "Ya got any woine?" If they replied no, he would look disgusted and say, "Well, den, bring me some tea wid lemon." One night a waitress happened to bring a slice of lemon with his tea, the size of which didn't exactly suit Jo.

"You call dat a lemon?" he howled. "I asked fer some *lemon* wid me tea!"

It happened to be the last piece of lemon in the house, but Jo made them scour the town for another one so he could have what he wanted. When he was through his orgy of eating (he was always finished long before I was) he would lean back contentedly in his chair,

belching loudly and frequently, and picking his teeth.

One day out of curiosity I asked Jo if he read many books.

"Sure," he replied, "I reads lots of books."

"What kind of books do you like, Jo?" I inquired.

"Oh, I likes to read a few frictions now and den, but mostly I likes psychology.—Yep, dat's the ting, psychology—learn all about the muscles." And I believe he was serious, too.

On another occasion, inspired by the seenie beauty of the surrounding landscape, Jo revealed his poetic side.

"Wally," he said to me in paternal tones, "as you go through life jist remember one ting. Always have excelsior as yer gool."

The last time I saw Jo he was sitting on a bed in a small hotel in El Paso. He was trembling, and white, and haggard and very tired. I could see the trip had worn on him. For a moment I pitied him. I hoped he hadn't caught more cold. He was thanking me feebly, and shook hands sitting on the bed. I knew now it was more than bronchitis.

Several months later I got a card from him. He was boarding with a nice family on a farm outside El Paso. He seemed quite happy, for his "tubes" were drying up nicely. A month later I heard he had died of tuberculosis in a city hospital. Excelsior was his gool.



A World All Her Own

(Continued from page 10)

gone, she could hear the music from the radio downstairs.

Ella undressed her hurriedly, and Gloria got in bed. "Goodnight, Miss Gloria," she said, and turned out the light.

Gloria was left alone in the darkness. She was frightened. She wanted to call, "Mama," Mama who would come turn on the light, say she was having a bad dream, and tuck the covers all over again. It would not do any good. Aunt Tempe would come and surely scold her. Gloria began to cry softly. I--I'll go home in the morning, she said to herself. Finally, Gloria cried herself to sleep.

It was barely light when Gloria woke up. At first she felt afraid in the strange room, and then she remembered where she was and her plan. She took out a play dress and her every-day shoes from her suitcase. She was not used to dressing herself. It was hard and took a long time. The door was open. She tip-toed out into the hall and down the broad, winding stairway. The stairs had a rug on them, so she did not make a sound. Gloria found the front door. She tried to open it. It would not move. She tried again. She was confused, then she remembered the side door.

It was dark in the hallway. Gloria

felt frightened but determined. She would be home in a few minutes with Mama, away from this awful house. She reached the door and turned the handle.

"Gloria," called a sharp voice, "child, what are you trying to do? The very idea of going outside at this hour. Don't interrupt me. You should be punished for this. Is your mother accustomed to letting you do such things? I suppose so! Well, not in my house. I guess I will teach you a few things! You need training all right. It's a good thing I got up to put the rest of the silver back in the safe."

(Continued on page 20)

Announcing

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J. E. THOMPSON, Mgr.

A World All Her Own

(Continued from page 18)

Gloria looked up round-eyed and startled. Aunt Tempe stood at her side, a horrid Aunt Tempe in curl papers and a long black robe with gold dragons on it. "I--I was just going home and--and not bother you," Gloria answered in a small voice.

"Home, huh? Child, you are not going home for quite a while. I guess they never tell you anything. Well, you might as well know you are going to be with me for some time, yet. Did you ever stop to think you couldn't find your way home, anyway?"

She looked cross and ugly. "Now go right back upstairs, undress and get in bed. This is no hour for a little girl to be up. Ella will call you at eight-thirty." She nodded her head up and down and took Gloria by the shoulders. "March right upstairs, young lady."

Gloria went upstairs to her room and quickly undressed and got in bed. Aunt Tempe spoiled everything. Why couldn't she go home if she wanted to? Maybe her Mama needed her. She lay in bed and pounded the pillow. I'm going home. I'm going home. I don't care what Aunt Tempe says. She pounded the pillow more furiously. Ella came in.

"Here's your breakfast tray, Miss Gloria. As soon as you're through and dressed, you are to go see your Aunt in the library. Your Daddy is down there too."

Gloria could hardly eat her cereal quick enough. Maybe Daddy had come to take her home. Now she would leave Aunt Tempe and never come back as long as she lived, she told herself.

She wouldn't stay still for Ella to button the back of her dress but ran down the stairs and into the library. Her Daddy, tall and slim, stood by the window, looking out. He didn't turn. She ran up to him calling, "Daddy! Daddy!" He turned and took her up in his arms and kissed her. Gloria hugged him with all her strength. He put her down quickly.

"Come here, Gloria," said her Aunt, who was sitting by the fire place. Gloria walked up slowly to her Aunt's side; she didn't want to leave her place beside her Daddy. Aunt Tempe did a strange thing. She took Gloria's hand and gave her a swift kiss on her cheek. "Do you like it here with your old Aunt, Gloria?" Her voice was nearly soft. Gloria did not answer. "Well, I hope you do, child, for you are going to be my little girl from now on." And then Aunt Tempe did a stranger thing yet. She let tears come into her eyes and roll down her cheeks.



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How Many Breathless Months

I

You who have known this freedom of the mind,
And run like mad through primal forest, where
Like a swift stag, fleetest of his kind,
You ate the rarest shrubs of life . . . and there
Approached the majesty of gods: I wonder if
You understand the caution with which I
Survey the steepness of this mountain cliff
And hesitate before I leap, or try
The bright herb yonder. Could you ever know
Why when I look at you I blink my eyes . . .
(Though it was fully seven months ago
I found you wild and loved your savage cries.)
Who would have known or ever would have said
That I was cautious for I was afraid?



II

How many breathless months these endless days
Hurled one upon the other carelessly
Have moulded to one year of gaiety . . .
And what of that? The careless mind betrays
The steadfast will, and time moves swiftly past
Yet slowly . . . like the dance of seven veils . . .
At last one veil is left—which somehow fails
Because it is important: it is last.
Here do the months stand still, and here the years
You counted carelessly are lost in time. . .
Become infinity which disappears
Into the primal spores of life, where the sublime
Importance of our love, and life, and tears
Is wasted in the soporific slime.

—*Rubye Fogel.*

To Make a Long Story Short

(Continued from page 3)

about the authors. . .

At last we are around to imparting a little information about the campus authors who have desired to communicate to the world through our pages and the ones who have intended merely to entertain you with a yarn, et ceteras. When not acting in a creative capacity, our authors, we hasten to admit, are retiring individuals; consequently, information about them is nothing less than a discovery and little more than meager. If you had been on the trail as long as we have, you would learn doubtless that authors are often re-born but never remade, on which our old and tried friend, Professor William Blackburn, will no doubt heartily concur. The difficulty and our questionable wit, therefore, moves us to place the introduction in this column.

Lester Craig, whose natural modesty makes him develop a heavy beard, is a senior hailing from New York state. Although this is a first story for Lester, we have had an eye on him all along, and are not afraid to pass on the same advice.

Jean Dipman, who was introduced to our readers in the last issue, is a sophomore transfer from New Jersey College

for Women. Although she denies it, Jean is looking towards Phi Beta with a possessive eye. Her sense of humor is a quality Jersey can be proud of.

Rubye Fogel, from way down in South Carolina, whose stories need no introduction, has been a faithful contributor for four years. Rubye, who writes with a deep-welled fountain pen, believes sincerely that a story should be more than a story. She promises you more of her poetry soon.

Bessie Graham, also an old contributor, who hails from West Palm Beach, Fla., enjoys doing a good juvenile yarn. She does not have a great taste for flourishing egos in literary societies, but belongs to several.

Anne Gwin, who is a junior transfer from Louisiana State University, was discovered sitting in our parlor with a first story tucked in her pocket. She still refuses to believe we have a particular yen for first stories. Anne has been writing ever since she first learned to write, we learned.

Grace George Koehler, known as G-G, who is also a junior transfer from New Jersey College for Women, makes an appearance in our pages for the first time.

Although she is known to everybody on the campus as a writer of great stories, she is one of our discoveries-of-the-month, and lost no time pressing our claim. Grace, having had Army experience, knows her West Point, it is said.

Dorothy Zerbach, a sophomore, who knows what it is to bask in the critical sunshine of Professor Blackburn's class, has her index finger resting on the Piedmont's restless pulse. Dorothy has had newspaper experience, and believes in writing accurately through observation. She takes her initial bow in this issue.

so what what. . .

As we go to press, it is rumored that we asked the *Chanticleer* to satirize itself for the *Archive*, and that the outcome is deposited on Pages 12 and 13. We emphatically deny this, however. The photos in the center spread, Photos In Motley of the Campus at Large, have been given you in an effort to bring out something *Different* with a capital *D* in *Italics*, something simple, with the simplicity of the Greeks, and something wanted, as a good picture of yourself; and hope that our efforts and your approval will meet on common grounds (remember, now, no concealed weapons).

The Meanest Skunk

(Continued from page 17)

of indifference in a "Nigger" antagonized Briand.

"Well, you damned Nigger, why don't you answer?" he shouted.

Neither Tom nor Joseph had said anything. They had turned their backs on Briand and walked away. At that, Briand, to prove that he was not to be calmly ignored, had taken careful aim and shot Tom's dog. The Negro boy looked down at the animal in agony without emitting a sound. But he quivered with rage. Briand shouldered his gun and sauntered off.

The white boy looked at the Negro. "Dad'll get you another dog, Tom. Try to forget it. Briand must be a maniac."

Tom had kicked the dirt with the end of his shoe. "Poor white trash," he said. "There ain't no more dogs like Bus. I rizzed him from a little pup and him and me been pals a long time."

Could this have been a motive? Joseph couldn't believe that Tom had been nursing a plot for revenge in all the months since that unhappy day. He had not behaved like a man burning himself up with a smoldering fire. Moreover, there was not time for brooding; the Negro

had to arise before daybreak and work steadily until night. Evidently, then, there was more between Briand and Tom than he knew. Perhaps Tom, carrying his rifle as he usually did, had gone out to check over the fences without waiting to be sent. He had met Briand and there had ensued an argument. When Briand went home, Tom followed him. And he, Joseph, must have been close behind Tom, for he had heard the fatal shot and seen the Negro dash out of Briand's cabin and head toward the swamps.

From this gruesome picture, Joseph's mind reverted to recollections of the lazy summer days which he and Tom had spent together, fishing on the banks of a muddy, abandoned pond, or swimming in a cold gravel creek. They had eaten their lunch together on the sand, the Negro boy accepting gratefully whatever was given him, and asking nothing more. To all other companions, Joseph had preferred Tom on these trips. Then, in the autumn quiet, they had shouldered their rifles and tramped in the woods. Tom never took the liberty of shooting without receiving a sign from his companion. Lithe as an Indian, he glided through the

woods noiselessly, always at hand to serve, asking nothing.

Tom was in a different sort of wood now, and the wild fugitive darting in and out of the snaring underbrush was a different Tom. Joseph thought of the superstitious fears the Negro would have to combat in the face of snakes, insects, and screech owls which infest the swamp country. Slow and difficult progress through the matted undergrowth—the youthful terror and hopelessness in that black face when he heard the blood hounds yapping on his scent—a frenzied mob of ne'er-do-wells pretending to avenge one of their own kind whom they were glad to see dead—Tom, mauled by the poor white trash he despised, and left to die alone in the chilly swamp, hanging by his neck. . . .

There was but one hope.

When Joseph reached home, he was too weary to lift the telephone receiver.

"Operator!" he barked huskily, "Operator! Give me police headquarters. . . Hello! Let me speak to Sheriff Roberts. . . Hello! Sheriff? . . . A Negro named Tom Johnston just shot Zack Briand. . . Yeh. . . He's headed toward the swamps."



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BLOCKS

PUNCH

Maybe Next Year

(Continued from page 14)

while Mary put the food on the table. In a few minutes she walked to the window and peered out anxiously. She wondered why Henry didn't come.

"You yung 'ums hush!" she ordered suddenly. "Alice, give th' bask't to Henry, and John'll make ya 'nother to-morrow. And, John, you run down to th' grove an' pick up a bit of fire-wood."

John started obediently, leaving the door of the house open as he went out. It was very quiet with only the whirr of cars on the highway sounding in the distance. Mary stood in the open doorway, breathing in the crisp night air and listening. Someone was coming down the side road now, but the roar of an engine told her it was not Henry.

Suddenly a large truck swung around the bend and drew to a stop before the house, the headlights blinding her as she stood in the doorway.

A man put his head out of the tiny window in front.

"This Henry Braswell's place?"

Mary caught her breath and nodded, blinkink dumbly.

"O. K., boys," he shouted, jumping from the truck. "Let's unload."

Then two more of them appeared and began uncovering something in the back of the truck.

Mary continued standing in the doorway, watching mutely while Alice and little Henry peeped from behind her skirts. John had come back from the grove, his arms full of firewood, and stood watching them in amazement.

Then the three men started toward the door, breathing hard under the large object draped in a white sheet.

"Where d'ya want it put?" one of them puffed.

Mary still barred the doorway, gazing suspiciously.

"Put what?" she demanded.

"Th' furniture, of course, lady!" he replied impatiently. Mary stepped back and pointed vaguely:

"In there," she directed, then adding quickly, "You sure this is for Henry Braswell?"

The man nodded and started in, squeezing through the narrow doorway. Mary followed them into the next room and watched them jerk off the sheet.

It was a long couch, a vivid green

plush, that stood startlingly in the middle of the room. In a few minutes the men returned carrying two big chairs, the same bright color. Like the pine needles in spring, Mary thought. She stood in the middle of the room for a few minutes, the hot tears filling her eyes. John stood back, awed by the vivid green, while Alice and little Henry pounced on one of the chairs.

So Henry had spent the money. She was afraid to think what else he had bought, and they would have to be "carried along" another winter.

The children were jumping gleefully on the couch.

"Git off that furn'ture, Alice and Henry," she said raising her voice, "and go t' th' kitchen and eat ya supper."

The children left and Mary stood alone looking at the furniture. The tiny room was crowded, simply overflowing with greenness. Yet, somehow the room didn't have that hareness any longer. No one around had furniture like this, she knew; not even the Millers.

She sank into one of the chairs and sat there stiffly running her rough hands



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over the soft plush. Then she leaned back and put her head against the back of the chair. It seemed to rest her and her whole tired body tingled with the sensation. The chair was even more comfortable than her bed, she decided.

Again Mary looked around the room. She'd never seen such a lovely room before. It made the whole house seem

different. Mary wondered what Mrs. Miller would say.

But the money. Mary frowned at that. She had wanted so much to pay off the debt, and she wondered if she shouldn't make Henry have the men come for the furniture. They needed the money.

She ran her hand across the arm of the chair again. The room looked so

dressed up with the new green plush chairs and couch.

She sighed perplexed, sitting up stiffly in the chair. For a minute she was motionless, her brow wrinkled in a frown. Then she smoothed the soft plush of the chair once more and settled back, her mouth forming the words jerkily.

"Maybe next year," she murmured.

Spring In Her Heart

(Continued from page 6)

between the rocks, and John would reach out his hand to help her over the space. Then, at his touch, her eyes would darken and she would stop, trembling, feeling as though she were sinking, sinking into the water streaming thinly around her.

Suddenly and quietly out of the stillness John said, "Caroline, oh Caroline, what are we going to do about us?"

Taken off guard, she turned startled eyes to his, slipped, and would have fallen had not he been close to catch her in his arms. He picked her up and began walking upstream, his strength holding her close. She felt her face against his shoulder, his breath on her cheek.

"I am afraid," she cried. "Let me down, John, do let me down."

But he never heeded and whispered, "You are only afraid of yourself. This will all have to be done over again if I

put you down now."

The sun was shining through the trees. The pear trees and the brook trickling. The world was so beautiful that it hurt, and here in his arms she felt nothing but a deep, cold pain, for she knew what she must do.

"There is nothing to get over," she said. "Nothing at all."

When they reached the bank he dropped her gently to her feet. They stood there for a minute with her heart beating madly against his. Her eyes burned with unshed tears. She must be courageous. She must thrust spring from her.

Out of his arms she gathered strength for the strange hard things to come.

"I am going back, away from you. We shouldn't have let this happen, because we are helpless and we must be strong."

Her lips cried "strong," but her heart

had died. Caroline pressed her palm to her mouth. She turned from him. Her feet were wooden but they carried her across the green meadows, away from over smooth stones. They carried her straight as a bird's flight to the familiar house on the hill.

In New York Caroline picked up her life again. The old crowd gathered in her studio to sing and laugh and gossip. Ivan alone saw in her eyes the memory of that spring, for he loved her.

"I cannot give you youth," he told her, "but with me you will have peace."

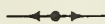
And thus they were married.

On the farm, reading of it in Caroline's first letter since her departure, Anne said, "Now I understand why she ran away from us so suddenly." Her eyes were on his.

Only John's lips smiled at his wife. "Yes. I think you do," was his answer.

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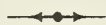
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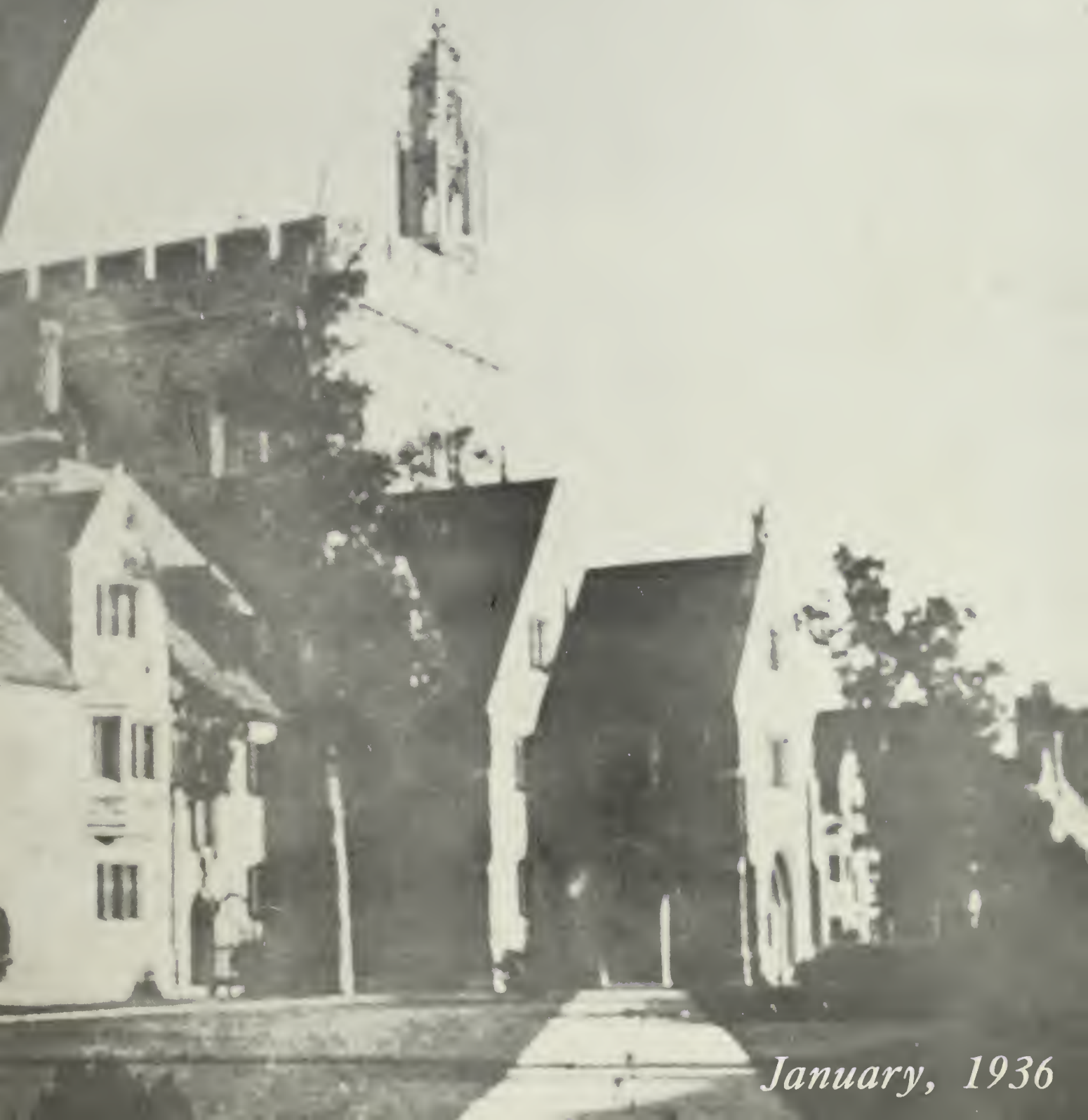
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THE ARCHIVE



January, 1936

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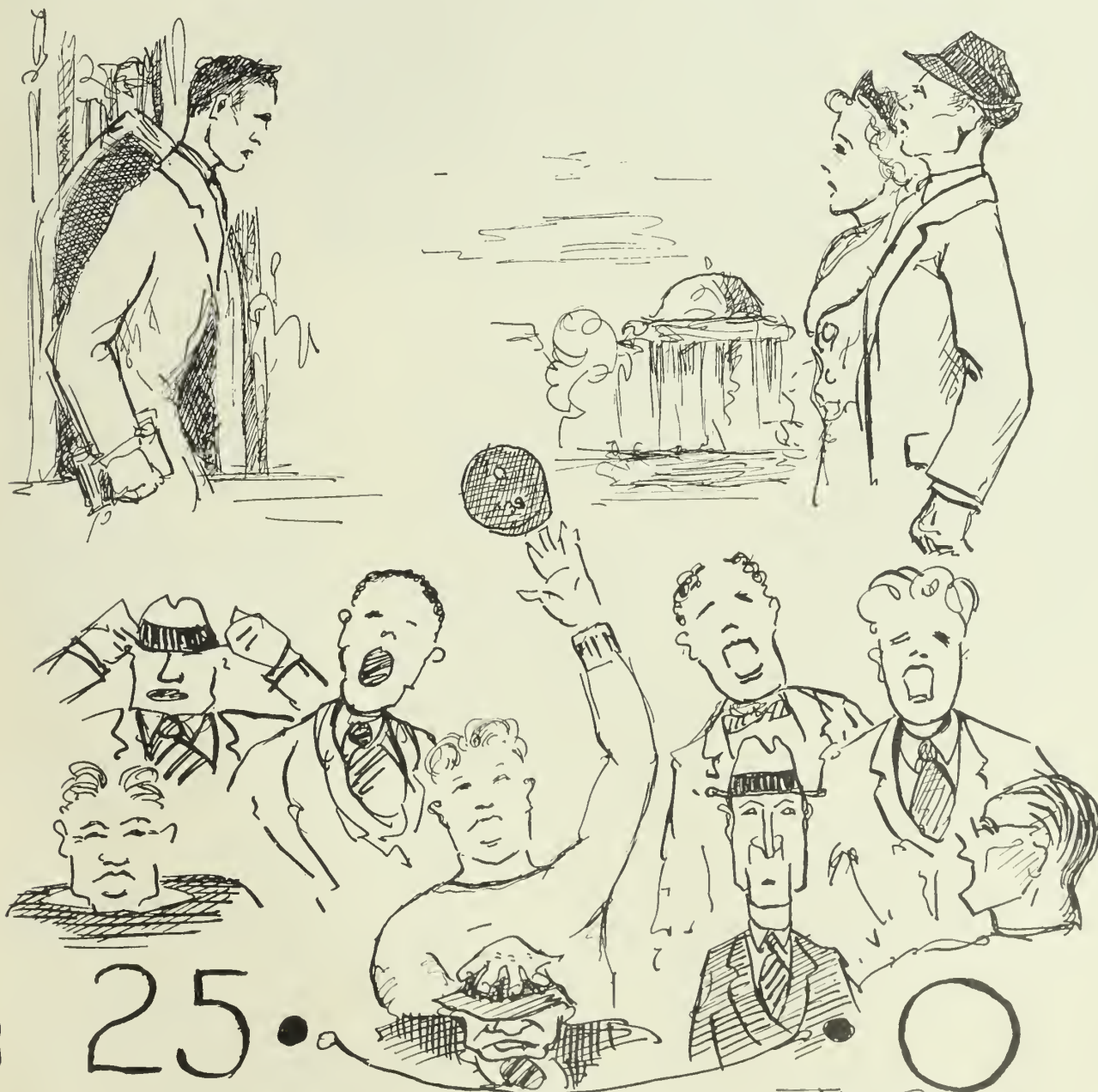
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

To Make a Long Story Short



As we were reviewing the events of the past year we came across a relevant contribution of one John Gamsby, a freshman in these precincts who has found the best way we know to make a long story short.

THE TALE OF A DINK



John Gamsby

The Gentleman Obviously

J. STUART GILLESPIE, Jr.

the story of Barrie, who wouldn't believe what he felt

It was January and five o'clock, two reasons why Barrie Connors was seated at the bar in the Weylin, sipping his usual martini. He liked the Weylin. It was the one place in New York which bore the resemblance of refinement and the drinks were good, although he hadn't tasted anything but martini in the year and a half he had patronized the place.

Barrie was, on this particular bleak afternoon, more bored than usual. Perhaps it was the cold weather. He hated winter and New Year's Eve. People always became so damned sentimental on this holiday. He was bored too, with life and the humdrum monotony of his everyday existence. He shouldn't be, he told himself, being disgustingly wealthy, extremely good looking, and one of the most eligible bachelors in town, but he was, frightfully so, and there wasn't a thing he could do about it. He was tired of night clubs, the inspired taste of bad gin, and late hours. But most of all, he was tired of women. Beautiful, smug women. He hated them because they inevitably gave him some sort of line about marriage and love and all that rot.

He finished his martini and ordered another. It wasn't his habit to order more than two but then it was cold and he wanted to forget his boredom if he could. This would be his third . . . no, his fourth . . . but what difference did it make. Life was too short, anyway.

The waiter brought his drink and then he began to think of the one thing he had hoped to forget . . . Claire. Beau-gay sophisticated, she had come as near to sweeping him off his feet as any woman he had known, and that was saying a lot. He liked Claire. Her witty, bored outlook on life, so ridiculously like his own, amused him. She was something more than an empty bag of wind. Those three months living together had been, to put it tritely—heavenly. He almost thought he was falling in love with her, but such a thing could never happen to him . . . not to Barrie Connors. He was above that.

Someone had come in and sat down beside him, but people were always doing that and besides, he was so engrossed in his own thoughts that he didn't pay any attention to the woman at his side. He knew it was a woman because she was smothered in expensive perfume.

"Hello, Barrie."

Barrie turned nonchalantly, and glanced at the intruder. His eyes were cold, his expression blank.

"Why, Claire," he said, half-heartedly. "What are you doing here?"

Claire seemed hurt.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" she asked, moving closer.

What lovely lips you have, Barrie thought, what exquisite eyes. "No, not particularly," he said, lighting a cigarette.

Claire moved back into her chair.

"Why, Barrie!"

She almost sounded disappointed, he thought.

"I imagined you'd run away with that new lover of yours. Walter Something-or-Other . . ."

"O'Day."

"Of course. I remember now: It was in that note you so thoughtfully left behind. I should have known his name. It's terrible!"

"You're being cruel!"

Barrie forced a laugh.

"Oh, really Claire. Have you ordered?"

"No."

Barrie motioned to the waiter. "Allow me," he said. "An old-fashioned for the lady."

"How did you know that?" Claire asked, lighting a cigarette.

Barrie was superior.

"A woman in distress always needs an old-fashioned."

Claire disregarded the remark.

"I suppose I should say I'm sorry," she said.

"Why?"

"Well, because I am."

"Oh, really? You don't look it."

Barrie almost anticipated what was coming.

"How *can* you be so detestable!"

The waiter returned with the drink and Barrie paid for it. He wanted to get away. He dreaded scenes.

"Delicious cocktails," he said, raising his glass.

"I love you, Barrie," she said.

"How amusing," he said, tasting his martini.

"But you do love me," he said. "You said you did."

Barrie smiled.

"I must have been tight," he said.

Claire tried to keep her temper. She knew that he hated sentimentality, but he was so damned indifferent.

"I want to marry you . . . tonight."

"Don't be tiresome."

"I almost hate you for that," she said, putting on her coat.

"It's all over and done with, Claire,"

he said, "I'm sorry, but it's quite finished."

"Then there isn't anything further?"

"No, this is goodbye."

Claire arose from her chair, mashed her cigarette out, paused in the hope that he might relent, and then forced a smile.

"Forgive me," she said. "I didn't mean to make such a fool of myself."

"Oh, well," said Barrie, with a wave of his hand, "asses are such harmless things. Don't take it too hard."

Claire finished her old-fashioned in one gulp.

"What do you mean, harmless?" she asked, with a slight edge.

"Asses can't reproduce themselves," Barrie rejoined acidly.

Claire lit a cigarette furiously.

"You beast," she said. "Thank God, that last crack can work both ways."

"It could, but it won't," said Barrie, giving his martini most of the attention.

"You *conceited* beast," she flared.

"You flatter me," he said. "Redundant as you are."

"How can you be so despicably shallow?" she said, smashing her cigarette into the ash tray. "You kill every decent sentiment a woman might have for you by your intolerable artificiality."

"Oh, piffle," he said, becoming slightly heated. Women were so disgustingly aggressive.

"I thought so," she said, nearly hysterical. "With your shallowness, it doesn't take long to plumb your stupid, filthy dregs . . ." She was hopelessly smothered in her own heedless emotion.

Completely ignoring her, Barrie continued, "She came in crawling . . ." Claire interrupted.

"You are a social rat as well as an incorrigible fool," she rasped, and started out determined to retain her remaining semblance of collectivity.

. . . and she goes out rearing," he finished. "What a perfect animal!"

Barrie didn't even bother to watch her as she walked away. The most beautiful woman in New York, he thought, in the ugliest mood . . . a dozen men want her and I . . . but what was the use of going through all this stupid emotion again? He shrugged his shoulders. Perhaps he had been a little hard on her, but then, that's life . . . it's so damn futile! Why couldn't women understand? Wouldn't they never realize that gentlemen don't believe in love?

The Smile With A Catch To It

GEORGE WHITE

whimsy in light and shadows

SETTING: A garden. The black curtains are opened about half way, revealing a white stone bench backed by a white, stone wall over which a rose rambles. Beyond the wall is sky and maybe a tree or two.

CHARACTERS: PIERROT—dressed in his conventional costume of black and white. PIERRETTE—dressed in her conventional costume of black and white.

TIME: Now, or then—or maybe tomorrow.

As the curtain parts PIERRETTE is seated on one side of the bench embroidering. PIERROT is seated on the other end of the bench with his feet up on it reading from a rather large book. PIERRETTE is pouting. She glances up at PIERROT, jabs her needle into her embroidery, and in doing so sticks the point into her hand.

PIERRETTE: Oh!

PIERROT: (Looking over his book.) Oh?

PIERRETTE: I stuck my finger.

PIERROT: You shouldn't be so careless.

PIERRETTE: (Turning away from him, piqued.) Oh!

PIERROT: (Sensing what is wrong.) Oh! (He becomes absorbed in his reading again.)

(PIERRETTE takes up her embroidery again.)

PIERRETTE: What are you reading?

PIERROT: Paola and Francesca.

PIERRETTE: What is that about?

PIERROT: It's a love story.

PIERRETTE: (Interested.) Oh—

PIERROT: (Afraid he'll have to read to her pulls his knees higher.) Oh.

PIERRETTE: (Starting to cry.) Ooooh—

PIERROT: (Putting his feet down astride the bench, puts the book down and looks at her in disgust.) Oh, what do you want now? What are you crying for?

PIERRETTE: Why don't you read to me while I'm sewing? I want to hear the story too. I like love stories.

PIERROT: No. You always interrupt too much to ask questions.

PIERRETTE: I won't this time. Honest. Please, Pierrot, read to me.

PIERROT: (Secretly pleased.) Oh, all right, but don't interrupt.

PIERRETTE: (delighted, picks up her embroidery and turns toward him. He picks his feet up and takes his old position. PIERRETTE notices this with disgust.)



Why don't you sit up like a nice boy, Pierrot?

PIERROT: (Sitting up again.) I thought you weren't going to interrupt?

PIERRETTE: But you hadn't started.

PIERROT: I almost had. I've a good mind not to read to you now.

PIERRETTE: (Getting ready to cry.) Ooooh—

PIERROT: All right—be quiet. But if you ask another question—

PIERRETTE: I'll be as quiet as a mouse.

PIERROT: (Puts up his knees again, looks at PIERRETTE to see whether she notices or not, but she is drying her eyes.)

PIERROT: (Clearing throat.) "Paolo and Francesca sat upon the bench in her garden. He was young and handsome. He was slim and dark with bright laughing eyes, and a smile that made you have a catch in your throat. It was so sad and glad at the same time."

PIERRETTE: You smile that way sometimes, Pierrot.

PIERROT: (Flattered.) Do I?

PIERRETTE: What does it say about Francesca?

PIERROT: (Just noticing that he has been interrupted.) Pierrette!

PIERRETTE: (Contrite.) Oh!

PIERROT: (Reading again.) "His hands were long, slender and graceful." (PIERROT looks at his hands and curls one gracefully so that PIERRETTE may see it.) "He had brought the book, that they

were reading together, with him, and Francesca had her embroidery."

PIERROT: (Glancing harshly over the top of the book, silences her.) "Francesca too was young, hardly more than a girl. She was dark, and her long hair fell gracefully about her shoulders." (PIERRETTE takes down her hair and curls it over her shoulders. PIERROT does not notice.) "Her eyes were like the timid gazelle's—like eyes with unborn tears." (PIERRETTE blinks several times, opens her eyes wide, and looks up at PIERROT.) "Paolo began reading the story of two lovers as she sat there plying her needle, and as she became more and more interested in the story, they drew closer and closer together." (PIERROT drops his feet and sits up as he reads. PIERRETTE slides along the bench toward him.)

"As her read the whispered words of another's love, she read the whispered answers until, suddenly looking up, they gazed into each other's eyes." (PIERRETTE looks up at PIERROT soulfully, but he does not see her.) "They looked deep into each other's soul and realized that they were in love." (PIERROT looks at PIERRETTE who gazes back at him rapturously. Her embroidery slides to the ground as does his book.)

PIERROT: Pierrette!

PIERRETTE: Pierrot!

PIERROT: (Suddenly realizing that everything is so like the story that they must fall in love at this point.) Oh!

PIERRETTE: Oh!

PIERROT: (Dreamily.) I believe I've fallen in love.

PIERRETTE: I have fallen in love.

PIERROT: I believe I've fallen in love with you, Pierrette.

PIERRETTE: I know I've fallen in love with you, Pierrot.

PIERROT: May I kiss you, Pierrette?

PIERRETTE: Well, maybe—

(PIERROT leans forward and kisses her lightly.)

PIERRETTE: (Happily.) Oooh!

PIERROT: May I kiss you again?

PIERRETTE: (Sighing.) Yes.

(He kisses her again, this time a little more passionately.)

PIERRETTE: Oooh!

(PIERROT jumps to his feet and does a

whirl on one leg, and PIERRETTE rises. He lifts her up on the bench, plucks a rose from the wall, and kneels at her feet. He kisses the rose and tosses it to her. She pins it to her breast and leans over toward him.)

PIERRETTE: Romeo, oh Romeo. Wherefore art thou Romeo?

(PIERROT stands and catches her as she jumps.)

PIERROT: I wonder—

PIERRETTE: What?

PIERROT: Will you marry me?

PIERRETTE: Oh, Pierrot!

PIERROT: We can be married tomorrow in the church of the woods with birds singing our bridal music, and the flowers will be our witnesses with the trees.

PIERRETTE: Oh, Pierrot!

PIERROT: What?

PIERRETTE: What will Harlequin and Columbine say?

PIERROT: (*As if remembering an unpleasant experience.*) Oh, Columbine. (*Snaps his fingers.*) She can have Harlequin.

PIERRETTE: But I don't want her to have Harlequin.

PIERROT: So you love him more than you do me?

PIERRETTE: Oh, no. (*Starts to cry.*) Ooooh—

PIERROT: (*Contrite.*) I didn't mean it, Pierrette. May I kiss you?

PIERRETTE: No.

PIERROT: Please.

PIERRETTE: No.

(*He kisses her anyway.*)

PIERRETTE: Ooooh!

PIERROT: (*Holding her in his arms.*) You look awfully pretty with your hair down that way.

PIERRETTE: Oh, Pierrot! (*Giggles.*)

PIERROT: You're a pretty girl. I never noticed it before.

PIERRETTE: You say the nicest things.

PIERROT: Isn't it funny that we fell in love just like Paolo and Francesca?

PIERRETTE: (*Sighing.*) Yes.

PIERROT: And we can be married tomorrow and have a little cottage, and you can cook spaghetti. Do you like spaghetti?

PIERRETTE: I like anything you like, Pierrot.

PIERROT: Sweet. May I kiss you?

PIERRETTE: (*Sighing.*) Yes. (PIERROT does so.)

PIERROT: And have daffodils and red geraniums in the windows.

PIERRETTE: And little duckies.—Don't you think duckies are cute?

PIERROT: They're good to eat.

PIERRETTE: Pierrot! Not cute little duckies!

PIERROT: Why not? Little chickies are good to eat.

PIERRETTE: I know. But little duckies are different.

PIERROT: Yeah, they swim.

PIERRETTE: Oh, Pierrot!

PIERROT: If we have ducks we'll eat them.

PIERRETTE: No we won't either.

PIERROT: Yes, we will.

PIERRETTE: We won't.

PIERROT: We will.

PIERRETTE: Won't.

PIERROT: Won't.

PIERRETTE: (*Starting to cry.*) Ooooh—

PIERROT: Let's not have ducks.

PIERRETTE: All right, but I think that they're cute.

PIERROT: Let's have puppies.

PIERRETTE: No.

PIERROT: Why? They're as cute as ducks.

PIERRETTE: I know, but they grow up to be dogs, and I'm afraid of dogs.

PIERROT: That's silly. Dogs are man's best friends.

PIERRETTE: I'm not a man, and (*Starts crying.*) you're calling me silly now.

PIERROT: (*Turning away.*) And a cry-baby too.

PIERRETTE: Ooooh—

PIERROT: Go ahead and cry.

PIERRETTE: And I thought you loved me—

PIERROT: Not if you're going to be a cry-baby.

PIERRETTE: (*Drying eyes.*) I'm not crying—any more—Pierrot.

PIERROT: Well?

PIERRETTE: You may kiss me, Pierrot.

PIERROT: Oh, all right. (*Rather perfunctorily.*)

PIERRETTE: That one wasn't nice like the others.

PIERROT: I don't love you as much now.

PIERRETTE: Oh!

PIERROT: Come on, let's finish the story. (*They sit on the bench together. PIERRETTE picks up her embroidery and starts to work again. PIERROT picks up his book and finds the place.*)

PIERROT: Now don't interrupt. (*Reads.*) "Their love was like an awakening to a new life—a lovely passage of days—the blooming of an orchid. They read no more in the book that day, or the next day, or the next. Each day they found themselves more and more in love. Each day she pined and he suffered until they were together again."

PIERRETTE: Isn't that wonderful?

PIERROT: (*Ignoring her.*) "One day as they were in the garden, Francesca's husband, returning, sought her there. He saw the lovers in a fond embrace and realized that this had probably been going on for some time. Infuriated at their betrayal of his trust, he killed them both."

PIERRETTE: Oh, isn't that terrible?

PIERROT: "Thus endeth the love story of Paolo and Francesca."

PIERRETTE: That was horrible. Why did they have to die?

PIERROT: Because they had betrayed a trust.

PIERRETTE: I wonder if Harlequin would kill you, Pierrot?

PIERROT: (*Startled.*) What?

PIERRETTE: And if he'd kill me too?

PIERROT: (*Excited.*) You don't think—

PIERRETTE: He's awfully hot headed.

PIERROT: Oh!

PIERRETTE: But that wouldn't make any difference to our love. Would it, Pierrot?

PIERROT: I just remembered that Columbine and I were going to the mill to pick violets this afternoon.

PIERRETTE: Why think of her now?

PIERROT: I hate to disappoint her. I'd better go after all.

PIERRETTE: You wouldn't go, now?

PIERROT: Besides Harlequin might come here?

PIERRETTE: What if he does?

PIERROT: I'd better hurry or I'll be late.

PIERRETTE: Pierrot!

(PIERROT picks up his book and starts out of the garden. PIERRETTE starts to catch him, but stops and watches him as he goes on away. Sadly she turns back to the bench, and takes up her embroidery. She starts to work but drops the cloth on the ground and buries her face in her arms, weeping silently.)

PIERRETTE: I love him so—sooo . . .

(PIERROT has climbed over the wall at the back and has heard her. He climbs down into the garden silently and steals up beside her. He leans over and kisses her lightly. PIERRETTE jumps up.)

PIERRETTE: Oh, Pierrot! (*She starts crying again as he takes her in his arms.*)

PIERROT: Don't cry. I've come back.

PIERRETTE: That's why I'm crying.

PIERROT: You don't want me back then?

PIERRETTE: Oh, I do! I do!

PIERROT: I didn't want to pick violets. Besides, Harlequin was there when I left.

PIERRETTE: He was?

PIERROT: Do you love him?

PIERRETTE: No, Pierrot, only you.

PIERROT: Besides he's not your husband anyway.

PIERRETTE: And he smokes cigars.

PIERROT: May I kiss you, Pierrette?

PIERRETTE: Yes.

(*He kisses her. He draws back, but PIERRETTE stays in the same position with her mouth in a bow and her eyes closed. Surprised, he kisses her again as the curtain falls.*)

Magic Moon

EDWARD POST

a magic tale of love and fantasy

Tucked into the lap of the low, rolling hills that mount like steps from the plains to the blue, misty mountains of the western Piedmont is the small city of Hillton. The village flaunts itself on the plateau-tops of four hills, as if to defy any who might dare to ridicule its smallness. But its purpose—if that is its purpose—is defeated by the fact that numerous other hills roll up beside the Four Hills, and no one, unless he stops to consider, realizes that little town has settled itself on their broad, flat tops.

In the center of Hillton is Rainey's Soda Shop, the most popular rendezvous of the town's younger set. Here the lads meet their sweethearts, and together, over soft drinks or wine, they joke and laugh, trade scandals, or plan secret meetings. In the rear of the shop, the walls are lined with booths, each one boasting a table between two benches, a table lamp, an ash-tray, and a mirror on the wall.

On the second Thursday afternoon of June, on any Thursday afternoon during the summer, one might have seen Conrad and Valerie in one of the booths, the same booth in which they sat every Thursday afternoon. They faced each other over two glasses of grape-juice and an ash-tray, into which both made frequent contributions from their cigarettes. The story is best begun, however, on this particular Thursday, the second one of June, perhaps during last year, if you are concerned with knowing that.

Conrad was rather meditative; he had said very little, and Valerie realized by his attitude that he was troubled by something. And as quickly as she realized that, so quickly did she divine what the something was.

"You've heard from the other publishing house, haven't you, Connie?"

"Yes."

"And they have refused to publish your poetry, just as the other houses did, haven't they?"

"Yes. I suppose that you read all of that on this drooping countenance of mine. Forgive me if I am"—and here he ducked under the table to retrieve Valerie's handkerchief—"trying to spoil your afternoon," came in muffled tones from under the table.

As he bent to the side to slip under the table-top, a folded sheet of paper slid up out of his side-pocket and fell on the table. Valerie picked it up, unfolded it and was reading it softly to

herself when Conrad appeared once more:

".....and now
*The world is blind to youth,
 To burning hearts, to singing souls.
 They ask for names to read and not
 our songs.
 They mold Erato's image in a cast of
 gold,
 And pierce the lovely muses with a golden sword.*"

Conrad had lit two cigarettes while Valerie read, and now he handed one to her. Both of them drew deeply, thoughtfully on the cigarettes. Conrad was studying the burning tip of his cigarette, and Valerie was contemplating him in the mirror.

"These refusals have discouraged you very much, haven't they, my dear?"

Conrad did not raise his eyes. "Yes. I realize that I have written no great poetry yet, but some of it is good, I am sure—better than a great deal of verse that is, and has been, published. But what has made me despair is that two of the publishers' criticisms were very favorable, but they regretted that they could not print my work because I am unknown and cannot guarantee a sale of at least one thousand copies."

"Connie, you are young. You're only twenty. You haven't finished college, yet. Be patient, my love. Some day they will recognize you."

"Perhaps. But is what they are doing now fair? If they are so unjust now, why won't they be later? I am ambitious; I want to be known. Why should I live if I must be just another ordinary person? You know me well enough to know that I can't lead an ordinary, usual life and be happy."

"Is there nothing else that could make your life rise above the ordinary, nothing else to make your life worth living?"

"What could there be, Val, if I must remain obscure, disappointed? What else, if I can't have fame as well?"

He dropped into deep thought, so deeply into thought that he did not see Valerie's eyes glisten for an instant. Then she broke into a gay smile to shatter their melancholy mood.

"Connie, there's a full eclipse of the moon tonight. Will we see it together?"

"We will, Val,"—the heavy thoughtfulness faded instantly into a convincing smile, as Conrad looked up—"and I

know a place from which we can best watch it."

"Where?"

"The cemetery. It must be lovely there at night."

"Yes! It must! Why have we never thought of it before? And, too, we'll prove the legend tonight, Connie."

"What is that?"

"There is an old legend which says that during a full eclipse of the moon, the shadow of a boy is purple, and that of a girl red."

"That's a strange idea. I wonder how it originated."

No visible trace of despondency remained about Conrad. He picked up the page on which the verse was written, studied it a moment, folded it thoughtfully, and looked into Valerie's eyes.

"It hurts you for me to say things such as I have said, doesn't it?"

"It pains me to see you troubled, to see you discouraged, to find myself unable to reassure you and restore your confidence."

"Then after this—"

"No. You must not hide your feelings from me. You must let me know them. I understand you, Connie; I can read your strong, beautiful soul, if you do not close it to me. My love would be shallow indeed if I did not wish to share your troubles as well as your joys."

They still looked into each other's burning eyes.

"Your love for me is deep and true, isn't it, Valerie?" Conrad spoke slowly, softly, as if whispering to himself.

"I have lost my own life, my own soul in yours, Connie. Your life is my life; your soul, my soul."

"Do you trust me so completely—even with your soul?"

"Yes. Even with my soul."

"What if I should take away the immortality that you claim for your soul?"

"Then—then to have only a mortal soul and have you keep it, love it, is more to me than to live without you until—until the end of eternity."

* * * *

The cemetery covers a small, round hill to the west of the town. It is isolated from the busy noise of the busy, little village. A narrow, dirt road links it with civilization, and but for that the cemetery knoll would be an island in the peaceful solitude of the rolling countryside. It is spread over in summer with tender, green grass, except for the gravel

paths which twine through it. An avenue of maples follows the road up one side of the hill and down the other. Encircling the foot of the hill is a forest, fragrant with pines, its floor soft with rusty, brown needles.

Paled and silvered in the cold light of the full moon, Conrad and Valerie, as they climbed through the lattice-shadows of the maples, might have been two wandering spirits. Awed by the strange, still beauty of the spot, troubled only by the distant chattering of tree-frogs, they walked in silence, until Valerie whispered, "Connie, what is a tree-frog?"

He did not answer for an instant. "I believe they are the ghosts of dead sparrows, come to fill the midnight trees with their stuttered death-chants."

"Yes, I believe that's what they are."

They followed the path along the eastern slope of the knoll.

"Where shall we sit, Connie?"

"There must be some one here who will offer his monument for a lover's-seat. Yes, here is one."

They stopped before a large, rectangular stone, smooth and flat on top, and about the length of a man.

"Who is he, Connie?"

"Bradley. Born 1835. Died 1895," replied Conrad, kneeling before the stone that he might read the name by moonlight. "And listen to the inscription, Val!

"Although my eyes are shut beneath this stone,

This rest, this death, is welcome, sweet and deep.

Yet let me wake if ever lovers true

As we shall kiss here where I lie asleep'."

Valerie looked down into Connie's upturned face without speaking for a moment. Then she said, "I know the story of Gordon Bradley. My father told it to me when I was a small girl, and I had almost forgotten it. Come, and I'll tell it to you."

She sat on the tombstone and Conrad stretched out on it, his head on her lap. As she smoothed his hair, she told him:

"Gordon Bradley was the only son of a wealthy farmer. His father sent him to one of the large northern universities to study law. But Gordon had the soul of a poet; he was an individual, and the idea of quibbling over technicalities and arguing set formulas did not appeal to him. He selected his own course and returned to Hilton, which was little more than a courthouse in those days, and began to publish a newspaper and to teach school.

"He wrote poetry, it is said, but all of his verse that is known to remain is this stanza on his tombstone. However, to

return to the story, he fell in love with Melissa Young, who was a very beautiful girl, and his love was returned. But then came the war, and they were married the day that his company marched toward the coast.

"At Gettysburg he was wounded and ever after he bore a red scar on his right cheek. While he was at Gettysburg, Melissa died, I believe of fever. He returned from the war and spent the rest of his life as a recluse, pining for the lost bride of his youth and writing tender lyrics of his memories. All of these have apparently disappeared, however. He entrusted this epitaph to a close friend.

"My father said that many young men brought their sweethearts to this grave and kissed them. But Colonel Bradley never gave any evidence that he had awakened. He was soon forgotten."

Conrad remained silent for a moment. "So, he wrote poetry. He was never famous; his love was lost. Why did he drag through life like that?"

"There must have been something, Connie. He still had his memories."

"Yes, but that couldn't have been enough. If he had become famous as a poet, I could understand how his life might have been full and pleasant. Had he been famous, he might even have forgotten his Melissa—at least, in part."

"Perhaps. But he did not forget her; we know that. His epitaph testifies to the fact that his last thought was of his love."

"I cannot understand. He was unknown; his love was lost; he was a hermit."

Both became silent. They were thinking of old Colonel Bradley. They pictured him as an old man with long white hair, drooping, white mustache, sad, dark eyes, and a red scar on his right cheek that stood out against his white hair like a trickle of blood on new snow.

They were shaken out of their reveries by a sharp peal of distant thunder. The abrupt shattering of the mood, its remnants, the thoughts into which she had sunk, caused Valerie to kiss Conrad impulsively and press his head against her breast.

At a second roll of thunder they both looked up at the sky. The shadow had not yet reached the moon, but a dark cloud was drawing a veil across the pearly ball. On the eastern horizon, heat lightning danced with dull, red flares.

As the cloud spread over the moon, the carpet of grass became a solid shadow, punctuated with dark gray spots—the tombstones. The shadow slipped, one could not say just where, into the jet black pool around the foot of the hill—the forest.

Suddenly Valerie clasped Conrad's

head closer to her and drew in her breath sharply.

"Val, what's the matter?" At the same time Conrad looked up and saw her face fixed on the slope in front of them. He quickly sat up and followed her gaze.

There, slowly walking up the hill, was an old man, who, in spite of the blackness everywhere, appeared very pale. His hair was long and white, and he had a drooping, white mustache. He was walking toward them.

"What is it, Connie?"

"A ghost."

"What shall we do?"

"Let's stay."

The old man stopped in front of them. With one breath, they both whispered in awe, "The red scar!"

The figure leaned forward, his hands propped before him on the head of a gnarled, hand-fashioned cane, stripped of its bark and gleaming white in the moonlight. He surveyed them with a pleasant smile, and his dark eyes seemed to laugh.

He chuckled as if deeply satisfied and said in a rich, yet light and airy voice, "You are a lovely pair." Then he turned and started walking slowly down the slope in the direction from which he had come.

Conrad and Valerie had stared at him unwavingly since he first appeared, nor did their eyes leave him until he was almost at the foot of the hill. Then they both turned to look at one another, but their glances were intercepted by a white object that lay on the spot where the old man had stood.

The dark cloud was leaving the moon, and, as it pulled away, the white object seemed to glow brighter and brighter. Conrad jumped down and picked it up. He started as if to run after the old man and return it to him, but the figure had disappeared, obviously into the heavy, black silence of the pines. The moon was freed of its veil now, and although the shadow of the sun seemed to be in pursuit of the cloud—the eclipse had begun—its passage was much slower, so that once more the cemetery knoll, its maples, its grass carpet, and its cold, pale stones were silvered with moonlight.

Conrad turned and walked slowly back to seat himself once more beside Valerie. He looked into her eyes and then carefully with an air of bewilderment, opened the folded sheet of paper, which was the white object that the old man had left behind.

It was a poem! Conrad held it so that the light of the moon fell full upon it, uninterrupted by the shadows, and, as Valerie looked over his shoulder, he read it aloud, softly:

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Wood-Carvings



This wood-carving depicts an ordinary medieval tournament, copied from the cover of a 1350 English chest. The figures above the jousting knights represent spectators of the tournament, selected from individual ivories.

Everett Eddy Gilbert, son of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Gilbert, of the English and Philosophy departments, respectively, was first attracted to wood-carving through his manual arts class in Durham high school. At the Taft school in Watertown, Connecticut, which he attended when he was fifteen years old, his inclinations in this direction were further encouraged. Since that time he has reproduced a number of interesting pieces, including among them a handsome Viking throne chair.

This design of old London is closely adapted from Hartmann Schedel's *Weltchronik*, published in 1493.

In the upper left hand corner is set a coin of King Alfred's reign, bearing the inscription "Londonis."



Chapel

I MORNING

Here stand the sleepy saints with folded hands,
 Demure and pious, while each stony face
 Looks down on one who never understands
 The utter magic marvel of this place
 Upspringing from the pines, and buttressed strong
 With granite. Here the sun, bright-beaming, paints
 Bright pictures in the panes, and glows along
 The never-moving features of the saints.
 Does sunlight warm them, standing in the door. . .
 What do they know, these heads which look so
 wise. . .
 What can they do, saints fastened to a floor. . .
 What do they see, who look with carved-out eyes. . .?
Why do they stand and mutter silent prayers
For students holding hands upon the stairs?

II NIGHT

Here rise the vaulted roofs, and heavy stone
 Is flying like a stony eloud above
 Our heads; and somehow this melodious groan
 Of this great organ will not let you move,
 Nor look nor breathe nor stir. There in
 The soaring clustered pillars lives the sound,
 Crescendood, echoed, where these pipes begin
 To pour out ancient music, granite-drowned.
 The lengthy windows, with their blackened glass
 Against the night outside, are caverns where
 The glassy saints are listening, while they pass
 In fitted pieces. Can they also hear
The potent chants, the metal-charged duets
Of great machines that pour out cigarettes?

—*Ruby Fogel.*



Chesterfields . . .

*a corking good cigarette . . .
they've been hitting the trail
with me for a long time*

They are milder . . . not flat
or insipid but with a pleas-
ing flavor

They have plenty of taste
. . . not strong but just right

*An outstanding cigarette
. . . no doubt about it*



Jacqueline

RUBY FOGEL

a wistful bit of a story on the seashore



I was eleven years old that summer and I had never been to the beach at Grey Castle before. It was an amazing place, where the sea looked like sky and the sky looked like sea.

I dug a hole in the beach. Instantly the ocean came up from beneath the sand and filled it up with water. It was hot. I paused to brush a sand fly from my brown arms in time to see Jacqueline sit beside me.

I had seen Jacqueline before. She wore a dingy blue bathing suit always and walked up and down the beach with her sun-bleached yellow hair blowing in the island wind.

"Hello, little girl," she greeted me. (I suppose she did not know that a young woman of eleven despises to be called "little girl.") "What are you making?"

"Nothing," I answered her. It was almost too short an answer to be polite but it was true.

I looked up at Jacqueline. She was the most beautiful person I had ever seen. Her eyes were large and grey and watery, and seemed always to be looking right past me into the ocean which they so much resembled.

"I know who you are," I said. "You are Jacqueline. And my uncle once said you lived in the big Alston house with a man you're not married to. I told him maybe he was your uncle or your brother, but he looked at me with his mean look . . . you know, sometimes he has a mean look . . . I call it his judge look . . . he is a judge, did you know? . . . he told me never to mention you to him again."

Her eyes seemed greyer and more unseeing than ever. I thought again that she was the most beautiful person I had seen, even in the dingy blue bathing suit, dry and sandy.

"Your uncle is a judge?" she asked me in a voice without any question mark.

It was rather surprising that she did not know about my uncle, I thought. Everyone on the island knew my aunt and uncle, who was a judge in the States and sat on a high bench in a long black robe. Probably it was because of the look on my uncle's face when he told me Jacqueline was living at the Alston house that she had never been invited there when the house was thronged with visitors.

And then again, perhaps he had once sentenced Jacqueline in his heavy voice, rapping his great wooden stick on the high desk, and she had been frightened.

There was no one else at all on the beach, and a grey gull swooped down from the sky and skimmed along the foam washed up by a wave. The breakers were breaking like a slow drum beating. And Jacqueline seemed to be looking at it all without seeing any of it.

"Did the judge sentence you?" I asked very quietly.

She turned suddenly and looked at me then. She gave a short, surprised laugh. Her teeth were very white beneath her tanned skin, and even. She put her brown arms around me and hugged me. I thought it was more like a jerk than a hug.

"Oh dear no," she laughed. "Of course the judge didn't sentence me. Do I look criminal to you?"

I hadn't thought of that, so I laughed and then we both laughed together. I decided I liked her very much. I explained that the judge sentenced so many people, well . . . I just couldn't be sure. "It always worries the judge a great deal too," I went on. I hated anyone else to think he was cruel. "He says he believes in justice to all," said I in a voice that almost mimicked my uncle's.

I was talking very excitedly. Jacqueline was so nice I would tell Aunt Martha when I got home that she must invite her to our house with all the rest of the people who came there. Surely

she must never have thought of it, because Jacqueline was so much more beautiful than all the other people who had come, and her hair was so yellow and straight.

"You always walk on the beach alone," I said. "Come and walk with me. Aunt Martha says I'm so fidgety, I can't sit still for one minute."

She did not get up immediately, and I thought at first that she would refuse to come. Finally, however, she got up.

"I can't walk very far," she said. "Only a little way." She coughed a little as she said it, and for the first time I noticed how utterly colorless were her cheeks beneath the smooth tan.

There on the edge of the ocean we seemed to be the only people in the whole world . . . and the whole world seemed so large that I felt unnecessary.

Jacqueline told me she had been married at fifteen to a man she now hadn't seen for five years. . .

"But I didn't love him," she told me frankly. "I've always been so poor and sometimes I was hungry. Do you understand, little girl?"

She looked at me as if I were an intelligent dog, who tried so hard to understand but couldn't.

"Some day," she said, "maybe you will fall in love . . . you'll want to die for him. That's how I feel about Arnold."

"I know," I said. "Arnold is the man who stays at the Alston house with you . . . and you aren't married to him though." I wanted to show her that I understood that much.

She stopped talking then, and walking in the shallow water near the shore, we listened to the swish-swish of our bare feet in the foamy shore waters.

I realized suddenly that it must be quite late and that I had missed my lunch. Aunt Martha would be angry and the servants would grumble if I were there for lunch now. I told Jacqueline.

"Don't worry," she said. "You can come to my house and eat."

I was delighted. The Alston house was such a huge place, with tiny windows jutting out from the slanting roof, and large porches rising story on story.

"Did you know this place once belonged to my uncle's father?" I asked her proudly. "My aunt and uncle come here every year, but this is the first time I've ever come. I noticed this old house the very first thing, and I've always wanted

(Continued on page 20)

Carnations To Cabbages

JANE DUSENBURY

and a perfect profile who preferred cabbages

A jazz band was playing somewhere in New York. Its music waltzed over the ether waves to Hollywood, California, and entered the black and white interior of the Houdini Sandwich Shop. There it mingled with the chatter and spoon rattling of the movie people as they passed another noontime in such Hollywood atmosphere as they could afford.

The door opened and a personage entered. The female voices became hushed with awe, and blondined heads went together asking each other just who this might be. Eyes followed the personage as it proceeded to the counter and ordered a malted milk.

"Holy Sam," whispered one blue-eyed darling to her companion. "Who and what is he?"

The personage was Arthur Willis from New England. He had been in Hollywood exactly seven hours and ten minutes, since the last excursion special, and already was the possessor of a five-year contract with Purdy Pictures, Inc. And why did he evoke remark from the feminine pulchritude beneath the roof of Houdini's Sandwich Shop? One glance is the answer. He was superb; he was gorgeous; he was a collar ad and a Greek Apollo. His black wavy hair glistened; his dashing blue eyes sparkled; his white, white teeth shone. But the contract reposing in his trouser pocket was due to his nose. The nose was flawless; it was perfection. Such a nose as this had not been seen since pre-Valentino days. A nose such as Arthur's nose was needed for Purdy Picture's latest show—for a nose made a profile; a profile made a handsome man, and a handsome man filled the part for Purdy.

The next day Arthur went to work. He wore an English drape coat and tweed trousers; he felt a little rushed, as well he might—G. P. Purdy had kept a steady flow of interviewers streaming into his apartment the night before until the wee small hours. Purdy wanted this new star launched in a hurry, and he wanted the splash of the launching to reach to the far four corners of the country.

As Arthur wandered a little vaguely onto the set, a roaring voice soared to his ears. "Good morning, Mr. Willis!" It was Purdy. Purdy was glad to see him; he had a future. "Now, Mr. Willis, just step into the booth there and put on a little make-up. We'll get on with

the tests." Mr. Purdy was terribly jovial.

Arthur stepped in and was immediately baffled by an army of jars and bottles glaring at him from the dressing table. As he leaned to touch one of the assortment startlingly labeled "hell-grease," a smock clad girl hurried in and jerked a jar beneath the perfect Willis nose.

She stood back and looked at him impatiently.

"Well."

Arthur tried to look austere and experienced. He would be polite and firm, and tell this girl that this was his, Arthur Willis's, dressing room, wherein he was going to apply make-up.

"I," she said, "am your make-up."

This was not quite clear. "Yes?" he said a trifle uncertainly. "Yes, indeed."

"If you'll just sit down," she said, "it might help. I suppose you are Purdy's latest hopeful. Uh-huh. All the characteristics. You look like Apollo, and you have that certain air of 'whom shall I favuh, Gahbo or Crawfuhd.' I wonder if you can act? The odds are against it, but what does it matter with that profile! Well, I suppose we'd better get on with your further beautification."

She slapped a streak of pinkish plaster over the noble forehead. The palms of Arthur's hands grew clammy. "I," thought he, "do not like this. I am not going to like anything about it."

Arthur Willis had been raised on a New England farm. His mother and father loved him devotedly, and were somewhat surprised when their offspring shot up into such an acme of masculine beauty. Arthur had done chores in the mornings; he had developed an innate fondness for chickens and pigs. He grew prize winning corn and Norwegian water cress. He went to the State Normal School and majored in animal husbandry; he did so well that he received a letter from the governor commending his work. When he graduated from college, his picture was in the yearbook, and his mother sent it to Hollywood.

It was for one of those contests—"Win Fame? Are You a Barrymore?" Arthur's cardboard face went trundling over the continent, entered Hollywood quietly, found its way to G. P. Purdy's inlaid mahogany desk, and straightway answered the Purdy prayers.

Nine weeks passed. Right now Arthur was on a set expressing devotion to a pink and white extra, with false eyelashes. When the scene ended he walked

wearily from the set to the dressing room and lit a cigarette.

Now he knew his make-up girl. She reminded him of home and the wholesome co-eds at the State Normal College. Her name was Annie. She was making a white wig for him to wear as a colonial gentleman, and gave him only a casual glance as he entered.

Arthur disregarded the casualness as of slight importance. "Annie," he said, hurling the remains of the cigarette at the wig, "I like you. You aren't very pretty, but you could milk a cow or grow turnips. 'Annie,' Lord, who named you that!"

"How your ardor thrills me!" Annie numbled through a mouthful of pins.

Blissfully unconscious of any attempt at sarcasm, Arthur went on. "In fact, I adore you."

"You have been saying that for three days. Won't you please stop! If you are practicing your stage manners, read your fan-mail; all the women are crazy about you, you are perfect, you are a dream man. You can't *stand* improvement!"

Blood rushed to the Willis ears as he stood up, reached for the wig, and cast it into a corner.

"Do you think I *like* all that? How do you think I feel when I see my face all over bill-boards—my nose in bone-correction ads?"

"Quite snazzy, I suppose. It's such a perfect nose."

"Don't try to laugh it off, Annie. I feel like a perfect gigolo. And you're beginning to think of me as one. Now aren't you?" He stopped shouting and fell disconsolately into a chair. "Annie, I miss the pigs and chickens, and cowbells and crickets. I want to chop wood and take hikes and go to bed early."

Annie bit back words of consolation. Big oaf, she thought, he has everything a fellow would want. Can he think of nothing but cornstalks and heifers? Ah, I like him *so much*.

At this juncture, Boggs Blister, the temperamental Austrian director, came to the door, a huge timepiece in his hand.

"Mr. Weelis," he hissed with exaggerated patience. "The clock, she say 10:27. What ees it that you keep us waiting for twenty-seven minutes? Mees Ariel Spondee, she ees waiting and waiting. Perhaps she go *mad*, she wait so long. Will you hurree, Mr. Willis!"

(Continued on page 16)

The Young Poet

I sing from my heart and they say to me:

“Do not be abandoned; that is romantic.

Be classically even and trenchant. Rework
your meter. Perfect your rhymes.”

They are not wrong: the great live on

In words bell-clear, in rounded dreams.

But oh my soul shouts! flames! hates! dies!—

Does not sing in octava rimas, or neatly patterned
sonnets!

I love, I long, I hunger deep;

My warm love dies embalmed in classic chill.

Let my song, sweeping, burning,

Call wild from heart to heart,

Sounding the soul that knows no iambs.

I can not cry in tripping trochaics!

I can not weep proportioned tears!

NANCY HUDSON

FROM COVER TO COVER



CURRENT BOOKS IN REVIEW

**Butterfield 8. John O'Hara.****Harcourt, Brace.**

A young writer of exceptional power, John O'Hara in his second book continues to waste his energies on sordid, sensational material. He clings to the Byronic bad-boy tradition, planting oath on smutty story with out-moded abandon (Sinclair Lewis, *Modern Man*, has dashes instead of profanity in his latest work). Sadistic and venomously biting, *Butterfield 8* stems all too obviously from the Starr Faithful case: it is the story of a beautiful, depraved young girl named Gloria Wandrous who was corrupted in childhood by an Elderly Satyr, and became the sweetheart of the speakeasies in the latter end of the Prohibition era. One of the most promiscuous party girls in town, she came to a grim, loathsome end to which even her vices hardly entitled her. Some of the most unpleasant people who ever came to life in a novel are here described and analyzed with—as the phrase has gone since 1920—no regard for any of the customary reticences. The book is grippingly real; Mr. O'Hara knows the more lurid side of Manhattan, and the accuracy of his observation is startling; he brilliantly embalms the hard-boiled speakeasy era in an exciting though disgusting saga which leaves little to the imagination—and little for the critic to say.

It Can't Happen Here. Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday Doran.

Sinclair Lewis' books have a knack of presenting popular controversial issues at precisely the right moment in time: he is, in other words, a popular pamphleteer or something dangerously similar. In *It Can't Happen Here* he again represents the ideas most current with his own particular intelligensia, the Enlightened Readers. He examines fictionally the possibility of Fascist dictatorship in America, telling the story of the amazing Presidential election of 1936, when Buzz Windrip, a sort of glorified Huey Long captured the presidency and inaugurated a Fascist regime. Mr. Lewis makes use of all the anti-Fascist sentiment current in newspaper columns and on radio news programs. He draws heavily on the headline news smuggled out from Germany and Italy; the details are the same, and the personalities, even to their boudoir predilections. He uses all the usual terrors of Fascism: a muffled press, concentration camps, torture and brutality, transplanting Nazi methods

literally and without imagination. The book is commonplace, open to the charges of hack-writing, literary opportunism, and political pamphleteering. As the old familiar Sinclair satire takes possession of his mind, just so the story diminishes in interest, loses life, and becomes a discourse. In extenuation Mr. Lewis would perhaps argue that he wrote with sincerity and emotion; he usually does, handling college topics with collegiate, enthusiastic bitterness. The book is carelessly written. The solution is vague and unsatisfactory. What happens when the "American Cooperative Commonwealth" arises from the ashes of American Fascism? Mr. Lewis does not say.

Edna His Wife. Margaret Ayer Barnes. Houghton Mifflin.

Again Mrs. Barnes (author of Pulitzer Prize Novel *Years of Grace*) writes a long, leisurely chronicle of a woman's life—inexcusably long. The author's feminine love of detail has carried her away, though *Edna His Wife* is probably Mrs. Barnes' best novel to date. It concerns a small-town station-master's daughter, an innocently self-centered Gibson Girl with honey-colored hair, and a soft prettiness. In the days of the bicycle and the beer garden (the story is replete with period color) Edna eloped with an ambitious young lawyer, Paul Jones, aggressive, self-possessed, and very handsome. Paul succeeded in life, moving inexorably up the ladder; nothing could hold him back—nothing, that is, but poor placid Edna, naïve and none too intelligent. Mrs. Barnes treats her with ironic tenderness. She had the right instincts, perhaps, but was quickly worsted in the struggle to keep up with her impious husband; socially inept, not brilliant enough to be a real companion to Paul, her final end was frustration and loneliness, pathetic because it is all too typical. She had everything money could buy: but in her stout middle age she realized life had cheated her; money, Mrs. Barnes would say, isn't everything.

Victorious Troy or the Hurrying Angel. John Masefield. Macmillan.

A rugged, glorious, romantic grain ship, manned by an English crew (tough, plucky, and with that heroic tenacity which has never been bred out of the veins of British seamen) in the savage grip of the Sea and The Elements (i.e., a cyclone): this is Masefield's latest

tempestuously thrilling yarn. In it he piles up the conventional sure-fire emotional elements which were stock-in-trade of a thousand sea yarns before him: an eighteen-year-old apprentice, a South Pacific cyclone that killed four mates and injured the Captain, and British sailors victorious in the end. He employs a vast vocabulary of nautical terms in a manner which is frightfully confusing to the average reader, besides being blatantly affected: Mr. Masefield does not seem to know that in addressing the reading public, as in conversation with a bumpkin, one uses words which the hearer will understand.

Theory of Flight. Muriel Rukeyser. Yale University Press.

Muriel Rukeyser is a twenty-one year old native of New York who has managed in that relatively short space of time to attend Vassar, Columbia, and the Roosevelt School of the Air. From the latter she has gathered material for her title poem in this slim volume of verse "Theory of Flight." In his preface, Stephen Vincent Benet says that her mind has been "fed on the quick jerk of the news-reel, the hard lights in the sky, the long-deserted night-street, the take-off of the plane from the ground." She is therefore essentially an urbane poet. Her book contains 155 "Poems out of Childhood," the long "Theory of Flight," 14 short pieces, so varied as to contain both glimpses of a burlesque show and a "a Left Winger's" condemnation of Washington, "City of Monuments." Miss Rukeyser is a revolutionary but her poetry contains no direct appeals to the proletariat; her symbols of revolt are imaginative. Her world is chaotic, bloody, violent, filled with crimes of perversity:

how they removed his glasses

and philosophically slit his throat.

Man's conquest of nature, primarily his conquest of space, is symbolized by quotations from the Wright Brother's notebooks, a technical discussion of flight, and the picture of a young aviator awakening. These symbols are contrasted with glimpses of modern social injustice; lynching, the arial of the Scottsboro Negroes. In spite of the latter one feels in Muriel Rukeyser's verse the determination, the eagerness of the poet to face the experiences of contemporary life, even the most brutal ones; to understand them; and above all a passionate desire to incorporate them into her verse. In consequence one feels she has a durable career ahead of her.

Carnations To Cabbages

(Continued from page 13)

Arthur, with no steam left to blow off, jounced out with a hurt look at Anne. Not a drop of sympathy in her!

Ariel Spondee, one of Purdy's more or less flickering stellar lights, tapped a foot impatiently. At last, the great Willis! She refrained from aiming a biting remark at him. He was too good-looking, and besides, it had taken three weeks conniving to get him playing opposite her.

She gave him the toothpaste smile. "At last—we play together!"

He gave her the persimmon smile. "Chawmed."

Boggs Blister was dashing about hurriedly.

"We get on wit di proceedings!" he screamed. "We practice once. "Mr. Weelis, you have been in Brazeel. Miss Spondee, she chase you there; she crazy about you. Now you find you crazy about her too. She ees in you arms, and she ees crying. *Cry*, Miss Spondee!"

Ariel gasped asthmatically. Arthur pulled her gingerly to his side.

From some high beam a camera man's shout echoed down. "The profile please! A little to the left. Don't cheat the camera, Mr. Willis!"

Arthur snorted and cranked his head to one side. Ariel edged closer; she was now producing more realistic sobs.

"Luf her!" screamed Boggs. "You are like a robot wit an ice chunk! Snuzzle your nose inc her luffy, luffy hair! *Kees* her, by damn!"

"Darling!" wheezed Arthur.

"Ohmigosh, you are terrible! Emote, Mr. Weelis, emote! Your lines, Miss Spondee!"

"I have missed you so, my dearest," murmured Ariel, now sobbing with great enthusiasm.

"*Profile!*" echoed down from the camera man.

A sight-seeing tour passed by the set and stood gaping at the scene. There were some dozen movie struck girls, chewing gum and staring. They whispered adoringly. "Isn't he the cutest thing! . . . My dream man, positively, dearie! . . . Don't you just love him!"

"Stan' back, ladies, please!" entreated Boggs, in a nervous sweat. "We try to get sparks out of this turnip! Mr. Weelis, think of moons, stars, campfires, gondolas, beautiful Miss Spondee. Could you not bust out wit just one little flicker!"

"I love indifferent men!" crooned one of the sightseers.

Arthur disengaged himself from Ariel, who by now had a firm strangle hold

around his neck. He glowered at everybody and gnashed his beautiful teeth.

"I will *not* make love to this woman! I will not hug her. I will not kiss her. I will not hug or kiss *anybody* in front of three dozen gaping fools!"

He strode off the set and bumped into Anne. Damn Anne. Probably laughing her head off. "Well," he growled, "so what."

She looked a little dazed, but said calmly enough, "Well, that being that—"

"Can't you say anything that means anything! All right—that being that!" He stalked into the dressing room after her and suddenly took her hands. "Anne, I'd make love to you in front of forty dozen yawning idiots. Gosh, I mean it!"

Anne turned away. "You are the *craziest* man."

Time went on smoothly and the Willis-Spondee production went on not so smoothly. Arthur hated Ariel avidly, and she hated him back. Boggs Blister lost thirteen pounds, grew a goatee, and saw a nerve specialist. Ariel developed circles under her eyes, which photographed like horn rimmed spectacles; she had to go to a sanitarium for a week-end. Anne grew cross and fidgety. In fact, the whole crew of the Spondee-Willis production, (which in the course of time had been named "Crushed Carnations") worried along beneath a load of increasing aggravation.

Only Arthur seemed tranquil. In some mysterious source he had found a spring of serenity which served him well through these days. He smiled placidly at Boggs' grasshopperish antics, and treated Ariel with the indifference of an antiquated Eskimo. Only Anne continued to tantalize and plague him.

"Anne," he said one day, "you must hate me with a passion. I ask you to have dinner with me, and instead you eat doughnuts in a drugstore with the telephone girl. I'm crazy about you, I swear I am. Won't you give me a chance?"

"No."

"Well, why won't you?"

"Do you think I'm silly? Go out and marry a Harlow or a Dietrich. You're a movie star now—handsome and famous, with every little rough edge polished off, worse luck. You haven't mentioned pigs or alfalfa in two weeks. Do you think I'd enjoy being dropped like a tugboat anchor? You're Hollywood through and through now—*nothing* gets under your skin!"

Arthur grew the color of a Bermuda beet.

"Well you listen, you! How do you think I keep from going plumb crazy! Do you think I could have stood it all this time without *something* to help? Especially with your barking at me every second! I'm just a gigolo, huh? All right, *all right!*"

"And what," queried Anne, half mockingly, "is this 'something' that give you such marvelous fortitude?"

"If I thought you were the littlest bit interested, I'd show you for spite—"

Her tone changed. "I am. Truly I am."

"We'll go then," condescendingly. They climbed into Arthur's 1936 yellow roadster. Along with them went the silence of the tombs.

They sped down boulevards, and then out a country road past a host of barbecue stands. Still they rode. Arthur sniffed the air with gusto; he grew affable and increasingly pleased with everything. He beamed.

"How much *farther*, Arthur?"

"We're here, sweetness!"

They careened off the highway onto a rutty mud road and jounced some three hundred yards to a cluster of live oaks surrounding a sort of plot.

Anne was out of the car almost as rapidly as Arthur, and ran after him to the circle of trees. They pushed through and gazed. Arthur relaxed utterly and grinned. Anne gave a slight gasp.

There it was—small but perfect. A garden of gardens. It was surrounded by whitewashed cobblestones, and it contained a variety of first class vegetation. It showed patience and planning. In the very center was a pattern made of luscious looking, verdant green vegetables. The pattern, without the ghost of a doubt, spelled "Anne."

Something rosy and wonderful enveloped Anne, and she was in Arthur's arms.

"My name," she whispered blissfully, "spelled with lettuce!"

"Cabbages," he explained gently, tipping her head back. "Connecticut cabbages."

Now they were in that roseate and amorous condition known as love. Whenever Anne felt a tinge of doubt on seeing Arthur's tons of fan-mail and multitudinous photographs, she fortified herself with thoughts of the cabbage patch. Arthur felt no such tinges; he was on top of the world so long as he was away from the studio, but at work he grew increasingly moody and obstinate.

Boggs Blister was near collapse. There was yet another scene between Spondee

and Willis to be filmed before "Crushed Carnations" could start its circuit and wow the nation. Arthur and Ariel were now on the set, looking as bored as possible. Both were dressed in the last word in evening clothes. They radiated sophistication; they were superb.

"Mr. Weelis, Miss Spondee," burst forth Boggs. "Let us feenish this one scene so she cleck. Let us make her so good people rave and rave. Let us put the leetle extra touch to her."

"Let us get her over with," chorused the stars.

They sat down on opposite sides of a table appetizingly set with cardboard chicken, cellophane peas, and cottony mashed potatoes. They gazed dreamily into each other's eyes. Arthur's profile caught the light and was gorgeous. Almost over, he reflected, the confounded picture was almost over. But the contract stretched and stretched.

"Frederick!" breathed Ariel huskily. "Nights in Napoli! You! The thrum of a thousand guitars! Heavenly!"

The side of her face which was not being photographed, she screwed to a grimace of disgust.

Arthur gazed at her with rapture. "Fairiest of the fair!" From one corner of his lips came an immature but unmistakable Bronx cheer.

Boggs looked ruffled. He was not quite sure, but he thought Arthur had emitted some sound uncalled for in the script.

"Tell me you love me!" murmured Ariel.

Arthur leaned toward her to whisper endearments unheard by the camera. "You smell," he crooned, "like Woolworth's perfume counter."

Spondee gasped. Strawberry patches appeared in her powdered cheeks. She rose with dire eye. The dire eye traveled from Arthur to the peas, to the potatoes, to the chicken, to the platter upon which the chicken reposed. It was a sturdy, sterling silver platter, big, thick, shiny and capable looking. She raised it and the chicken aloft for one tremulous second, then hurled. It crashed into the physiognomy of Arthur with a splendid splat. The chicken and Arthur fell flat. Neither rose.

"It is not Woolworth's!" she screamed to the inert Arthur. "It is Christmas

Night! And may you go where the grass is green!" She romped off the set like the last gust of merry May.

Pandemonium rushed in. Pandemonium and Boggs Blister. He leaped to Arthur at one bound and tenderly removed the platter. Then he screamed and ranted and pulled at his goatee.

"The nose! Eet is ruined! Eet has no shape. Eet bump like a roly-coaster! What will happen to my peecture now! I am ruin'!"

By this time Anne was riding in an ambulance with Arthur to the hospital. Poor, poor dear, she thought; how it must hurt!

Scene next is the aforementioned hospital a week later. Arthur walks out looking pugnacious; he is really not angry, it is the new nose. G. P. Purdy had thrown a French frenzy when he saw it, and immediately had seen a host of lawyers about breaking the contract. All of which was fine with Anne and finer with Arthur. He had a car, a fortune, a farm in Connecticut, and Anne. Not forgetting a profile which is bound to have a great appeal for any normal pig or potato patch.

Announcing

THAT

THE ARCHIVE

will postpone judgment on the contest until the April issue because of a lack of material. Entries will be accepted until March the fifteenth. The winners will be announced, and their material published, in the final issue in April. Manuscripts submitted to the contest and printed in an issue prior to the April one will still be eligible.

Two Sonnets

I

Your laugh holds bitter notes, and your half smile
Is like the essence of a wisdom hard
And cynical. Many a weary mile
Of labored steps upon the broken shard
Has aged and altered the bright joy you knew
When you were young—and mine. I now can see
A sounding brass, no longer ringing true
To words in praise of beauty. Sophistry
Is your chief goddess now, and reigns supreme
At the alter fires you choose to burn.
You are my friend no more. A silly dream
That I might win you back to youth! I turn
With empty, helpless hands, made frail to hold
Bubbles and tender silken things—fool's gold.

II

You tell me not to build my house on sands
Close by the untamed grandeur of the sea
For there the labor of my eager hands
Would all too soon be washed away from me.
And you deride a castle in the air
A fragile thing and flimsy with sheer dreams.
I wonder if your soul is swept quite bare
Of all save large, ambitious, earthly schemes
Who urge me thus to build on solid ground
A manse that would forever shelter me
Safe from the elements, no stone unsound
But tightly sealed a tomb it soon would be!
I turn my head and sadly smile and sigh
Knowing that I must choose the sand or sky.

EVALYN SCHAFFLE

Magic Moon

(Continued from page 8)

"If you would own the key
To peace, to happiness,
Profess one faith—
That faith is life.
Let beauty be your creed,
And love your ritual.

Ask not too much for your poor soul,
But beg the blessing that
Must come
With rites,
With soul-felt, sacred rites fulfilled.
The soul-drunk sacrament of kisses'
wine,
The body's soul-devoured bread.

Your thirst for fame will parch your
soul.
Drink deep from beauty's cup,
And look to love for bread.
Fame unsweetened by the mellow drops

Of beauty, and the sympathy of love
Is dry and bitter drink.

ANTHONY SEVIER, 1895."

There was a momentary pause. Then Conrad exclaimed, "Anthony Sevier! The great southern poet. And that is the last year in which he was heard from. He disappeared or—'Bradley. Born 1835. Died 1895'."

He turned and looked at Valerie. "Then he was famous. That is why he tolerated life, Val. Now we can understand."

"Perhaps that was the reason, but that was not the reason that he gave:

"Fame unsweetened by the mellow
drops

Of beauty, and the sympathy of love
Is dry and bitter drink'."

For the flight of a thought, Conrad was silent. Then he murmured,

"Drink deep from beauty's cup
And look to love for bread."

Yes, there must have been more than fame, for he disregarded that."

He laid the poem by his side on the stone and took Valerie in his arms, touched her lips warmly with his.

The shadow had conquered the moon, and now is glowed dull and red like an ember. A fugitive breeze whispered by, picked up the white object beside Conrad, and whisked it away, down into the dark pines. Their lips still hot with their kiss, Conrad and Valerie, heads together, looked up at the moon.

Valerie whispered, "It's a magic moon."

Conrad turned to put the poem into his pocket. It was gone.



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Jacqueline

(Continued from page 12)

to go into it. It looks like an old castle."

"It's very old," she told me as we walked up the long steps. But that was all she said.

I thought slyly that perhaps I would get a glimpse of the mysterious Arnold who shared the Alston house with Jacqueline. It would be quite an adventure.

Inside, the house seemed to lose its castle-y look. The huge boards in the floor were unpainted. The plaster was cracking from the walls, and the ceiling was made of plain rough boards with huge supporting beams. The kitchen seemed to me almost as large as the ball room of Aunt Martha's city home, and it contained everything.

Jacqueline ate very slightly and I was ashamed of my enormous appetite. "You eat like an invalid," I said.

She looked at me strangely and silently for several moments. Then for the first time there seemed a glimmer of light in the grey eyes and she said, "I am an invalid."

"I will never get well," she went on dully. "Never."

"You mustn't say that," I said. "Of course you will get well."

"No," she said. "I'm going to die be-

cause there is no money to help me live. I'm going to die, I tell you."

I remembered only after that that she burst into sobs and fled from the room, leaving me gulping at an olive sandwich which I could not taste.

She dashed from the house, down the high steps to the beach and I ran after her. She sank into the sand and beat her fists against it like a mad person. The tears were streaming down the soft skin of her cheeks. "At night, little girl, he awakens and hears me coughing . . . always coughing . . . and sometimes I hate myself for even being alive."

"No, no," I said wildly. I remembered what my aunt had told me. "It is only because you are not married to him . . . it is because you have married someone else. But you. . ." I was confused. It was all mixed up. I could not understand it.

It was then that I realized she had gotten up from the beach where she had been sitting beside me. Her straight blonde hair was flying loose in the island wind as she raced through the ocean water.

"Come back," I screamed as I saw her swimming with firm, fast strokes through the breakers. It was no use to

follow for I could never catch her now. . . . She was swimming where the waves had ceased to break, out into the calm rippling water of deep ocean.

I ran down the beach, screaming frantically that Jacqueline would surely drown. I cut my feet on a shell bank. The bright sun became a bright blackness before my eyes. I dropped with utter exhaustion somewhere on the sand, with visions of the gorgeous Jacqueline swimming to heaven, the sea's horizon.

Then dimly I heard voices, and instead of sand beneath me there were the stiffly clean white sheets of my aunt's house, with their dainty smell of fresh starch. "You must save Jacqueline," I said weakly.

"Jacqueline is safe," said my uncle with a softness in his voice that had never been there before.

"And Arnold," I said. "Will you fix it so she can marry him . . . and will you give him money to save Jacqueline from being an invalid. For he is not her brother nor her uncle . . . he . . ."

"We will do everything," said my uncle in his new voice. "We knew he was not her brother nor her uncle. He is our son."

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THE ARCHIVE



FEBRUARY, 1936

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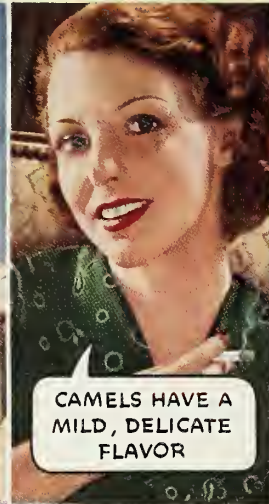
TO RENEW MY
ENERGY, I LIGHT
UP A CAMEL



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I SMOKE A LOT.
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The ARCHIVE

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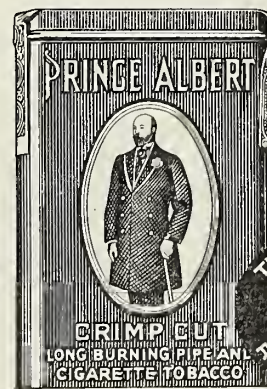
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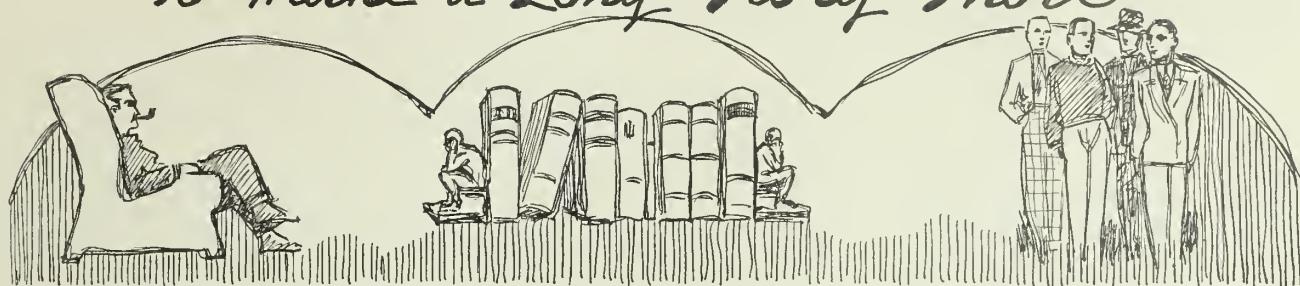


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To Make a Long Story Short



campus literary efforts . . .

Again we wish to depart from the customary material used in this department in order to present a discussion of a more serious subject, namely: literary productions on the campus. If the reader is not, therefore, interested in such matters, we wish to suggest that he may skip this page with impunity, and we apologize for not entertaining him with the usual matter placed here.

The immediate problem that we wish to examine in this issue is the avowedly mediocre quality of literary efforts produced among the undergraduates on the Duke campi. Why are "better" stories, poems, and plays not written at Duke? What is wrong with these specimens of campus literature? What can be done to improve the output of the students engaged in this extracurricular activity? This discussion is not directed towards any particular student's work or failings, but to persons interested in this group as a whole. There may be "better" things written, material that we have not seen; we are only concerned here with the large body of material we *have seen*. In examining the problem as a whole, we find (1) a lack of group interest; interest in a school or movement; (2) a scarcity of faculty leadership, or any other forceful leadership; (3) a deficiency in literary criticism; (4) an absence of any stability of interest among student writers; (5) and an absence of any purposeful drive towards literary objectives among most student authors.

Over against these enumerations we find (1) a commendable amount of financial aid and facilities for the students; (2) a reasonable amount of free speech; (3) instruction in courses directed towards the various forms of writing; and organizations which attempt to advance the interest and quality in these forms, including a poetry society, an honorary literary fraternity and a sorority, and a dramatic fraternity. These organizations are contributing materially towards the betterment of literary effort, but their influences do not go half far enough. In spite of the technical and mechanical contributions of the courses

of instruction, there are remaining many natural limitations which keep the courses from lending much living force to these groups, force which survives the required student work.

What then is needed? What should be added to this positive group to motivate and produce important student literary productions? If these assertions have any truth, briefly stated as they are, the community needs the introduction of several forceful personalities who are capable of great attraction and leadership; the introduction of literary movements pointing toward definite goals, with purposes clearly stated (should the schools be antagonistic, all the better); more interrelationship between faculty members of the English Department and student writers; and lastly, a tolerable amount of intellectual and scholastic sincerity among literary students. We believe that such additions would draw the undergraduate literary activities at Duke up to the level and consequence of those of other outstanding universities in the East.

After examining a large body of material submitted, most of which is unfit for print, we are of the opinion that an unlimited amount of intellectual resources exists at present within the student body—illegally developed talent going to waste unharnessed like the natural water power in the Tennessee River emptying into the sea. Short stories, one-act plays, and poems of excellence in form and subject matter are being written on the campus, but they are rare specimens. Most of the students seem to be occupied with the sole idea of writing something of a story, nothing more, and they show signs of exhaustion of education and experience before half the effort is done. It would seem that the capacity of their talent ends here. Their knowledge of criticism, if shown at all, appears to be jumbled and confused.

In many stories we find lean attempts at imitation; not imitation of a great and acknowledged style, nor of a literary trend or recognized school, not of any truth in life, but an imitation of a story

form (and sometimes subject) in *Colliers*, in *Vanity Fair*, or in *Liberty*—and a bungling poor imitation at that. Many writers show their sad deficiencies by continually trying to do "something different", the "something different" being works which do not give the slightest inkling of what the authors are about, or a grain of reason for writing them. Technique, devices, style, form, etc., are "old stuff" to them and they will have none of it.

Probably the greatest lack of sincerity and uniformity of purpose is found in an amazing quantity of verse. Some of it reminds us that Mr. Leonard Bloom's article of last year, *The Sad Young Poets*, has much justification in its contentions. Some of the gay, giddy bards defy classification. Others, we feel sure, are furious fish lashing about in the hot waters of adolescence, mistaking their little aquarium for the world in its entirety, scope, and substance. Yet some show admirable discipline, at times.

Obviously as long as nothing appears to fertilize Duke's crop of writers into great action the harvest will continue to be mediocre in the main. Several forceful personalities, we feel, would create strong leadership on the campus, would vitalize a movement or two with more productive action. A scholarly air of competition would tend towards perfection as an end. Duke isn't yet ready for a Baker, or a William Lyon Phelps; but couldn't we find one of the Thomas Wolfes, or Kochs, or Paul Greens, or Archibald Hendersons about the country? Surely, there are a few left. Or would his or their coming throw the English Department into a blue wave of internal hemorrhages?

If our position in this discussion offends, if we have mistaken the true conditions existing at Duke, if we have adopted a false standpoint on this question, we are ready to "eat our words"—if the error or errors of our position can be conclusively shown. We invite discussion on this problem; a defense of any side of the subject from the pen of a faculty member or student will be given space reserved in the next issue of the ARCHIVE.

Jamie

DOROTHY ZERBACH

about a post-war marriage, nervous tension and a puzzling finale. . .

Jamie's long, slender fingers beat a steady tat-too on the arm of his chair while he listened quietly to our rather forced conversation. The constant tap-tap was annoying, but Ella did not seem to hear it. She just kept on rocking easily, trying as hard as I to seem natural.

It was almost shocking to find Jamie and Ella like this. Ten years before when I had last seen them, they had been busy and prosperous. Ella then was looking as young as she ever had and Jamie, though he looked older and thinner, was not very different from the Jamie I had known in school.

We had gone to the same prep school and later roomed together in college. Jamie was what was known as a "regular fellow." He was a handsome chap, good-natured and popular. His scholastic record was never as good as mine; yet it was generally agreed that it would be Jamie who would go further after college. Jamie possessed a rare gift of enthusiasm and aggressiveness that made him successful in anything he attempted. He was always a leader in extra-curricular activities and during his senior year was president of the student body.

After graduation Jamie accepted a job with a firm in Fairmont and we seldom saw each other. His letters came spasmodically, but from them I was able to learn that he had been given several promotions.

A year or two later when the war broke out, Jamie was among the first to go. I was near Fairmont then; so I ran over to see him. That was the time I met Ella. She was scarcely more than nineteen, but had been teaching school in Fairmont. I was not surprised when I saw her, because she was exactly what I expected Jamie to pick out. She was not particularly pretty, but she had such a sincere and friendly way about her that I liked her immediately. Jamie was very much in love with her and I was surprised when they were not married before he went to France.

"It will be better," he told me once, "if . . . well, if anything happens!"

I saw Ella a few times during the war. She was much too thin and looked worried and haggard. She seemed to resent the fact that I was exempted from service on account of weak eyes and that Jamie was in the midst of it all.

I felt sorry for her, yet there was little I could do to cheer her up.

I went to Fairmont again when Jamie was coming home after the war. Ella and I went down to the station together to welcome Jamie, and though neither said anything we both were thankful Jamie was returning home "a whole man." I'll never be able to forget Ella's expression when she saw Jim Peterson, with one leg gone, meeting the wife he had married only a few weeks before he sailed. It was just as if the horrible realization had come to her for the first time of what might have happened to her and Jamie. She closed her eyes and caught her breath quickly. We said nothing for a few minutes. It was not necessary, for we sensed the other's feeling of pity and futility without speaking. Finally, Ella murmured in a husky voice.

"I guess that was what Jamie didn't want to happen."

But Jamie came back looking as healthy and handsome as ever, except that the lines in his face were deepened and his mouth was hard and stern. He laughed less and was much quieter.

The French government had given Jamie a Croix de Guerre for crawling out in a barrage and rescuing a French captain and his orderly. Naturally, we were proud of Jamie and wanted to hear the details. But Jamie refused to talk about it; he avoided the subject of war. He'd had enough, he said, and was "damn glad he came through it whole!" That was as much as he would say, so we never mentioned it after that.

I don't believe we ever understood Jamie during those first days when he was home. Of course, we expected to find changes in him. But he seemed so far away from us, so remote—though I believe it was only that he was trying to get used to us again. At times he even appeared to be resentful because we went on about our work, acting as if nothing had happened.

Ella used to drop by my office to see me occasionally and to talk about Jamie. I felt sorrier for her now than I ever had before because she didn't know exactly what to make of this new Jamie. It was just as if they were total strangers. I was not able to help Ella because I did not know what to think about Jamie either. I spent hours talking to him, laughing and joking about the tricks we used to play in prep school.

One day when I recalled the time we were nearly expelled for sending in a false fire alarm and breaking up school for the day, he laughed in his same jolly way. Just for a second I recognized the old Jamie—then the far-away gleam in his eyes returned.

"That was a long time ago," he said.

"Not very," I assured him hastily.

He went on as if he had not heard me.

"A long, long time ago. Long before wars, stinking, muddy trenches, dead men, flying bullets. . . Oh, God!" His voice broke suddenly.

It was just as if giving away to his pent up feelings had relieved him, for not long afterwards Jamie went back to his old job. The wedding date was set a few months later and I ran over to Fairmont for the ceremony.

I don't believe I have ever seen a more peculiar wedding. Jamie's gayety was strained and unnatural. Ella seemed a bit frightened and, I suspected, a little unhappy. She hardly ever took her eyes off Jamie and it wasn't hard for me to guess what she was thinking. Jamie puzzled me too.

Not long afterwards I was transferred out of the state and for a while I heard very little from Jamie and Ella. But one day I got a long letter from Ella telling me how well Jamie was doing, and that they were planning to build a new home in the spring, and that they both hoped I would be back in Fairmont for a visit some time soon. Toward the end of the letter she added, as if she had considered it carefully, "It was ridiculous for us to have been worried about Jamie. He is just as he used to be and we're very happy. I think he's practically forgotten about the war—he's too busy to think about anything but the present."

About a year later I was back in Fairmont and found everything nearly as Ella had described. Jamie was drawing a large salary and spending it as fast as he earned it. Their new home was a beautiful one and they enjoyed entertaining lavishly. Jamie did seem like the old Jamie, just as Ella said, though he was much more unsettled. He was always moving, always going from one place to another. I've never seen such restlessness and nervous energy. Ella was wearing expensive clothes and throwing money away recklessly. They were both living at a rapid pace—Jamie, be-

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The Sun Shines on Cherry Street

RUTH KELLEHER

Cairo has its twisting alleys, Rio its spacious boulevards—this street had something else. . .

Cherry Street lay dripping under the constant rain. And now the misty street lights gleamed through the darkness, throwing into relief faded water-soaked houses—houses looking as if they had been thrown together the night before. Pools of water laden with debris formed where the ancient sewers had backed up their waters to the very stoops of the houses. The entire neighborhood, condemned by the city years ago, still lingered as a ghoulish monument to the city administration and a tomb to the poverty-stricken inhabitants.

The rain ceased with the last hours of the night, the sun made a feeble attempt to live up to the promise of the dawn which crept with misty illumination along Cherry street.

* * *

The dawn touched some inner cord in the sleeping body of Kelly, construction foreman, and he stirred restlessly in bed. For him no alarm clock was necessary. Accustomed for years to labor from morning to night, his timepiece was as infallible as the clock's. With his usual curse he leaped out of bed and shuffled into his clothes. His toilet was negligible, but, as he often remarked, "I'd look as good as those ditch-digging wops no matter what I put on!"

He strode into the tiny kitchen, taking the presence of his wife for granted. An early riser, she always had his breakfast steaming hot when he came in to sit down. He had taught her that bitter lesson in their first few months of marriage.

He had not understood her at first. She had been a fiery colleen with deep blue eyes and soft voice; he, a handsome young Irishman then, had considered himself lucky to win her. As the years dragged by, her eyes had grown darker and deeper, concealing the thoughts locked tight in her brain. The softness of her voice became harsh; the shrilling expressions of her Cherry street friends became the ones most natural to her tongue. As the differences in their natures became more apparent, they had grown still more apart. At the infrequent moments when Mike thought about married life, he suspected that she looked down upon him for ignorant crudities and despised him for his inability to earn much money. But she continued to supply all his physical needs and he accepted her in that capacity alone.

In the misty light of the dawn Mary

watched her husband as he shoveled huge quantities of food into his maw. If Mike could have torn himself away from his eating long enough to notice his wife, he would have seen hate and disgust smoldering in her eyes. But he ate on until the strained voice of his wife interrupted the methodical shoveling.

"Mike, I want to ask ya somethin'."

"Yeah?" came his answer between gulps of bread and hot coffee.

"Mike, will ya take me to the show tonight? They're having an adventure picture an' I'd like to see something besides Cherry Street for once."

Interrupting before she could continue, Mike asked for the toothpicks, and found them before him. Then remembering about the adventure picture, he answered roughly, "Adventure? Nothin' doin'! Now, if it was Jean Harlow . . .! Nope, I think I'll play with the boys tonight."

With a hopeless shrug Mary abandoned the attempt. As Mike rose, she handed him his coat and lunch box. He bragged them carelessly, reaching over the ravaged table to snag a slice of bread he had somehow overlooked. His mouth full, he muttered a thick "Goodbye," lumbered out of the odorous house, and started up the street. His wife turned her back to the window. She used to kiss him and then run to the window to watch him pass—but that was a long time ago.

As she entered the greasy, smoke-filled kitchen, the sunlight glanced upon her fern which stood in the window. It was the one clean, fresh thing in the house and Mary tended it jealously. As she watched the light play upon its shining green tips, her still shapely mouth drew into a determined line; her shoulders lifted.

She turned and quickly ran upstairs, returning a few minutes later with a battered suitcase half-filled with her few belongings. Wrapping the fern carefully in an old newspaper and putting on her "basement bargain" coat and hat, she gathered up her things and stepped out into the rain-washed air. Relieved of the kitchen smoke, she drew a deep breath and squared her shoulders. Then she smiled and walked out of Cherry Street.

* * *

The invalid on the top floor of Meyer's tenement groaned as a yellow streak of sunlight crept over his twisted face.

Blinking his eyes, he painfully pushed himself up to a sitting position in the bed. Muttering to himself, he scratched his tousled head, then leaned over to the window by his bed and pulled down the shade.

Thoughts chased each other through his fevered brain. The almost continual pain flashes had kept him awake the entire night.

His hands shook nervously as he tried to draw the grey covers up around his wasted body. In those silent hours before Cherry Street is wholly awake, he had plenty of time to mull bitterly over his misfortune.

He thought frantically: "Twenty-three years old and how many *more* years to lie on this bed? . . . I was makin' real money drivin' the truck before the accident happened. . . God! That was horrible! . . . an' the way my legs was crushed . . . damn them! They proved I was drunk an' gypped me out of my compensation; as if I didn't need it more than their filthy corporation. . . God, what am I gonna do now that Pa's lost his job . . . and what's gonna become of me when he dies . . . who-who's gonna care anything about me then. . . I can't stand it! I can't!"

The cripple raised his strained face toward something invisible beyond the fly-specked ceiling and prayed, "Oh, God, can't you do something for me? I never went to church, but I've never asked for nothin' before. Cure me, cure me now!"

His eyes lost their lustre and his shoulders drooped low. "It's no use. . . He's down on me too . . . everybody's down on me . . . even Mabel doesn't want anything to do with me . . . hell, she liked me plenty when I was makin' the dough! . . ."

The sun thrust its rays into the room and reflected on the mirror of the cheap dresser facing the bed. The cripple moaned, "The sun! . . . what's it mean to me? . . . another day of torture. . . Days! Days! Days! . . . How many've passed already? . . . Millions—and millions more to come. . . I can't take it. . . I won't!"

His thoughts become words, shrilling higher and higher until they fused into unintelligible gibberish. His wasted arms strained madly as he drew his crippled body to the ledge of the window by his bed. The shrunken hands clawed at the

(Continued on page 20)

Superstition Rides the River

FRANCES E. MERRILL

the thousand-mile stretch of the Ohio river has seen many strange things; this is one of them. . .

"For God's sake, stop him!"

"Ralph! Ralph! Come back! Turn around—don't go that way! Stop!"

Frank Snodgrass, mate of *The Star of West Virginia*, hurled himself up the steps of the pilot house.

"Cap'n! Ralph just rowed the yawl around the head o' the tow! We couldn't stop him—we're ruined! God! What a break—you'll hafta . . ."

The torrent of words slid abruptly off into silence as he met the Captain's stony gaze.

Drawn on the boiler-deck the crew, gathered in an angry mob, were shouting abuse at Ralph, who was drawing alongside the towboat.

"You Goddam fool, you . . . you—don'tcha know no better than to row the yawl round the head-barge?"

"Wanta die quick, do you, wise guy?"

"So yuh didn't know, eh? Damn if that's so. There ain't a river man between here an' New Orleans don't know it's bad luck to row around the head of the tow."

"Well, if yuh ain't no river man, wot-the-hell are yuh doin' here? Tryin' to ruin us all?"

"Yeah—whaddya think we are, pullin' that stuff on us?"

"Godamighty, the boat's as good as sunk right now, boys, and we'll go with her . . ."

All at once they grew quiet and watchful. Captain Blackie Smith had appeared.

"Ralph, go up to the pilot house," he commanded.

"He's sure gonna catch it!" somebody commented, softly.

"Now, men," the captain swung on them slowly, "this is a lot of plumb foolishness."

His hearers gasped.

"Yes," Blackie went on, raising his voice slightly. "Yes, I know you've all heard wild stories about what's bound to happen when a boat's yawl is rowed across her head. I've heard these yarns too—and they were good yarns—helped to pass time between docks on a winter night. They probably scared you silly when you were young suckers and first heard them. But you know better now. Every man-jack of you know that a little think like where a dumb deck-hand rows a yawl can't sink a steamboat—or any other kind of boat, for that matter—that it, not as long as the crew knows their business and does their duty as well

as this crew does." He paused and held their gaze.

"You mean, Cap'n," asked a deck-hand, "*you mean you don't believe this boat is a goner, after what he done?*" He gestured toward the pilot house.

"I mean just that."

A shocked murmur arose from the group.

"Here's another thing," the Captain continued. "Men, we're a new generation of river-men, and we're a helluva lot different from the old-timers. They were a grand old bunch, and they taught us a lot, but the river business has changed a heap since their day. Look at these new locks they're putting in down the river, for instance. Roller-gates, and everything done by electricity—lock-crew only about five men now, where it used to take fifteen to open and close the gates and water-valves, and lack a steamboat through. Look at the government bulletins we get once a week on the weather and river-stages and shift of the channel. Lots of piloting. And we've changed, ourselves. We listen to radios, and read magazines and newspapers—why, we're *educated men!* We know what's what—and we've got too damn much gumption to let a little thing like a deck-hand rowing around the head scare us out.

"That's all I have to say to you, except this: We're going to run out of Charleston this morning, just like we're supposed to. We're going up to the head of the Kanawha and pick up those barges at the Langacre mine, and we're going to take them on down to Cincinnati as slick as we've ever done in our lives! Are you with me?"

There was a mumble of unwilling assent from the crew. Blackie turned on his heel and strode up to the pilot-house.

"My God, when he puts it like that, there ain't nuthin' else we can do," growled the engineer bitterly.

"Yeah, but it's a damn ugly business, just the same," groaned one of the deck-hands.

"C'mon, c'mon," interrupted the mate. "Get goin', you guys. This ain't no hen-session. You've got plenty work to do."

* * *

The Star of West Virginia was steaming up the dark river, paddle-wheel churning mightily at the stern, smoke-stacks sighing as they labored. She had a tow of six empties.

Captain Blackie was in the pilot-house. He spun the great wheel which controlled the rudders now to the left, now to the right, following the channel of the river. Once in a while he reached up to the ceiling and snapped the searchlight switch. Pulling the lever that controlled the searchlight, he would swing it around and pick out some mark on the bank—an old dead tree, a rock, or perhaps a coal-tipple—which indicated to his trained sense just where the channel ran at that point. Most of the time, however, he did not bother to use the searchlight. By the contour of each hill against the cloudy "light" sky, by each indentation of the bank, he could recognize the depth and turn of the channel.

He was whistling cheerfully as he stared out into the gloom. Tough luck, that Ralph rowing around the head this morning. He should've known better. Poor devil. Probably taking an awful ragging from the crew right now. Crew thinks this old boat is headed straight for hell—all on account of a deck-hand in a yawl. Goddam nonsense, that. Pack of superstitious children, all of 'em. They believe every word of that gaff the old ones used to hand out to 'em. Oh, boy! Many's the hair-raising tale the pilot used to tell when you were sitting up in the pilot-house on a cold, black night. Just the glow of the fire in the old stove there, and the pilot's voice going on and on 'till you daren't move for fear of . . . something. And every word he spoke was the gospel truth to you, because *he* was the Pilot, and you were only a cub. You believed that trash cold then, but now—hell, now you knew those were just a lot of tall stories. Wonder how they got started. Wonder why people believed them so easily, right on up through today. Well, let's see—in the first place, there's a pile o' things happen on the river that nobody can explain. Things that just up and smack you in the jaw when there isn't any call for 'em to at all. Things you can't possibly foresee and avoid. Things you just can't understand. So, back in the old days, when they couldn't figure out any other reason for an accident—or maybe they just didn't want to admit that a bad mistake had been made—they probably remembered a little something unusual that had happened beforehand, and had laid it up to that. And the news would spread all up and down the river. They'd say:

"Didye hear 'bout the *Liberty* sinkin'? Yeah? Hell, she was doomed. They say all the rats swarmed off her while she was tied up to the bank, forty-eight hours before she ever sank!" or, "Too bad about the *D. T. Lane*, but she hadn't a chance. I hear that the day before it happened, a couple o' the firemen loaded her yawl on with the bow pointin' down stream—an' the boat was goin' up!" or, "No, boy! She was good as gone when that deck-hand rowed the yawl around the head of her tow before she left Charleston in the mornin'!"

Then later on, these stories would be handed down from captain to pilot and from pilot to cub. And every time one of the yarns was told, there'd be a lot of nice, juicy detail added on to make it more exciting—and there you were! Good Lord, you'd think anyone would know that what a gang of rats did couldn't have any bearing on the way the channel ran, the skill of the pilot, the condition of the boat, or any of the other matters that were really important to the safety of the boat. Take this boat, for example. Why, she was in the finest shape she'd been in since she was built. Government inspectors had given her a clean bill of health and even a few extra words of approval just ten days ago. Besides that, her pilots rated as the best on the Kanawha and Ohio waters. But in spite of it all, those Goddam idiots were down there shaking in their shoes for fear she'd go down under 'em any minute.

Funny thing, superstition . . . To hell with it.

Blackie yawned, and, pulling up his chair that was like a high stand with a back in it, settled down comfortably before the wheel. He hummed softly to himself. Nice up here in the old pilot-house. He never got tired of it. Silence—darkness—cool air—a sweet, powerful boat under you . . .

He was coming out of Witcher's Chute now. It lay just below the point where Witcher's Creek emptied into the Kanawha. The channel was usually shallow and narrow through this chute. He had had no difficulty running it tonight, though, for the Knanawha Falls gauge showed 6.2 feet, so there was plenty of water down here. The fall rains had raised the river a good six feet.

The lights of No. 4 appeared just then. Captain Blackie stepped on the whistle-pedal and blew a long and two shorts to indicate to the lock-hands that he would need two lackages. Later, the barges having been locked through, he whipped the big, unwieldy steamboat into the narrow lock-chamber as precisely as a chauffeur parks an automobile. While the gates were being closed and the lock-

chamber slowly filled with water, Blackie went up on the hurricane deck behind the pilot-house and leaped over onto the lock-wall to gossip a bit with the lock-master.

"Well, Blackie, what d'you know?"

"Oh, nothin' extry, Tom. We're makin' pretty good time, considerin' this high water."

"Goin' up to Langacre?"

Yeah. Leavin' these empties there an' bringin' eight loads back. Say, what time'd you put the *Yeiser* through to-night?"

"Oh, 'bout two hours ago, I reckon. Herman," he called to one of the lock hands, "what time'd the *Yeiser* leave here? Eight-ten? Yeah, that's what I figured. Y'oughta come up with her 'fore long, Blackie."

"How many barges has she?"

"Ten."

"Oh, God! That means I'll have to trail here at No. 2 and 3. I suppose she's goin' up to the head o' the river too, ain't she?"

"Yeah, but you won't hafta trail her. Wickets are down at No. 2 and No. 3. Yuh got open river from here up, an' no change in the water level, so yuh don't hafta go through the lock-chambers at all from now on."

"Is that right? Well, I'm damn glad to hear it. In that case, I can run around Goose Wright and his old tub any time I want to—an' thumb my nose at him tryin' to take up the whole river with his Goddam tow." Blackie lounged against the gate-rods, and puffed his cigarette in satisfaction.

"Say, Blackie," Tom lowered his voice. "I hear one of your men rowed the yawl around the head o' your tow down at Charleston this morning?"

Blackie didn't move. "Why, yes," he drawled, "I do seem to remember he done something like that. What of it?"

"What of it! Why, man alive, don'tcha know you shouldn't be on the river now? It's a sure sign of bad trouble. You'll lose your boat for certain! Y'know what happened to the . . ."

"Aw, don't try to hand me that bunk," broke in Blackie roughly. "Think I'm a greenhorn? Listen, I've been pilotin' boats too damn long to take any stock in an ol' gran'daddy's tales about what happened way back when we were kids. Lotta blind river superstition. Kid stuff."

"Don't be a fool, Blackie. You've had a warning, and a chance to save yourself. But if you go on now, you're doomed, sure as fate. You may not care about yourself, or even about your boat, but you've got your crew to think of . . ."

"You're damn right, I've got my crew to think of, the yellow bastards. Snuffling around like mewling brats. I'm gonna

show 'em we can go through with this trip just like we've gone through with all the others—yaw! or no yaw!, sign or no sign—and to hell with their jitters!"

"Come on, Blackie. Tie up your boat above the lock here, and lie low for a while until this thing blows over," begged Tom.

"I guess you think I'm in this business for my health, eh? Well, I'm not. I have a contract with the owner of this boat, and he has a contract with a Cincinnati factory to delivery a tow of coal to 'em. Think I'm gonna let him down just because of a crack-brained bed-time story? Jeez! Fine kind of a captain I'd be!"

"But, Blackie, it's dangerous to . . ."

"Oh, go t' hell!" Blackie stalked over to the edge of the lock-wall and boarded the boat, with the lock-master's urgent voice still in his ears: "Tie up, Blackie. Don't go on. Tie up . . ."

Blackie rang the slow bell ahead, and the boat moved out of the lock.

The mate came up to the pilot-house and seated himself on a window-ledge. He didn't move or say anything. Just sat there.

"Well, Frank?" the Captain finally broke the silence.

"Don't like the looks of things, Blackie. Lookit that fog rising." He pointed out the little white, curling wisps that were hanging above the water.

"Yeah, I know. But it won't be the first time we've plowed through fog, Frank."

"It may be the last time, though," Frank murmured, sombrely.

"Don't be a jackass. All this talk of superstition—or perhaps . . ." The captain's glance was sharp. "Perhaps it isn't superstition. Maybe you just think I'm an inexperienced cub-pilot. Maybe you think I don't know how to steer through fog—that I don't know how to run a boat at all—that I'm likely to sink 'er any time now, 'cause I'm just a stinkin' excuse for a real river-pilot. Well, if that's the way you feel about it, you know what you can do—an' the quicker the better."

"No, that ain't the way I feel about it, Blackie. But I don't mind tellin' you plain that if it wasn't for you, I wouldn't of ridden three foot on this boat after what happened down yonder."

"Well, you did come with me, so for God's sake, don't come whinin' all this 'doom' stuff at me. How's the crew?"

"Plenty sick. They don't like it. But they'll take it for the same reason I will."

"Well, go down an' bust 'em up if they start gettin' together an' swappin' sobs. Keep 'em busy siphoning out the barges

(Continued on page 17)

The Death of Peter Heil

EDWARD POST

music and pre-aged youth play fantastic and beautiful chords were vermin rule. . .

I came to know Peter Heil when we were classmates at the university. He was a strange man, both in body and in disposition. His hair was an unblemished mass of waving white; his face was as lined and creased as an old shoe; his snowy eyebrows bushed and bristled over two fiery blue eyes; and his figure was bent as if ninety years had settled heavily upon his shoulders. He was twenty-two years old when we left the university.

Peter was an extraordinary pianist. His greatest interest was music, but his father's will had provided that Peter should attend a college of liberal arts before preparing for a musical career. His mother had died at the age of eighty-two when Peter was only ten years old, and his father had died five years later, having added an extra score to his three score and ten. Peter inherited a small fortune and a large mansion in the foothills.

He told me all of this. "I was the only child," he added, "and they were both past seventy when I was born. White hair, wrinkles, and bowed shoulders are the natural legacy of every man; but I was *denied* another—youth. My mother bore an old man. What cruel whim of nature it was that forced this dull, dying spark of life into my unnatural shape, I do not know. Unless it is that I am destined to compose a masterpiece which no one else in the world but me could compose—a symphony, a song embodying all of the strange beauty of life.

"Do you question that life is strange? Look at me! In years I am little more than a lad, but time is a dubious conception of the mind. In age I am a youth; in reality I am an old, old man."

His tastes were queer. He was attracted by anything weird or macabre. His strongest sentiment was his attachment to an old edition of the works of Poe, illustrated profusely with tortuous, hideous plates.

He liked to wander about the night, and often when even the evil Gothic gargoyles perched about the university building seemed to sleep in the early morning, I followed Peter into the chapel, down the long nave, whose high-vaulted arch was lost in the darkness that it dropped upon us. He would sit at the organ. For a moment his fingers would wander aimlessly over the manuals; they could touch nothing but minor

chords. Then he began to improvise, filling that miniature-night-within-the-night with deep, mellow tears—tears that brought a strange exaltation of the soul.

Many times he shared this mystic, music-magic of his with me. He conjured strangely beautiful spells in this manner, but he never recorded any of them. I once asked him why.

"Those are not for men. They do not want tragic ghosts singing in their ears or stealing through their dreams. But it is these lonely master of death whom I love."

I was preparing at the university to write. After graduation, I had very little money left—my parents, like Peter's, were dead—so I went with Peter to his mansion. He wanted me to live there with him and do my work.

I will never forget my first sight of the old, stone house.

"It was built by my great-grandfather," Peter explained. "He came to this country as a fugitive—very wealthy. He thought this an advantageous place to hide. No one has lived here since my father died. I have arranged with an old woman from one of the farms nearby to cook for us and do as much toward keeping the house in shape as she is able."

He took a large wrought-iron key out of his pocket. The lock creaked rustily as he turned the key, and when he pushed the massive oak door in, it stretched the tenacious cobwebs across our way. Two large rats balanced on their haunches and tails and for a moment held a chattering council, then turned and scampered.

The furniture was covered with dusty sheets out of which the rats had eaten varied, intricate holes. When these covers were removed, nothing but antique pieces were revealed and in one corner of the library was an old piano. The house was furnished throughout with relics; three-cornered cupboards fastened together with wooden pegs and inhabited, at our arrival, by patriarch spiders; hard, high backed chairs, marble-top tables with inlaid legs—all sorts of old furniture, irrespective of period. It was a fascinating stronghold of musty, old age; no attribute was lacking—spiders, dust, cobwebs, nooks haunted with a dank, musty smell as if they had fled from the cellar and hidden about the dark corners of the room.

The old lady came the same afternoon that we arrived. With admirable fore-

sight, she brought with her some vegetables and corn meal. While Peter was showing me about, Mrs. Wilson banished all of the tribe of spiders which came under the impartial jurisdiction of her broom, and destroyed their dingy webs. The rats, however, were there to stay. There could have been no expelling them without a pied piper.

Then she prepared our supper and found some excellent scupernong wine in the cellar. While we ate she disinterred from an old oak chest some linen and made our beds. At the table Peter told me about the piano, which he had been investigating. It was a bulky thing, covered with elaborately turned and fluted pieces, and faced with a carved grille.

"It seems," he said, "that the piano has served as a favorite stamping-ground for the rats; some have even made their nests in it."

We spent several days thus; I becoming acquainted with the old house; Peter acting as my guide. When Mrs. Wilson had the rooms dusted into a more orderly condition, I returned to the university to gather together my books, in order that I might establish myself at Peter's.

After being away for a week, I returned to the stone house in the woods. As I left the open fields and entered the forest which hid the old mansion from sight and time, it seemed that every step was a passing year, heaping age on my back and drawing strength from my limbs.

Although it was late summer, the mountain night whispered cold breezes over the pines, so that after supper we laid a fire in the library grate. Peter went to the piano and began to play, while I rummaged about the bookshelves. I found an edition of Byron's "Manfred" which interested me, and sat down to read.

Suddenly I became aware of the unusual tone of the piano. Peter played in an even more mystical tone that night than I had ever heard before. There was the same melancholic strain but through it, under it ran a new current as if the tones were new, original. As if Peter had discovered a complete, new range of sounds. I thought: He is ready to compose his masterpiece.

Then one morning I awoke before dawn to hear Peter in the library below, playing. The same strange undertone was there. Where did Peter find that quality?

I could not at first determine just what about the notes was unusual. There was nothing definite that I could analyze. It was just that Peter's tragic tone-images were subtly colored by fantastic shades of sound that touched the senses delicately, and made me wonder if Peter *did* hold some mystic secret.

But, no! I shook off that fancy. There *must* be some reason for it—some real reason. I began to think, to try to discover some explanation, but my thoughts were continuously interrupted by the rats which scuttered across the attic above my head. They scratched on the stone walls. Scutter and scratch! Scutter and scratch!

Rats! Peter had said that the piano had been a favorite stamping-ground for them. I *had* it! The only possible explanation! Each key of the piano has a little wooden hammer which strikes three wires simultaneously, producing the tone, and each hammer is covered with a layer of felt. These felt layers soften the tone and protect the hammer which would otherwise wear down, perhaps unevenly. In this case the hammer would not strike all three wires at the same time and a variegated tone would be produced. The rats had fed on the felt layers, until they were uneven, perhaps in some places even exposed the wooden hammers, which were not striking full. They were shading off the tone unnaturally. Peter was composing with imaginery sounds! Tones that would be lost of the felts were worn a fraction more, or replaced by new ones!

Thus my thoughts raced to a conclusion, but, perhaps I am wrong I thought. I decided to investigate when he left the library.

But all day he played. All day he sat at the piano, his head bowed over the keys as yellow and fallow as his hands, which wandered over them. The sunlight struggled feebly through the leaded casements, set with diamond-shaped panes of thick, violet glass. Its gold, transformed to a faint pastel, tinted Peter's hair with fugitive shades of silver and lavender, and built soft, sloping beams of light from the flagstones to the panes.

All day he played—without stopping, without speaking. As the night crept over the woods, the mellow spots of light on the floor faded; the lavender in his hair was lost in the rich red and gold which the fire on the hearth scattered about the shadow-stricken room. And still Peter played.

At the turning hour of the night, I went to bed. Lying between the cold sheets, which smelled as musty as warped, rusty, old parchment manuscripts, I could hear him still. I determined to remain awake until he stopped playing

and then steal down and look into the piano. But his music was soothing and I dropped shortly into dreams.

The open window carved a great shaft of moonlight out of the night and thrust it into my room. Scattered and diffused, it turned the blackness of the room into a gray dusk like the twilight that precedes the first rose hint of dawn.

A pale, lovely lady stood at the door. Stray beams of the moonlight caught on the crests of her curls and formed a golden frieze about her face. Still others glistened in the lingering tears in her eyes. She sang as she walked toward my bed. I could not hear her words but her song ached in my heart—full of sorrow, full of beauty. By my bed she stopped.

"Have you seen my love?" she asked.

"No." I whispered.

Her gown had slipped down over her left shoulder, revealing a pale breast on which burned a slender, crimson stream, flowing from her heart.

"He would not wait and this frail hand was too eager to follow him." She turned and walked toward the casement. As the moonlight fell full upon her, she disappeared.

I ran to the window, and on the top of a distant knoll, full in the face of the moon as it slipped away, I saw her lonely silhouette, her arms outstretched, her hair catching the breeze. Though she seemed far, far away, I could hear her cry, "O Romeo! O Romeo!" And once more as I looked, she faded into the moon.

I turned back to the bed. Her song still filled the room, but now it was more profound, more tragic, weighing oppressively upon my heart, closing off my breath with its intense emotion—and there by my bed stood a tall, handsome man. I could see his features in the twilight-dusk. His eyes burned and in his arms he held a sleeping girl, the lovely lady of tears and song.

He lowered her carefully on my bed. "This is my love, my sleeping Porphyria; this moment she is mine, fair, pure, and good. And I have found a thing to do. All her hair in one long silken string I'll wind around her little throat and strangle her."

And as he spoke, he tenderly gathered a lock of her yellow hair into a strand and wound it gently about her neck. I saw the golden skein twined on that ivory throat, and I tried to move. But my limbs were locked and sealed with the impotence of dreams. All my power was spent in murmuring, "Mad!"

At that he looked up. "Mad? She felt no pain; I am quite sure she felt no pain. Mad? No. She cannot stay with me; he shall not have her back again."

He kissed her pale lips and suddenly a dove flew in at the open casement and hovered, sobbing, over dead Porphyria. Her lover raised her once more in his arms and vanished into the darkness, following the dove, whose sweet, soft sobs faded out of my dreams.

I awoke as the last faint sound drifted away. Peter was no longer playing. His masterpiece was finished. In a moment of retrospection, I could hear again the last strains of music as they pervaded my dreams: soft, slow, rich chords, rippling out into minor trills, increasing in time and volume until they raced along shrill, agonized, and finally trembled out in one delicate run, the final triumph of fantasy.

There was no sound to trouble the early morning, still dark but threatening to pale in the east. I found the candle beside my bed and lit it. Peter must have gone to bed, I decided.

As I tip-toed down the stairs, one thought obsessed my brain: What if Peter knew that his phantasmagoria is not real, that it hangs, rather, between the real and the imaginary! If this piano were lost, if the rats were to feast on the felts once more, the great work would be lost—he could never again play it.

The library was dark, except for the dull glow of several dying coals on the hearth. I walked toward the piano, holding my candle high. There sat Peter, his arms lying on the keyboard, and his head resting on his hands. Thinking he had fallen asleep, I called him softly as I stood behind him; he did not answer. I touched him on the shoulder; he did not move. He was dead.

A piece of lined manuscript paper lay on the grille-rack in front of him. Not a note had been drawn upon it. I raised the candle still higher, and there, their pin-point eyes batting weakly in the candle-light, sat two rats. His work is no sooner finished, I thought, than they have started eating again; I would have been too late had he not died.

They were not timid and I had to force them to leave their perch. Then they blinked at me curiously from the floor as I raised the top of the piano, held the candle over it, and looked inside.

There was not the least cloudy suggestion of dust, and along the whole length of the keyboard stretched an unbroken row of white, new felts!

I could only imagine that he had had the piano repaired while I was away, and that the physical strain involved in composing his fantasy, the profound emotional experience that it produced had been too much for his age-worn, young heart.

Requiescat


I

You were a bad woman
Short, with bold voluptuous breasts,
A face which reflected passion,
Eyes lambent with lust. A mouth
That was a crimson gash of
Frenzied desire. Your laughter was
As that of a brazen bell, raucous,
Insolent, that turned the love of men to
Crumbling ashes in the furnace of
Your scorn. You mocked convention
And died shamelessly upon
The filth of the roadside.
You were a bad woman
Requiescat.

II

You were a good woman
Tall, with flaccid, sunken bust,
A face furrowed as by the plow.
No obscene word ever left those
Lips of carven stone. You did not
Laugh—God frowned upon levity.
No lecherous fancies, like
Flowers of evil, ever contracted
That virgin brow. You were
Conventionality incarnate.
You were as fertile as
The beasts of the field, and your
Life was as futile.
You were a good woman
Requiescat.

—E. R. LEE.



Sun-curing
Turkish leaf tobacco.
The tobacco is strung
leaf by leaf and hung
on long racks like you
see here.

The aromatic Turkish tobaccos
used in Chesterfield cigarettes give
them a more pleasing taste and aroma.

CHESTERFIELD—A BLEND OF MILD RIPE HOME-GROWN AND TURKISH TOBACCOS

Tennyson and Hallam

JOHN PORTZ

wherein we find the power one man may exert in moulding a poet. . .

The friendship between Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Hallam was begun at Cambridge in 1828 or '29 and lasted until Hallam's death in 1833. In relation to Tennyson's literary activities, however, it ended in 1870, for that year Tennyson wrote his last poem in which there was a direct reference to his friend, "In the Garden at Swainston." After that, Tennyson's storm of grief abated gradually; his memory of Hallam became less and less clear-cut and poignant, and assumed externally that roseate dimness which is the grateful solace imparted by Nature and Time. Fortunately, by 1870, Tennyson had long completed his greatest poetry; his higher task had been fulfilled; and the memory of his incentive faded with the greatness of his poetry—which only proves that Arthur Henry Hallam was Tennyson's reason for being a poet.

Hallam was born on February 11, 1811, the son of Henry Hallam, a historian of some repute. At the age of nine, Arthur wrote dramatic poetry; and what was even more astonishing, at the age of fourteen translated some of Dante's works into Greek iambs. He attended Eton from 1822 to 1827, where he was extremely popular. It was there that Arthur, a liberal now in his views, formed a vigorous connection with the conservative statesman "to be," William Gladstone. They shared a study, and their arguments were as frequent and handy as their friendship was firm and lasting. Hallam spent the year following graduation in a tour through Europe. He was particularly taken with Italy and her language and literature. In fact, he composed several sonnets in Italian which were pronounced by one native to be "much superior not only to what foreigners have written, but what I thought possible for them to produce in Italian."

The next year, 1828, he entered Cambridge, in compliance with his father's wishes. Arthur, himself, would have preferred to have gone to Oxford, where mathematics was not required. While at Cambridge, he studied law—much against his own inclinations, it would seem. He once wrote: "I have been, I believe, somewhat changed since I last saw you. I have snatched rather eagerly a draught from the cup of life, with its strange mingling of sweet and bitter. All this should rather have come after my three years of college than before; but noth-

ing can cancel it now, and I must on in the path that has been chalked out for me. I have no aversion to study, I trust, quite the contrary; though my ideas of the essential do not precisely square with those of the worshipful dons of Cambridge."

It was during the three succeeding years that Hallam and Tennyson met, became fast friends, and Hallam's influence began to color and impregnate Tennyson's life, ideas, and poetry.

In 1829, Hallam visited Tennyson and fell in love with Alfred's sister, Emily. When the attachment was announced, the Tennysons were overjoyed for Arthur was of fine family and was himself a youth of amazing prospects. Alfred, of course, was in ecstasy over the union of two of the persons he loved most. An objection, quite understandable, came from the Hallams, however, who had secure for Arthur a more advantageous hoped with their position and family to marriage. An agreement was reached; the lovers were not to see each other for a year, and if, at the endation of that period, they still desired to be married, the consent of the Hallams would be gladly given. After the period of probation was over, Arthur and Emily, still madly in love, announced their engagement.

After Hallam's graduation—he secured no outstanding honors, despite his precocity—he and his father traveled in Europe again. While at Vienna, and being weakened by an attack of influenza, he contracted a bad cold. He had never been very strong, his health was poor, and he succumbed. He died in his sleep during April, 1833. His body was sent to Trieste and thence to England by boat, where it was interred, in 1834, at Clevedon Church.

When Hallam's death became generally known in England, it occasioned a spontaneous flow of eulogy. It is quite evident from these that Hallam was a man of great latent abilities. A. M. Milnes wrote while at Cambridge that he (Hallam) "is the only man here of my own standing before whom I bow in conscious inferiority in everything." John M. Kemble wrote after Hallam's death: ". . . I have not yet had the courage to write to Alfred. This is a loss which will most assuredly be felt by this age, for if ever man was born for great things, he was. Never was a more powerful in-

tellect joined to a purer and holier heart; and the whole illuminated with the richest imagination, with the most sparkling, yet the kindest wit." These reports are not qualified by the opinions of other men, for the fact remains that really *great* men, young in that day, confessed universal regard for Arthur Hallam.

So perhaps, I would stand as ungracious, if I were to qualify their statements. But the question of Hallam's character is of such primary importance in a study of his relations with Tennyson that no possible side may be overlooked. Certainly these extravagant praises were written when the writers were youths. It would have been rude of them if, in their maturer and more sensible years, they had retracted any of the unstinted commendations of boyhood. But these facts remain: Arthur received no degrees, he thrice failed to secure the Chancellor's Medal; his legal studies were "irregular and unpunctual," and his journalistic accomplishments met with no acclaim. Hallam's two closest friends, Tennyson and Gladstone, differed in their ideas of his possibilities. Tennyson thought Hallam would become a "potent voice of Parliament," whereas Gladstone disagreed entirely with this. Such discrepancy leads one to believe that Hallam possessed a certain vacillation, a certain diffuseness of nature which made him resemble a "jack-of-all-trades, and master of none." Nicolson says: "We may suspect the actual diffuseness of his intelligence (which they took for universality), his incapacity for concentration (which they excused as versatility), his undoubted, if intermittent, laziness (which was part of his charm), his fluency, his bounce, his bursts of hectic energy, and his impulsiveness"

But more important than what Hallam was, was what he seemed to be to Tennyson. Alfred was an impressionable youth of nineteen or twenty when he met Hallam. He had left with trembling and doubt the protective adoration of a worshipping home. He had entered, now, an atmosphere not of hostility exactly, but of indifference, and he lacked the forwardness necessary to make him a prominent figure in university life. In addition, Tennyson sensed his own awkwardness and unsophistication in a community more or less cosmopolitan. And so, perhaps the inferiority complex of a rural boy among socially suave collegi-

ates was bothering him. At any rate, Tennyson was undergoing his *Lehrjahre* wretchedly and unsuccessfully, it must be admitted.

Tennyson, in this chaotic neurosis, was looking for his Messiah—any Messiah. The fact that it happened to be the socially brilliant and popular Etonite, Arthur Hallam, only made the effect on the farm boy, Tennyson, the more permanent and deep.

Tennyson welcomed Hallam with the frantic eagerness of a parched man's longing for water. Throughout their friendship and throughout the poetry commemorating that friendship, one catches the sense of Tennyson's round-eyed, child-like wonder at the graciousness and goodness of a God who could present *him*, Alfred Tennyson, the country lout, the awkward poet, with the overwhelming gift of the friendship of anyone like Arthur Hallam. I cannot always find it in myself to like this fawning, one-sided sense of *privilege* in their acquaintanceship. It smacks too much of a deliberate failure on Tennyson's part to recognize the comparative value of things, just as the proverbial elephant which through nothing but blind unreason fails to recognize his own superiority over a tiny mouse. I think also that this hero-worship, popularized by Tennyson and Carlyle and predominant in the Victorian Period, accounts for the effimacy which some critics profess to find in this friendship and in *In Memoriam*.

The remarkable property of this friendship was that *anyone* with Hallam's capacity for gentleness and kindness, *anyone* who was intelligent enough to cultivate and take time with this black-haired genius, could have performed the part played by Hallam. It might just as well have been you, or I, or John Smith, I believe I am fair in "de-emphasizing" the importance of a *personal* Hallam. Hallam was merely an *agent*, important only as he appeared in Tennyson's poetry; his very life, to which I have given so much space and which is engaging enough, to be sure, is significant except as it affected Tennyson's existence. Hallam should and must always remain the person who was fortunate enough to inspire a genius.

The most important thing Hallam gave to Tennyson was courage. Tennyson was afraid. As he himself said:

"Sick are thou—a divided will
Still heaping on the fear of ill
The fear of men, a coward still."

The youthful Tennyson was a moral and spiritual coward. This he probably owed to his parents and his rearing as a child. He *never* entirely outgrew it, for

to the end he remained a timid moralist, forever fearing to touch with a hardy hand the essential questions of God, eternity, life, death, and sex. Although the remark is uncalled for by the subject, I think I may say that it was probably this morbid fear which kept Tennyson the "good" man that he was, and held him from these whirlpools of questions, whose fascination the Romanticists could not resist. This moral side-stepping was not peculiar to Tennyson; the whole age infected his very susceptible nature. The more I read on the subject, the more I feel that Hallam might have made anything from Tennyson that he wished, by merely being something entirely different himself.

The kind of courage which Hallam imparted to Tennyson was not an easy courage—which circumstance was not due, to be sure, to Hallam but to Tennyson's intrinsic inability to reason himself out of his own fear. But it was, nevertheless, a truer and more honest courage, for Tennyson faced terror and despair and horror *blindly*. After Hallam's influence, Tennyson showed a half-timid, half-brazen "confrontation of problems," and discarded pessimism and doubt for optimism and faith. It is not remarkable that he reached this conclusion by intuition, not reason.

It is going to take a great deal of the kind of courage that Tennyson possessed to make this opinion, but I intend to, nevertheless: Hallam's influence on Tennyson, at least, while Hallam was living, was more bad than it was good! This position is not so untenable as it might appear to be at first.

Within Tennyson's mind there was always the conflict between the depth of "poetic temperament" and the "shallowness and timidity of practical intelligence," or subjectivity and objectivity. This clash was there not because of the original presence of *two* factors (for Tennyson was, at the heart of his poetry, so to speak, subjective), but because Hallam had instilled into him a corrosive, arguing doubt as to the feasibility of using subjectiveness in his poems. Tennyson's works, consequently, lack thought. In short, Hallam forced Tennyson into fifty years of unhappy objectivity.

One can never forgive Hallam for introducing Tennyson into the circle of "Apostles," that pompous group of poseurs, one of whose members once made this remark: "I often wonder what we have done to deserve being gifted as we are so much above those cursed idiotic Oxford brutes." This group, with its exaggerated sense of its own mission and

importance, engendered in Tennyson the idea of a "mission of the poet" which pervades and "barnacles" all of Tennyson's work. Hallam, too, impressed in Tennyson's mind the importance of didacticism, thus fostering second-rate stuff, for although Tennyson was a first-rate emotional poet, he was only a second-rate instructional poet.

And, again, it was Hallam who got Tennyson interested in the tragic Torrijos Expedition and through Tennyson's connection with this party during his tour with Hallam in Spain, killed a perfectly healthy Romanticism and induced the poet's later horror of excess.

I am convinced, likewise, that Arthur Hallam had much to do with driving Tennyson into his ten years of silence. Hallam failed to discriminate fine from poor poetry in the 1830 and '32 volumes; everything was evenly honored. In an article in the *Englishman's Magazine*, Hallam discussed Tennyson's 1830 volumes in a tone which left no doubt as to the friendship which was involved in the criticism. Christopher North seized upon this article and severely—but honestly—deflated it and its absurdities. His retort was, however, not so much an attack against Tennyson as against the reviewer, Hallam, and he made clear the fact that he believed Alfred Tennyson to be a poet. The sensitive, thin-skinned Alfred, however, was extremely piqued by this insignificant incident and wrote a jingle about "Crusty Christopher," which was published in the 1832 volume. North, himself, chose to ignore the rhyme, but undoubtedly influenced Lockhart to write the scathing reprisal in *Blackwood's Magazine*, which drove Tennyson into exile. One cannot turn his back to Hallam's indirect part in this, innocent and unconscious though it may have been.

It would be rash to say that Hallam dead was more important to Tennyson than Hallam living, but it is true that Hallam's death made a great poet of Tennyson. For the wracking effect it had upon Tennyson, one must look not so much at *In Memoriam*, but at a poem entitled "The Two Voices." There is found the full fanatical despair which almost drove Tennyson to suicide. It was Hallam himself and his memory that saved the poet from a sadistic pessimism which would have consumed him.

One can never stress too much the importance of Arthur Henry Hallam in moulding Tennyson's career. His teachings were not all good and not all bad, but certainly both good and bad were absorbed, ruminated, and emitted by Tennyson as a very vital part of his poetry.

House Party

ANONYMOUS

the editors found this under the door and surmise that a certain co-ed is desperately in love. . .

It was in Math class that I got my inspiration. I'll admit it was the first (and last) inspiration I ever got in Math class, but that didn't prevent its being a good one. As usual, I'd been day-dreaming about Bull, and trying to plot out a campaign. Bull is this year's football hero, one of those big, burly fellows with a massive chest and a Pep-sident smile, and along with most of the girls in college, I was in love with him. I'd met Bull, but in spite of all the time I spent planning ways to make an impression on him, I'm afraid I was just another female to him.

But this idea was really a good one: I'd get Red Ellis to drag me to the Duke houseparty, and there I'd be sure to meet up with Bull. Red and I had grown up together, and ever since the time when I had red hair too and we used to call each other "Carrots," he's been the bone of my existence. But even Red has his useful side; I was pretty sure he'd take me to the houseparty if I asked him, because he wasn't rushing anyone special, and at a party I am rather decorative, if I do sound conceited. So, while Professor Walters was enthusing over synthetic division, I improved my time by combing my hair and putting on fresh lipstick.

The moment the bell rang, I dashed out of class and over to the PO, which Red haunts between classes. For ten solid minutes I peered into all the boxes in Red's end of the PO, with one eye on the door and the other on the clock. When I saw him enter, I sauntered nonchalantly towards him and never noticed him until I was practically on top of him. Then I opened my eyes in pleased surprise and greeted him as if he was a long-lost friend. The poor boy looked so surprised that I felt a twinge of remorse, but his "Hi, pest!" nipped that in the bud. I asked after his mother and father, and fell in beside him as he strode out of the PO. He was obviously nonplussed.

"Red," I cooed, "I don't believe you like me."

"Why, of course I do," he answered politely.

Whereupon I looked through my lashes at him and gushed, "Then do me a favor; take me to the Deke houseparty Saturday night. I hate to ask you, but I do want to know you Dekes better."

Poor Red! That almost bowled him

over, but he recovered himself nobly and said he'd be delighted and would call for me at eight. I was about to launch into some subtle flattery when he mumbled, "There's Pete! See you sometime," and bolted off. I did think he could have been less abrupt about it, but having accomplished my mission, I forgave him and went back to my room in the best of spirits.

Saturday night came at last. I spent nearly an hour in getting dressed, and I will say it was time well spent. I had on a new orchid dress that made my hair positively golden, and that frothed and rustled around my feet when I walked. It had dropped shoulders that felt as if they were coming off every time I moved, but which covered my vaccination beautifully. I'd cut bangs on my forehead, fluffed my hair out all around as much like a halo as I could, and sprayed my roommate's *Nuit de Noël* all over me. I looked utterly feminine, which any girl knows is the way to look when she's out after one of those strong, silent men.

Red was a half-hour late, but I swished out to meet him with as sugary a smile as if he'd been right on time. Much to my amazement, I realized that he was really very good-looking in a smooth way, but when he remarked that I smelled like a funeral, I came down to earth and hated him. To get back at him, I observed sweetly that his hair seemed more carrotty than ever. We rode over to the Deke house in chilly silence.

When I came downstairs after parking my wrap, I was still mad, and it didn't help any to see Red surrounded by a dozen females. He didn't notice me until I'd waited for a full minute. I seethed, but managed a cordial smile and clung to his arm as we walked across the room. It was amazing how the girls all gazed at Red! I couldn't believe my eyes, but as the boys did some fancy ogling too, I didn't let that bother me.

Bull wasn't in the room. We joined a group where they were discussing today's game, and chattered merrily until the orchestra began to play. When every other couple had drifted away, Red suggested that we dance. He didn't sound awfully keen about it, which made me madder than ever, but I rested my head trustingly on his shoulder and we sallied forth. I had to admit Red was a perfectly smooth dancer, and much to my

dismay I felt myself growing aimable towards him as we danced.

And then I saw Bull. He had a patch on his forehead, and as he lumbered across the hall, I felt my knees weaken. He did look so romantic! He leaned against a pillar in the doorway, and looked at the dancers.

"Red," I mumbled, "I'm stifled. Will you get me some punch?"

He steered us over to the hall, and for the first time in his life he smiled approvingly at me.

"Not a bad trotter, J," he commented. "Wait here; I'll be right back."

The moment his back was turned I revolved slowly, with a gentle swish, and surveyed the crowd. Happening to meet Bull's eye, I smiled carelessly and let my gaze stray past him. As I'd expected, he came over to me.

"Hi," he said. "You're too beautiful to be left in the lurch. Come on, let's dance."

I protested dutifully, but allowed him to lead me onto the floor. My heart was knocking against my ribs and my knees were shaking imperceptibly as his arm encircled my waist. I tried to calm myself, but I was too thrilled; I gave myself up to bliss.

But I soon found out my idol had feet of clay—in fact, they might have been of lead! He shuffled heavily around the room, one-stepping and swooping without warning into dips that threw me off balance every time. It was heart-breaking. I peered over his shoulder and finally saw Red appear with the punch. I gazed appealingly at him, but when he finally did see me, he pierced me with a cold stare and disappeared.

And now Bull began to pant. His cheek grew moist. I knew his collar must be wilting; I wilted too.

"Jane," he wheezed, "you're a cute little thing; I must see more of you."

I replied methodically that my name was J, if it mattered.

"Of course it matters, sweet thing," he breathed heavily. "You sure can step it, too. Say, how'd you like to let me see you home, Baby?"

That settled it. If there's any one thing I hate, it's being called "Baby." I searched frantically for Red, and discovered him dancing with some platinum blonde, and obviously enjoying himself. It was then I knew I had fallen for Red.

(Continued on page 16)

FROM COVER TO COVER



CURRENT BOOKS IN REVIEW

***The Last Puritan.* By George Santayana. Scribner.**

George Santayana, born in Madrid (1863) of Spanish parents, is America's greatest living philosopher; he has given Scepticism a new lease on life, and is the only modern philosopher who has been able to make philosophy an art, akin to poetry and painting. He is a poet (rare individual!) who sets philosophy to music; his reflective sonnets give him an undisputed position in modern American poetry. America claims him, despite his foreign birth and long exile (he has lived the last twenty years of his life in Rome), because he calls himself an American, and because he writes superb English prose, clear, and subtle, and facile; yet Mr. Santayana is representative of nothing American; his personality, his attitudes and mental habits, are of another culture.

So *The Last Puritan*, a first novel which he has written at the age of seventy-three, is not an American book; it conforms to none of the standards by which we are accustomed to judge the novel; it follows none of the modern American schools of literature. It transcends the bounds of literary precedent to become literature; as literature, therefore, and as literature alone, Mr. Santayana's work bears scrutiny: it cannot be regionalized or cramped into a school.

The story does have its setting in America; this is incidental. Oliver Alden is born in New England, he drinks the spirit of Puritanism into his lungs with the dry New England air. It is a part of him: "his puritanism had never been mere timidity or fanaticism or calculated hardness; it was a deep and speculative thing; hatred of all shams, scorn of all mummeries, a bitter merciless pleasure in the hard facts." Santayana's philosophy has little room for Stoicism. "I don't prefer austerity for myself as against abundance, against intelligence, against the irony of ultimate truth," he remarks in the prologue to *The Last Puritan*. It is easy to deduce the end of the story; Oliver Alden meets disaster because of his Puritanism. He suffers the terrible fate of being consumed by his own virtue.

The moral is driven home, with qualifications, by Oliver's cousin Mario, a joyful hedonist. Oliver has difficulty with women: "He thought he liked them and they thought they liked him; but there was always something wanting. He

regarded all women as ladies, more or less beautiful, kind, privileged and troublesome. He never discovered that all ladies are women." He loved Rose; he wanted to marry her; when he died, he left her a legacy; yet she fell in love with Mario, who treated her casually. The man of principle, Mr. Santayana would say, is an ass: he can never hope or expect to acquire anything but the shreds of a woman, after the hedonist, God's chosen son, has cast her aside; women love and respect their seducers, mock and despise the weaklings who will not take them. Nature is opposed to Conscience, and Nature is all-powerful: live for the irony of the ultimate truth, for all else is sham. George Santayana and Bertrand Russell should get together.

***Inside Europe.* By John Gunther. Harper.**

Mr. Gunther's contribution to the swelling tide of books concerning "the present international crisis" is unique, and therefore valuable. Following the theory that great personalities make history, he devotes the greater part of *Inside Europe* to an analytical list of Carlylian "Heroes," collecting personal anecdotes and psychological studies of the outstanding leaders of modern Europe. He writes, in addition, some engrossing chapters in history. The assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss, "which marked the entrance of gangsterism into European politics on an international basis", and the Reichstag fire, planned and engineered by enterprising Nazis, are described with new insight. Russian progress for once in an American book is taken as a matter of fact, and the defects of the Soviet regime, for the first time in the history of American political commentary, are recognized as a Russian rather than a Communist characteristic. The League of Nations and the various situations in the various European countries are deftly pictured.

Mr. Gunther, to be short, has covered a wide territory; he has trusted to his own judgement (which is excellent) and advanced his own opinions. Naturally, he has made many controversial statements. This does not detract from the value of *Inside Europe*; Mr. Gunther's opinions are far more likely to be right than wrong, and he offers a valuable guide to the reader who would become familiar with the inner mechanism of European affairs.

***In Dubious Battle.* By John Steinbeck. Covici-Friede.**

John Steinbeck (author of *Tortilla Flat* and *To a God Unknown*) has gone radical in his latest novel, *In Dubious Battle*. One could forgive him if he adhered to truth; but Mr. Steinbeck knows very little about labor movements and strikes and revolutions: he is not a member of the movement he describes, and he jumbles facts inexcusably. Perhaps it is unfair to compare *In Dubious Battle* with *Moby Dick* and its impressive preface of references and quotations; writers today are expected to have ability, not learning or knowledge; they are like the poets from heaven, and they need none of the laborious aids with which the Victorian novelists bolstered up their works. But it would have been so simple for Mr. Steinbeck to avoid his errors...

Other than this, we have nothing but praise for *In Dubious Battle*. Complete lucidity and strength of style, embodying innumerable complexities of emotion and thought, courageous directness, sincerity, a line of dialogue and the story builds surely toward a powerful climax. And when it is all done one realizes that he has been permitted to penetrate into the psychological sources of types of personalities that are too little known in American literature.

This Modern Poetry.

By Babette Deutsch. Norton.

By its intelligence, its descriptive vigor and its historical proportions, Babette Deutsch's new book, *This Modern Poetry*, immediately supplants the earlier records of Untermeyer, Lowell, and Kreymborg. These chroniclers wrote under the stimulus of party politics and prejudice; Miss Deutsch has the shrewdness to select her entries, and weigh her choices, refusing to pay homage to friendship or prejudice. The unstable, complex, and swift-moving drama of contemporary poetry is a confusing scene, which Miss Deutsch does not pretend to analyze for the esoteric; her purpose is in effect to guide the students past the riddles of the Sphinx; she has combined instruction with enough recognition of her responsibilities to make her book an honest narrative of recent poetic history which can be understood and enjoyed by the man in the street.

House Party

(Continued from page 14)

I tried to think of some way out of this mess; the only thing I could think of was as ancient as time, but infallible. So, when the music stopped, I led Bull over to Red and his blonde.

"Red," I cooed, "may I speak with you a moment?"

He bowed formally, excused himself to the blonde and waited.

"Listen, Red," I murmured apologetically, "Bull wants to take me home to night. What shall I do?"

It's tradition to go home with the same fellow who brought you, so I waited smugly for him to say he'd talk to Bull. To my horror, he merely told me to go along with Bull, of course. I was stunned. I managed a weak fraternal glance, and fled back to Bull.

We headed for the hall, and Bull got me some punch. It was definitely spiked, and I don't drink, but I did swallow three glasses of it in the hope that it would cheer me up. All it did was to

make me dizzy, all of a sudden. As we were parading across the floor, I tripped, and sank most ungracefully to the floor. Someone screamed, and people began to talk in flat, far-away voices. My head was whirling in a blackness shot with vivid red polka-dots, and I couldn't seem to make my muscles obey me, so I laid there.

I heard Red's voice say, "Get a taxi," and even in my dazed condition, I knew I'd lost him. To send me home in a taxi when I might be seriously hurt! It was so sad, tears began to blur my mascara. Some kind soul threw a quart of water in my face, which nearly drowned me, and several people picked me up and laid me on a sofa whose upholstery pricked my face.

My dizziness began to abate, and I realized how foolish I must look, so I cried some more. Someone lifted me again, put my wrap around my shoulders and carried me outside to a car—Red's

taxi, I supposed. Several people helped to sit me on the cold leather seat, and I felt the cab lurch away.

After the cold air had revived me a bit, I realized that there was someone else in the car too, and I warily opened my eyes. It was Red! He smiled and his arms tightened around me.

"Are you all right, honey?" he asked anxiously.

I started to sit up and show him how all right I was, when my native intelligence asserted itself. I knew I must look pale in the darkness, and the water had made my hair curlier than ever. Here was my chance to be delicate and appealing; they say no man can resist a fragile woman.

I sighed gently and relaxed in his arms. My eyelashes fluttered and closed.

"I guess so," I breathed, hoping my last try at winning Red's pin would be more successful than the others.

It was.

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Jamie

(Continued from page 4)

cause of his nervousness, and Ella, probably because of Jamie.

That was my last picture of the two for it was about this time I was sent to the Pacific coast and I did not have time to go back to Fairmont.

I thought about them a good deal when I was first away and for a couple of years I heard from Jamie or Ella at long, irregular intervals. The letters told little—except that they had given up the new house. Considering the rapid rate they were living and the amount of money they needed to keep going, I thought little about it.

And now seeing them like this was almost incredible. I could hardly believe they were the same Jamie and Ella I had left ten years ago. It was not the way they looked—naturally, I expected them to look older and more settled. It was the strange way they were acting that I could not understand.

The conversation was dragging and Jamie had said practically nothing. I kept telling them about myself and my work, not because I wanted to, but because I hated to ask them questions when they volunteered no information. So I just went on talking wanly to break the tension all three of us felt.

Suddenly Jamie stopped the steadily tapping and smiled at me faintly.

"I'm glad you're getting to the top, old man! I always knew you would!"

Then he left the room abruptly.

I looked at Ella with astonishment.

"Don't mind," she explained. "Jamie gets nervous when other people are around. He hasn't worked in three years. We thought he was getting along beautifully—in fact, I'd almost forgotten that Jamie had ever been to France. Then all of a sudden he threw up his job. I couldn't understand at first—no one could. After so many years, we were sure he'd gotten over it all . . ."

I nodded and for a few moments we were silent.

"You see," she paused and looked at me squarely. I had seen Ella with that same expression before and time and separation had not been able to make me forget. I had the peculiar sensation that I was again living a scene I had been through once before.

It was hardly necessary for Ella to go on, but she struggled through the words needlessly.

"You see, Jim Peterson was lucky. He only lost a leg!"

Superstition Rides the River

(Continued from page 7)

an' carrying chains in rope 'n' working on that busted capstan. An' don't *you* lay down on me, Frank. With your's and Dusty's help, I'm expertin' fer to make the record run of the year, an' show them lugs what I think of them and their filthy little superstitions." He grinned at the glum mate.

The boat was two miles below Lock No. 3 now, and there were only forty-five minutes left in Blackie's watch.

The captain suddenly noticed that a red lantern was being waved back and forth through the blackness just ahead. When he came opposite the barges tied up at the Hugheston mine, he saw that the watchman had come down to the edge of the barges to signal him.

"Hi, Blackie!" he shouted.

"Hello, Jack! What's the good word?" Blackie leaned out of the side window.

"It ain't no good word, Blackie. Lang-acre called an' told me to flag you. They can't possibly have those barges loaded out till Wednesday night. Clamshell busted down on 'em t'night."

"Why, those Goddam rate . . . * raged Blackie.

He stamped on the whistle to call the mate up.

"Gotta turn around and head back to Charleston, Frank," he snorted, when the mate's head appeared above the stairway. "Get that tow into shape an' we'll swing 'er around."

It took about ten minutes to break the tow up, turn the steamhoat around, and then lash and chain the barges together again before starting back down river.

Down on the after-deck, the crews of both watches had huddled together to talk things over just before the change of watch. The captain had had all the lights on the boat turned off to increase the visibility. The murk, with its ghostly fog-shapes, was heavy about them.

"By God, if anyone but Blackie Smith was captain o' *The Star of West Virginia*, you couldn't o' gotten me to budge outa Charleston," one of them was proclaiming. "As it is, I don't like the looks o' things atall."

"I tell ya', it's a bad sign, this turnin' around an' goin' back," another burst out.

"That it is," agreed one of the deckhands. "And this damn fog's another one. It's a stinkin' night. Anything could happen on a night like this . . ."

No sound could be heard save the

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gurgling of the black water about the boat.

Out of the stillness another deck-hand spoke. "Kanawha is Indian for 'The Treacherous,'" he said significantly.

Again there was silence for a long time.

A fireman cleared his throat. "I recall as how the fate o' the *Hallie* caught up wi' 'er back in 1909," he began. "She was a waitin' at the Black Cat tippie for her barges to be loaded. The mate was Red Wright—Goose Wright's uncle. His little son was on board, visitin' his daddy, an' havin' the time of his life. He was only seven—cute li'l shaver, with red hair and freckles. He asked Red if he couldn't row the yawl over to the swimmin' hole acrost the river an' go swimmin' while they was waitin' fer the barges. Red says 'sure'—Jimmy'd been swimmin' and rowin' boats since he was four year old, and his daddy wasn't afraid to let him go. But he rowed that yawl acrost the head o' the tow before anyone could stop him." He paused before he went on, shakily. "Two hours hadn't passed 'till the *Hallie* caught fire an' burned to the water's edge."

The listeners were strained back mute, then stirred uneasily.

"Yeah," the fireman went on, "an' the

cook on the *T. M. Staunton* done the same thing. 'Bout two days later the boat struck a snag in the channel on the way to Cincinnati, an' rammed a hole in 'er bottom the size of a barrel—sank like a stone before they could man the pumps."

"They tell me Cap'n Peters' gal was the one that ruined the old *Hatfield*," someone said. "How 'bout it?"

"Uh-huh," another answered. "She went on board to tell him goodbye just before he left for Paducah one summer. He got out the yawl to row her to shore hisself. The dame pestered him to take her 'round the head o' the tow—said she thought it'd be a lark. He told her t' kep her trap shut, an' then she started in raisin' hell. Said he didn't love her or he wouldn't be so dumb about a blasted old superstition—oh, she carried on sumpin' fierce. Threatened to jump outa the yawl an' drown herself. Peters, the Goddam fool, gave in an' rowed her around. Sure enough, just th' other side of Portsmouth, the *Hatfield* was travelin' loose—she'd left all her barges in Portsmouth. Cap'n was off watch, an' the mate'd gotten lousy drunk. He signaled for full steam ahead—no barge in front of her to force the water back, y'know—so her head dug down sharp in to the water an' she dove straight to the

bottom! All hands lost."

The crowd shuddered.

"S-s-s-st! Here comes the mate!"

They faded away noiselessly.

It was midnight, and the alternate pilot stumbled up the steps to the pilot-house to take his trick at the wheel.

"Boy, I'm sure glad to hand 'er over to you," Blackier greeted him heartily. "S a nasty night."

"Why don'tcha tie up, Blackie?" asked the other man.

"Not tonight. Not unless we just can't plug along any further. Man, oh man, am I ever gonna hit that bunk," he grunted. "Dead on my feet after stayin' up all last night to see that that bag in her boilers was properly driven up." He stamped over to the stairs. "G'night," he called back over his shoulder. "Take it easy, fella, an' be sure to tie up if it gets too tough for you."

"Too tough for me, hell!" thought Dusty Rhodes. "I've seen many a thicker night than this. Wonder why Blackie insists on forging ahead, though. Those damn mine hands probably won't have the barges loaded out 'till morning anyway. Oh, well, none o' my business. I should worry—I know every ripple an' twist in this channel. Could steer it in a dead faint—so whatthehell do I care about fog?"

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Dusty had just hauled himself out of his bunk a few minutes before. Six hours' sound sleep had somehow erased from his mind the memory of the unpleasant incident that had occurred the previous morning.

As he whirled the wheel, he began to think over what he was going to say to his girl when he got back from this trip. He was making enough money now for them to live on comfortably. Probably wouldn't be very long till he'd have a job as captain on a boat of his own. He had his papers at last, and several good prospects of a position as captain. He was doing well to be so young, damn if he wasn't! Why, it hadn't been but a few years since he was just another kid who haunted the lock-wall, and swarmed over every boat that came through. Only twenty-four now, and in line for a captain's berth. And it was all because he'd made up his mind a long time ago that he was going to be a smart, careful pilot with a keen eye, a skillful hand, and good habits. Which reminded him—since he was such a cautious cuss, it wouldn't be a bad idea to check up a bit.

The fog was swirling densely about the boat now, a thick, soupy cloud. He step-

ped on the whistle once every minute, making it scream a warning to other crafts of his approach. For some reason or other, the damn whistle made his heart thump—queerly.

He shook himself impatiently, and shouted out to the invisible mate, who was standing on the head-barge keeping watch for danger.

"Everything O. K., Frank?" A reassuring halloo was the reply.

Dusty walked over to the speaking tube connected with the engine room, and whistled down it.

"How's evrything down there, Jim?" he asked, after he heard the answering whistle of the chief engineer at the other end.

"O. K., Dusty. She's purrin' smooth as a kitten," was the report.

Dusty nodded his head contentedly, and resumed his thoughts of Irene.

A moment later, he saw a light over to the right, glimmering through the sudsy mist.

"Lock comin' up, Dusty!" the watcher sang out from the head barge.

Dusty flipped the wheel to the left a few points, relyong on instinct to give

him his bearings. He could not even see the first barge.

The boat moved slowly, blindly on.

Suddenly a hideous yell shivered through the fog-choked air. Instantly, there flashed through Dusty's mind a picture of a deck-hand rowing ruthlessly across the head of a tow of barges. At the same time, he heard the roaring of water, and realized what was happening. The boat had reversed directions while he was asleep. This was Lock No. 4 instead of No. 3. The wickets were up, instead of down, making a six-foot drop in the river-level. They were going over the dam! Dusty rang the bell for "Back up!" frantically, but it was too late. There was a crunching jolt as the first barge went over. The others followed swiftly after, and piled up in a splintered mass. The steamboat was next. It hung over the edge of the abyss for a sickening moment, then plunged down, striking the heaped-up barges with terrific impact. The boat was up-ended for a split second, then rolled over on her side while timbers snapper, men screamed, and the water swept all before it.

The boilers exploded.

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The Sun Shines on Cherry Street

(Continued from page 5)

catch, then heaved the window open with a clatter. With convulsive effort his arms dragged his body to the window, his hands clutched and heaved against the ledge. As he hurtled downward a final scream trembled in the rain-washed air. Death and the sun grinned down at his huddled form on the polished cobblestones.

* * *

A night light, outliving the dark, gleamed through the upper window of Moskovitz's corner store. Like all the night lights on Cherry Street, it presaged sickness or trouble.

In the upstairs room Mrs. Moskocitz was painfully waiting for an addition to the already burdensome family of eight children. The pangs of imminent birth wrung involuntary groans from her heavy body. Her husband, Abe, worn out with waiting and lack of sleep, sat beside the bed. Across from him was Mrs. Levy, who had come in "to assist."

Abe stood up suddenly and said to Mrs. Levy, "Let me know if you need me."

Without glancing at the shapeless body of his wife, he left the room. After eight crises, the ninth did not make so much impression.

He crossed the hall to the two remaining bedrooms and gazed in at the wide-awake children. Their whispers ceased at his approach. They had good reason to know his toil-hardened hand could mete out stinging punishment to the too inquisitive.

Abe, looking at the children, smiled reminiscently as he remembered how happy he and Rosie had been over their first few kids; then sighed as he reflected how tough things were now. He shook his head abruptly as though to shake loose his thoughts. After warning the children to stop chattering and to keep out of their mother's room, he wearily clumped downstairs.

He carried a chair to the window of the combination dining-living room and watched the sun slowly scattering the last fragments of night. Somehow he couldn't keep from thinking of the future—a future filled with specters of

small children; children who clung to his limbs pulling him deeper and deeper into the muck of poverty.

Already his poorly clad kids were scorned at the synagogue. He wondered bitterly if they, too, were destined for a future that would duplicate today and yesterday. At the thought his features twisted with hopelessness; he kicked back the chair and began to nervously pace the room.

As he passed the window for the third time, the sun cast its beam into the room, exposed the worn furniture and dingy walls. As the room grew brighter, a new born wail rasped in the silence above.

Abe shrugged his shoulders and turned to climb heavily upstairs. Sunlight and new life had bestowed their blessings upon the Moskovitz family.

* * *

As the sun shafts burst into their full morning brilliance, the squalling of alarm clocks and babies and the antiphonals of bickering families blared against the silence. Another day was yawning in the face of Cherry Street.

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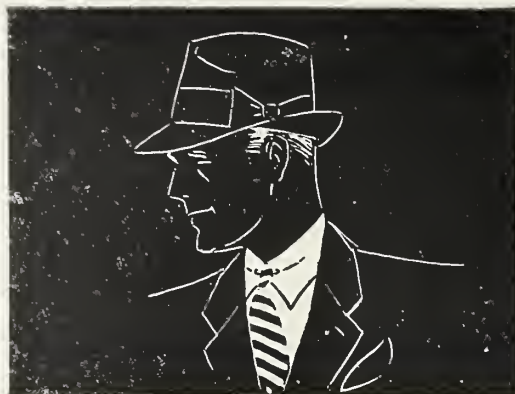
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THE ARCHIVE



MARCH 1936



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The ARCHIVE

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HOW THE JUDGE
LOST HIS FIRST
PIPE...AND FOUND
IT AGAIN

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EVER OWNED RIGHT HERE IN MY COLLECTION!
I BOUGHT IT UP IN THE NORTH WOODS IN A
LOGGIN' CAMP — AND PROMPTLY BURNED
MY INITIALS ON IT



I'LL NEVER FORGET THE
SPRING DRIVE! I WAS JUST
A KID THEN — ONE DAY I
LOST MY FOOTING —



IT LOOKED AS THOUGH
I WAS A GONER!



GOSH, IT'S
LUCKY YOU
HEARD ME
YELL FOR
HELP!



HEARD YOU?
SAY, NOBODY
HEARD NOTHIN'
IN ALL THIS
UPROAR —

THE BOSS LOGGER
HAD SEEN MY PIPE
COME FLOATING DOWN
THE RIVER — THAT'S
WHEN HE FIRST
FIGGERED I WAS
IN TROUBLE —



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THAT'S THE KIND
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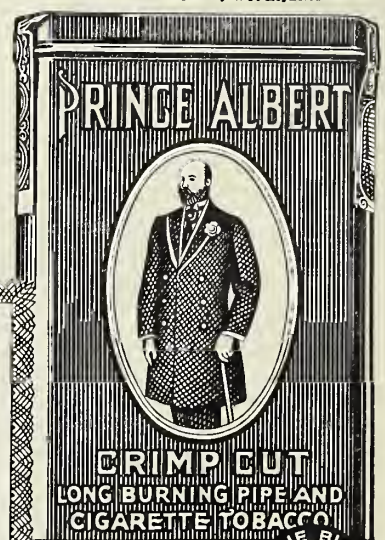
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To Make A Long Story Short

a shot is fired. . .

DEAR SIRs:

Duke's literary leaders are chosen from among politicians with fraternity backing. Thus we do an injustice to the *Archive* by putting feminine candidates out of the running, no matter how able or creative. An editor must be clever at getting votes rather than literary material. If a man lacks enthusiasm for everything but his salary, we can scarcely expect him to lead a group of writers.

Nor is it fair to pass the buck to the English Department. The *Archive* suggests that works of genius would sprout all at once, like a host of golden daffodils, if only we had a Thomas Wolfe at Duke to fertilize our arid brains. If Mr. Wolfe, as a professor in New York, drew rabbits from hats or ideas from unfertile minds, he made no report of it in his autobiographical *Of Time and the River*; and, according to him, even Baker at Harvard plucked few, if any, rabbits and even fewer daffodils. And who taught Wolfe to write, anyhow? Not Baker; not a Chapel Hill professor; Wolfe says he read an average of one thousand books a year. We have some books here at Duke, too. Perhaps a dose of Mr. Wolfe's reading list, taken three times a day after meals and at bed time, might strengthen the ailing *Archive* writers.

Sincerely,

CONSTANT READER.

the echo rolls on. . .

Well, ma'am, ah, (indeed this is embarrassing) we *are* chewing our words, but have not yet swallowed any of them, though several of yours went down the wrong way. We had an idea that we have a reader on the East Campus; but think what a terrific blow it was to learn that she is a "Constant Reader," and writes letters, too. It was too much—we took the day off.

We would much prefer to take Miss Reader aside and whisper the answer; after all, we are in a ticklish spot. But we made a bargain—we'll live up to it. The letter writer is not quite clear about the injustice to the "feminine" candidates. We have a co-ed editor (and take our word for it, the quoted adjective is weak), and she draws a salary. Now about that lack of enthusiasm, evidently Miss Reader has never edited a literary magazine—but stay, we cannot discuss these subjects here—think how Donald Duck would react to it—the subject is campus literature.

We are deeply appreciative, in a restrained sort of way, that Miss Reader succeeded in bringing Mr. Wolfe to our door for our benefit. After examining the possibilities, however, we have decided that we do not want Mr. Wolfe; nor do we believe he would have anything to do with us; not if he can write *Of Time and the River* and read a thousand books a year. Let's see, that means two and three-quarters books a day, perhaps a page or two less. Our book editor assures us he could do that well on Saturdays, but that we could hardly expect him to do his little stunt at the typewriter also.

Even though a Thomas Wolfe would probably have nothing to do with us, our declaration still goes for a Koch, or a Paul Green, or let us say, a Sherwood Anderson, to keep the number odd. We'd rather not include here a discussion of how geniuses and their works should be "sprouted;" but speaking of salaries, this drawing rabbits from hats faintly reminds us of Bierce's definition of a publisher: "...one who drinks champagne out of the authors' skulls"—which does not jibe with arid brains, so let's drop it. Miss Reader, in short, makes it very, very difficult for us to "eat our words"—but we have succeeded; thousands of them, mostly unprintable words. and on. . .

In the March 10 journalistic review of the *Archive* Mr. Wilson Street agrees with us "in varying degrees" about the Duke student literature, but puts the editors in the glare of his spot-light and makes us responsible for the literary misdemeanors perpetuated about the campus. He believes that the "best opportunity to do something about this mess confronts" us. Come now, Mr. Street, what do you think we are trying to do—fill up space? Of course the problem confronts (but does not incriminate) us, and we are trying to arrive at a solution of it.

Everybody who has discussed the question with us concedes that a "real problem" faces us. The assertions and inferences that we are trying to "pass the buck" borders slightly on stupidity on the face of it. If the editors of the *Archive* had any deep literary sins to hide, would they plaster them in print to become targets for the campus wits? The situation at a glance is that we finish our year's job after the April issue. We are modestly proud of the magazine we have published; do not mistake our sentiments. We are simply trying to offer a workable solution to a broad problem as

we honestly see it, to make the campus conscious of the fact before we pass from college life.

We mentioned a lack of interest in literary movements, a scarcity of faculty leadership, a deficiency in honest literary criticism, and an absence of purposeful drive toward literary objectives among campus authors; Mr. Street, however, declares that the task of mending these troubles is to be dealt with by "nothing else in the world but the *Archive*." A slight exaggeration, is it not? He turns a pretty phrase about old saws and declares "But a mag gets no better stuff than it deserves." So far as we know, we went out and brought in every good story we had heard of, even to the degree of camping on doorsteps.

"As a matter of fact," he asserts, "unless a university literary publication is a stabilizer of interest and literary purpose, unless it is the agent and agency of leadership, unless it is habitually turned to for criticism and advice, we wonder just what it is all about." We do not wonder that Mr. Street does not know what it is all about. There is only one condition under which this statement would hold true; namely, that we operated a clique composed of a literati of our own choosing, and that we wrote all copy for the magazine ourselves and shut all other material out.

The central defect in this haphazard method is that the rise and fall of the clique takes place in a year's time; the leaders graduate, and there is a slump for three or four years, until another clique forms and develops. Knowing this we have offered the solution that there must be several forceful personalities among the faculty to inculcate the energies and direction of the students with their own drive. Their leadership will create a stable process that will continue from year to year. Of course there are some evils in this solution, and we hope to point them out later.

and on. . .

In the *Chronicle* editorial on "Campus Literature," which appeared on March 13, the writer attempted to answer us and at the same time to offer a solution to the problem. His discussion obviously gives no indication that the editorialist is aware of the dimensions of the problem we have brought to light. He admits that the great personalities mentioned have exerted an influence on student literary activities, then bounds off in another direction.

(Continued on page 21)

Holidays Begin

JACK C. STAMATON

yes, dear readers, danny was young; yet his experience might befall any one of you. . .



He sat there, oblivious to all those about him. The train was crowded with late commuters and with returning students like himself. Some of the students were drinking brazenly out of huge bottles, while the others were laughing at one another. If they would only quiet down. . .

The man sitting beside him slouched deeper, attempting a more comfortable position.

"Going home?" he blandly inquired.

"Yes," Danny said.

"How come you're not singing and carrying-on with the rest of 'em?"

"I dunno," he absently remarked. The man turned away from him at that.

It couldn't be true, it just couldn't. He wanted to cry, but suddenly he felt ashamed of himself. He reached for one of the magazines he had bought and scanned the advertisements. There must be some mistake. No use trying to read. Why only last night he talked to both Mother and Dad. The magazine dropped on the floor and the boy did not bother to retrieve it.

His roommate's home in Washington. . . He had looked forward to spending the night there. The messenger... the telegram. Hurry back, it urged. His mother's friend, Lucy's mother, had sent it.

A drink of water. That's what he wanted, a drink of water. He walked over to the small cooler and drew a cupful. It was warm and stale and he threw most of it away. As he made his

way back to his seat, he noticed the faces of those in the car. Theirs were happy with expressions of cheerfulness, of anticipation. They were carefree. Sure, sure, Christmas joy and all that blah. His lips quivered.

"Have a drink. What school you from, fellah?" One of the boys waved a dark bottle in front of his face.

"No, thanks. Don't drink," he said and he stumbled slightly as he made his way down the aisle.

Back at his seat he occupied himself by trying to peer through the frosted window. The glass was damp and cold and he touched his nose lightly to it. Snow, still snowing.

Not long now. Why hadn't he thought of calling them up from Grand Central? Only four months away from his parents. Lucy, too. Not right for him to think about girls now.

"Port Chester, Port Chester. . ." the conductor swayed past him. Nearly home. Next stop after Port Chester and he'd be there. A warm glow passed through his body.

What was he going to do with all his stories he had accumulated for the amusement of his parents? He wanted to make them laugh as he told them of his follies, about the school, the fellows, the day the freshmen beat the sophomores. . . What fun!

The train had stopped. This was probably Port Chester. A young man carrying a huge basket entered the car. He wore only a thin blue sweater over his

shirt. His face was red from the cold and his hair wet. The fellow's nose was running. . . why didn't he blow it?

"Magazines, candy, fruit. . ." the monotonous voice irritated him.

They were moving once more. Outside it was snowing worse than ever. A cold breeze entered through the small crack at the bottom of the window. He moved his body toward the middle of the seat.

"What'd'y'want, the whole place?" the other demanded of him. The draft continued to pierce through his tweeds and the chill made him more uncomfortable. No Christmas, no nothing. Only the thought of seeing his father and mother before. . .

"Greenwich, Greenwich. . ."

Passengers began to move about. He jumped up from his chair, nervous and excited. Awkwardly he pulled down his two traveling bags from the rail above. They banged loudly on the floor. A wizened old man squeezed past him. "Take it easy, son, take it easy." The boy grinned at him.

"Darling!" he found himself held tight to a woman's slender body. Her face was pink from the cold and flakes of snow had settled on her eye lashes. He felt self-conscious and embarrassed. He hurriedly freed himself.

"The car is down this way." It was the first time he had noticed the close resemblance between Lucy and her mother.

Neither of them said very much. He sat huddled deep in the car's low seat, and the hot air from the heater scorched his knees. Misery was in him as he turned to the woman.

"Are we going to see them now?" he asked.

She avoided his direct question. "You -er-spoke, my dear?"

"I mean, are we going to the hospital now?"

She thought swiftly, desperately. She had been dreading this moment.

"No, it's too late now. We had better go up to my place and give you time for a shower."

Then he cried out in pain. He had not meant to, but the words escaped him.

"I want to see them. . ." he stopped. Was he beginning to blubber like a kid? After all, this woman knew. . . "How bad are they hurt?" he asked.

Why hadn't she insisted on her husband's meeting the boy? A man would

have done much better. But no, Tom had wanted to stay at the hospital.

"Danny," she again turned to him, "you must be brave." What was she saying? This would never do. The boy's face frightened her. "They had a dreadful accident..." she continued her eyes before her. "It all happened as they were returning from a bridge party. The car skidded off Thompson's hill into the gulley below." She heard him gasp. Then hurriedly: "Nothing serious, not killed, but neither of them has regained consciousness. It took them a long time to locate the car in the snow banks..." she found herself at a loss for words.

She breathed in relief when she saw her house before her. Too many cars parked in front. Why hadn't she left word for these well-meaning friends of the boy's parents not to have stayed! All those lights. The boy would feel uncomfortable.

As he entered the hall he heard many voices. He wanted to sneak off somewhere... Finally Judge Bradford spoke:

"Well, look who's here!"

He smiled sickly at the heavy man. He wanted to run away. Wonder if he should?

She stood before him. The most perfect figure of a young woman that could possibly be imagined. His eyes dared not leave her face. She smiled at him.

"Hello, Danny."

"Hello, Lucy."

"Here. Put your things over there." He noticed that she was tall and straight as ever.

Danny followed her blindly as she led the way to the kitchen.

He watched her dismiss the maid. She prepared him a light dinner and this pleased him. She tried to conceal her nervousness behind a forced gayety and talked a little too much.

His eyes never left her alone for an instant. He was nervous and confused too, and she knew it. Now and then, when he turned to reach for something, she looked at him guardedly, with a shy, hurried glance.

During the meal she was tormented by his eyes which sometimes caught hers during one of her short, quick glances at him when she believed herself unobserved. Finally she said, "Everything all right?"

"Fine, thanks."

"Oh, don't bother with the rest of it. Let's get out of here."

"Lucy, do you think... that is... Lucy, I'm afraid."

She was observing him closely. "Yes, Danny. This is a funny world, but if one is strong and brave..." she got up from the table and walked away

from him, "if one is strong and brave," she continued, "like you, things aren't so bad."

"I suppose so," he muttered.

They joined the others. The huge room was brilliantly lighted and the boy and girl felt conspicuous. She was showing him her various Christmas gifts when the phone bell rang. Lucy started for it, but her mother was there before her.

Everyone stopped talking. Danny's eyes followed the woman's progress. She answered, then said no more. Her movements were stiff when she placed the receiver back on its hook. She sat down on the small wicker chair, her face pale.

One of her friends rushed to her and asked her the trouble. The rest joined the two and plied the woman with anxious questions. The boy had risen from his chair. "Who was it? What's wrong?" they asked her. Forgetting herself and those near her she burst into hysterical tears.

Her sobbing was dreadful to hear. Her daughter had reached her side and the mother was clutching her tightly to her breast. Finally she calmed down, but her sobbing continued.

"It was Tom... he says... he said that he was making arrangements with the undertaker... Both died without regaining consciousness..." and then she broke down completely.

Danny walked away. They were dashing about the room in their own excitement and hysteria. He knew that they would all concern themselves with him. He stepped into the hall. A few of the women were putting on their coats, their husbands helping them and mumbling of the tragedy, "Too bad, too bad. Swell couple."

Danny rushed out. Once outside he put on his coat. Where was he going? Anywhere, anywhere, he did not care. Get away from them all, that's all, just get away from there.

The cold air lashed about him, but his coat remained unbuttoned. He looked up at the sky and opened his mouth. Huge snowflakes entered and he sucked them in greedily. The flakes mingled with his tears. They burned and stung him as the wind dried them to his cheeks. He was crying and walking. Glad that he was crying.

Men shouldn't cry... they were never meant to. They look awful when they do. What are you bawling about? Sorry for yourself, for them? Why you? Why now... why so early. Killed! No, something wrong. Things like that don't just happen.

His hands, feet, face and ears were almost frozen. He knew he was crying aloud, he knew that he was not trying

to feel sorry for himself, but he couldn't help it.

He opened his mouth to take a breath and he could feel the cold on the insides of his lips and on his tongue... down his throat. What would happen to him now? His mother and father? Impossible! Why Dad and he used to have a swell time together. That time his mother, his father... his father, all went to the winter carnival and promised to go again this year. Why...

The snow sucked his feet and the cold chilled through the leather of his thin shoes. He stumbled on, seeing nothing ahead of him. Only those thousand little episodes of life with his parents. Those tiny, intimate incidents connecting them to him passed before his eyes, into his mind, through to his heart.

There was no such thing as time, place. He was walking. He was going to walk forever. And while he walked—he talked. He spoke to his mother and she answered him. He told them those funny little stories about school, his follies, the fellows there and the freshman-sophomore battle. What fun! He laughed gleefully, childishly. His strong voice spoke loud above the noise of the swirling wind. The snow was coming down fast upon his hair, his shoulders and into his mouth.

He tasted it... fresh, clean. And as he talked to them he remembered and cried. He yelled to them in a loud voice to listen, he had more to tell. And they listened to him as he told them word for word. Just as he had planned.

The pale colored lights of the roadhouse were before him. He stopped and heard music, people's voices, laughter, gayety... the clink of glasses and bottles thrown out the window.

Why, of course! This was the place Lucy and he had come his last night in town. All the gang had told him about it. Lucy had admired the music, but hadn't cared much for the place. He had liked it though, so Lucy said she did too.

The warm smoky air greeted him as he opened the door. Only then did he take notice of his appearance. His coat was covered with snow and it felt cold to his touch. He stamped his feet and hurried in. He sat down at a small table.

"... and bring two bottles of Coca-Cola with you," he added to the grinning waiter.

Time and again he forced the liquid down his throat and always the Coca-Cola bottles were handy for chaser. He had seen others do this and it had seemed the right thing to do. But he wasn't getting drunk. Maybe it was rotten stuff.

(Continued on page 20)

Sprig Is Cub, Sprig Is Cub, Do You Hab A Colb Too?

PHOTOS BY BAKER



All the ARCHIVE's romantic young poets have, with varied sighs, greeted the arrival of Lady Spring, and the editor has been suffering from a cold which threatens to become an epidemic.

Photographer Baker in a series of roamings about the campus discovered blooms and buds, cooing lovers, a spring fever victim contemplating a stream and one very

lazy gardener haphazardly tending a few shrubs. Having clicked his little camera many times, Photographer Baker rushed back to the office, and joyfully announced that "Spring is here!" Hoping that neither hayfever nor colds dismantle you ere the holidays, we submit this proof that warm breezes and romance will soon have the entire campus holding hands—excepting Washington and J. B.

The Economy of Heaven

ELINOR DOUGLAS

a story wherein love and tragedy lay their marks upon a young girl. . .

*God is great, and God is good,
And we thank him for this food.*

A hundred young voices joined in singing the Grace, bringing a freshness to the well-worn tune and a significance to the simple words. Then came a moment's hush while the teachers were being seated, followed by a great scraping and creaking as the girls drew their own chairs to the tables. Little Molly Winston looked into the soup-tureen, then down the table at the thick plates of soda-crackers, and the unappetizing salads at each place. There seemed to be no particular reason for thanking God for these. But, she thought, perhaps the old hymn implied gratitude for more than such mundane things. There was food of another sort in seeing the apple-trees bowed with frost, and the clusters of wild asters that lined the lanes that autumn. Looking from her window at the tall pines with the stars glinting above them was food. And the sound of the brook in the morning, and the murmur of the rain at night—these things sustained the spirit. And then her family, at home; her erratic and lovable father; Mr. Strange, quiet, thinking, little brother Tom; and Joan, the youngest, who at three already senses the power of her dark eyes and golden curls—they too fed.

II

Molly sank down on the flat stone step of the playhouse, her weary body drinking the warmth of the October sun. Putting her head on her knees, she let the heat beat upon her back. The village clock struck four. At school, they would be playing hockey, now. How strange it was to be home. But everything had been strange for the past horrible week, the week that yawned like a chasm between past and future. "But I'm going back to school," she muttered, "I'm going back soon." The words seemed to throw a plank across the chasm. For the thousandth time she tried to form all of the events of the last seven days into a logical pattern, into some order that she could comprehend. She sat rigid, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands, while she remembered once more.

That afternoon she had been walking with Holly Ransom. They had hurried up the darkening road to the dormitory, their arms full of bright leaves that they had gathered to decorate the gymnasium for the fall dance. They had entered the house, laughing together—and it had happened, then.

"Telephone, for you, Miss Molly, long distance."

Bother! She had thought. I can't go home this week-end, there's the dance. Her father's voice came over the wire.

"Molly, something terrible has happened, Joan's half-burned to death."

"I'll come. I'll come."

After that there was the ride to the station with the French teacher who was mercifully stolid and uncommunicative. Then came the long journey in the train where none of the people seemed strangers to her, but all remembered from some past life. The wheels kept clacking: half-burned to death, half-burned to death . . . burned . . . burned.

Then there was the night of waiting while her father and mother were at the hospital, and all her brothers and sisters, sleeping. She had knelt before the window, hour after hour, her mind emptied of all thoughts save one, trying to pierce the dark sky, wrestling, struggling, hoping, fearing. Sometimes her mind tired from the effort; and then she was aware of the stillness of the night, broken only by the sharp sound of leaves snapping from their twigs, or the soft shock of an apple striking the ground. Then, once again, she would take up her desperate entreaty. Morning came at last, and the sun, rising over the low hills, flooded the earth with amber light. The world began to wake and stir with a surge of life so powerful that she had thought: what a day to be born! But the sighing of the old Tamarack by the window seemed to answer: what a day to die! . . .

She was still weary of thinking of the trip to the hospital. Again she saw the child, groping drowsily for her hand. Bending over her, Molly had seen that her eyelashes were gone, and the soft curls over the forehead had been burned away. Joan half-opened her eyes, smiled dazedly, and asked in a faint voice: "tell me 'The Three Bears.'" But before the story had well begun, she had sunk into a torpor. Time passed. Then Joan's hand had clutched hers with a sudden strength. She sat up, and her eyes came wide open—Joan's beautiful eyes glaring wildly like those of a frightened animal. A long tremor convulsed her; she gasped, and fell back on the pillow. It was as if a huge hand had crumpled the child's body like a piece of paper, then tossed it aside. . .

And then there was the open grave with the turf piled neatly beside it, waiting, the small open grave soon to hold forever what had once been so soft

and warm to put the arms about. Now the grave was to have her in its embrace, and she must lie in the rain and the cold. The clergyman's voice rose on the still air.

"I am the resurrection and the life . . . he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live. . ." Brave words. But with them had come for the first time to realization: how fitful are man's best defences. The voice droned on, catching her attention again when it asked: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" as if anyone could look at that silent group of people, and not know how the grave had triumphed, and how sharp was the sting of death.

Molly lifted her head, and straightened her tired body. Well—it was over, and she was going back to school. It was over, but one thing remained to be done, and must be done before the callers left and her parents came out of the house. She must clean up the play-house where it had happened. Her father and mother must not see that room as it was now. She rose, and opened the door. Joan's shoes were lying on the floor. There were her socks, too, one with a great hole burned in it. Her dress and underwear, scorched and blackened in places, lay on the table where they had been ripped from her body. Molly piled the clothing together and swept the room. On the seat of a chair were two small footprints where the child had stood. Molly rubbed them out with her hand.

She left the house, and carrying the clothing with her, sought a clean, grassy place in the orchard. There were apples lying on the ground, and on a stone sat a sleek brown rat nibbling corn that he had stolen from the chicken-run. Mollie gathered the clothing together, and lighted a fire. The socks were soon mere smouldering bits of blackened dust. The thin dress followed with a quick blaze. But the woolen shirt burned slowly—dear God, how slowly. As she held it to the flames, the village clock struck five. Now the girls were filing into the dining-room at school. She held the shirt higher. In it were three blackened holes through which another fire had sought the living flesh . . . now the girls would be singing:

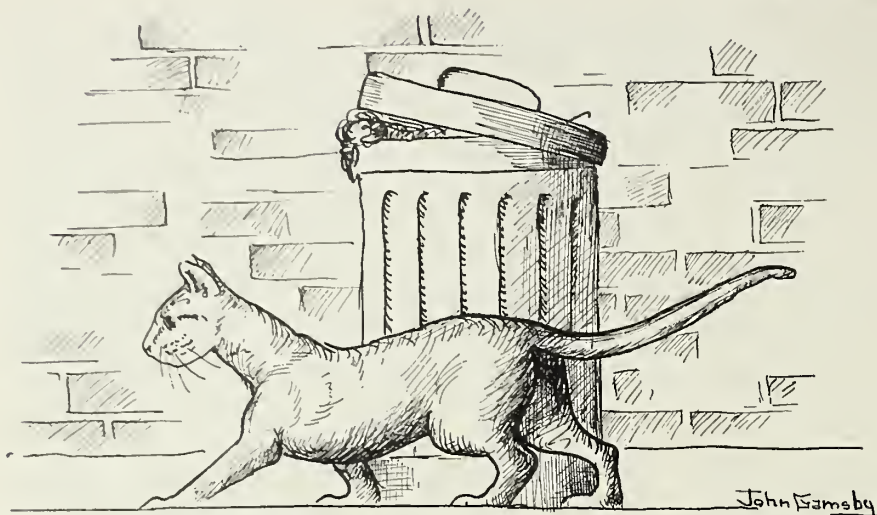
*God is great, and God is good,
And we thank him for this food.*

This food . . . the little shirt smouldered deliberately, insolently refusing to be consumed.

The Cat Stalks

ROBERT C. TOWNER

a star reporter, a cub, several laborers, an alley cat, an old lady, and a financier become tangled in a startling chain of events. . .



Ed was giving the kid a pep talk. On the way home from the office, he was taking the opportunity to explain how to become a star reporter like himself. The kid listened, more out of respect than interest. Ed went on, "Now take me for instance. I got where I am because I got a nose for news. You got to be right on the spot when things happen. Fact, you have to be there waiting for it. Can't be waiting for the desk to send you out. And another thing. You want to be able to know the difference between what actually happens and what the public wants to know. Lotta angles, kid. You'll learn 'em in time." The kid nodded in what he thought to be hopeful assent. They turned the corner at Mrs. Mason's Novelty Shop. "Take this street for instance," Ed said. "You walk it most every day. What strikes you as being different or new about it to-night. The kid looked up the street. A light snow-fall made it seem peaceful and relieved from daily routine. Light from the display window of the Novelty Shop shone in competition with the corner street lamp. "Well," he hesitated a bit. "It looks pretty much the same to me. Same houses. Most of them dark. Maybe the snow changes things a bit. Look, there's a dog, no, it's a cat sneaking out of the alley. It's trying to see in the store window. Never saw it around here before. Looks kind of hungry doesn't it?" Ed snorted in disgust. "A cat! That's all you notice. A cat!" The kid opened his mouth as though to reply, but Ed continued before he could manage a retort. "Of all the things that you might see that could be turned into news, you

have to notice a plain, ordinary alley-cat. An animal that barely has an existence of its own. I suppose you figure that what that cat does is going to be news. Of all the things on this street, you pick the most irrelevant and inconsequential thing possible. Kid you'll have to pick up more than that, or you'll never make the grade around here." Ed slapped him on the back and turned in to his apartment. "See you tomorrow, fellow, and keep your eyes peeled." The kid went on up the street. It was getting colder, and he pulled his coat collar up around his neck.

Picks bit into the hard earth. Shovels scooped up the dirt and heaped it in piles atop the edge of the ditch. A frozen water-main had burst just across the street from Mrs. Mason's Novelty Shop. The men were laying a whole new section of pipe. A whistle blew in the distance. Tony looked up over the edge of the ditch. In the store across the street the hands of a huge wall-clock pointed to twelve. Tony nudged Dominick, and with a laugh they climbed out of the ditch. The other two men quickly clambered up after them. Still sweating from their efforts, the men retrieved their lunch boxes and sat down on the edge of the ditch, where the snow had been cleared from the pavement. Tony tenderly unwrapped a carefully folded paper to expose what appeared to be a huge slab of fish. Tony showed the fish to Dominick, and they both chuckled. Laying the paper and fish between himself and Dominick, Tony turned again to his lunch kit and drew forth a loaf of bread and a long, thin

pocket-knife. Opening the blade of the knife, he proceeded to hollow out a large hole in the center of the loaf. Tony hummed to himself and wet his lips in anticipation. He was going to enjoy this. A nice, white loaf of bread with one of Louisa's special fish in the center. He wondered what kind of fish it was. He'd put some olive oil in with it. With a bottle of warm wine and the cherry pie, he'd have a real meal. Couldn't wish for any better. Louisa made cherry pies okay. He was a lucky fellow to have Louisa for a wife, even if her whole family did have to live with them. Tony turned for the fish. It was gone. He turned to Dominick. "You hava the fish?" Dominick looked at him in surprise. He was chewing furiously and almost choking over this mouthful. As soon as he had cleared his vocal chords, he gasped, "Me? The fish. Course not. I gotta plenty. You have it." Tony looked around him. His eyes narrowed, and his hands waved. "She's not here. You have it. You have eaten it. You! You steal my fish." Dominick laughed at him. Tony's complexion darkened, and words shot from his mouth. Hot, explosive, Italian words. Dominick's mouth straightened, and then he too burst out. The other two men began to laugh at them. Tony's hands waved. He pointed first at one spot and then in another. His hand brushed the pocket-knife. Dominick began to point too, and his eyes widened in terrified surprise. Tony, in a wild swing, had driven the knife several inches into Dominick's chest. Dominick gasped and clutched at the knife. Blood trickled from his nostrils. Still clutching the knife, he slumped over into the bottom of the ditch. Tony, now white, stared at him with wide eyes. The other two men rushed for Dominick.

Across the street, in the alley between the store and the adjoining home, an emaciated, yellow and white striped cat crept hurriedly over the snow. Between its jaws it clutched a portion of fish that was too large for the cat to prevent it from dragging on the ground. Tail twitching, the cat stopped and glanced from side to side. It turned and crawled into an open cellar window of the store.

The police came and hustled Tony into their car. The ambulance had already taken Dominick away. They called Tony

a murderer. He heard nothing. He felt cold and tried to pull up the collar of his jacket, but they wouldn't let him raise his arms. They said that he'd be hot enough before long.

Mrs. Mason lit the Christmas candles in the window. She decided that, with Christmas only a week away, the cards should sell fairly well. There had been a lot of people in the store today. Especially after that mixup across the street. Those foreigners were always getting in fights anyway. Think they'd know better. The window looked nice anyway. She'd used an awful lot of crepe paper, but it was worth the trouble. Then too, those candles gave the window just the right Christmas touch. Three of them didn't seem too many and she had three more with which to replace them. She'd have to sweep up the paper though, before she closed. She went to the back of the store for a broom. A plaintive meowing came from the cellar. listened. Yes, there it was again. She opened the trap door into the cellar. A cat bounded up the stairs to the floor, where it seemed to blink in the light. Mrs. Mason scratched it behind its ears. It looked so thin. Probably nearly starved. She wondered how it had gotten in the cellar. There wasn't anything for it to eat, but she could let it get warm in the front of the store. She half pushed the cat into the front part of the store, and began to sweep. The cat, finding nothing of interest on the floor, wandered up to the front of the store, where it leaped through the curtain and up onto the display shelf. It stretched, yawned, and appeared to inspect the Christmas cards. Since they offered no opposition to an inquisitive paw, the cat stretched out by the window, content to return with mutual interest the regards of the passers-by.

Noticing the amused glance of a couple strolling by the window, Mrs. Mason walked up to peer, over the curtain, into the window. She uttered a little cry of impatience. The cat spoiled the looks of the whole window. "Here, kitty, kitty, kitty." The cat never stirred. Mrs. Mason bit her lower lip in vexation. She couldn't mess up the window by dragging the cat out, and besides it was out of reach. She pushed in the broom handle and poked at the animal. The creature wanted to play with it. She pushed harder, but the cat moved only about a foot the wrong way. Holding the broom by the bristles, she pushed the broomstick hard across the cat's hind legs to make it move forward within reach. The animal suddenly leaped forward. The broomstick swung in a wide arc, and two of the candles toppled over into the paper

decorations. By the time she had gone around the counter, the decorations were ablaze in several places. She started for some water but remembered about the frozen main. The blaze was spreading through the window. She rushed out the door to the corner fire alarm. The cat slipped out behind her.

Using water from the connecting main around the corner, the firemen were able to save the rear half of the store. The corner was nearly flooded by water, which froze before it could drain off the pavement. The glow of the corner street lamp was reflected in an icy mirror. What had been the front of the store was disfigured by a black icy mask. Few people loitered around the charred store front. A ruined store somehow dampened their Christmas spirit. It was lacking in that Christmas touch.

As he knocked on the door, the boy adjusted his best early-morning smile. He had visions in his mind of a rather sizeable tip. Mr. Martinez was a big-shot from some one of those South American countries. Banker or something. Ought to be something in it. The door opened, and he found himself facing a gentleman who might have appeared very dignified had it not been for his sleep-swollen face and his matted grey hair. Thickly, he asked, "Yes? What is it?" As the boy extended the telegram to him, he murmured, "Oh yes. Just a moment, please." He vanished from the boy's view for a moment and then reappeared with a coin, which he held out to the boy. He scarcely heard the boy's thanks as he tore open the telegram. Sleepiness vanished from his eyes as he read. He frowned and ran his fingers through his hair. He half muttered to himself, as his eyes crossed the paper. Carlos had lost his control of power. The fruit companies had withdrawn their support. Another movement was under way. His presence was necessary to induce the fruit concerns to renew their support. Without it, another revolution would be under way within a week. Arms were already being smuggled into the country again. The man's face reflected his decision. He hurried to the phone and lifted the receiver. "Information.—When does the next ship leave for Los Puertos? The Rex at three this afternoon or the Panama in six days? Thank you." His face cleared. Five days would give him enough time to settle things, if he took the first boat. He began to throw clothes on the bed. He'd have them reserve a state-room for him on the Rex and arrive home in time to help Carlos. Poor Carlos. Always getting into some difficulty.

He glanced at his watch as he entered the cab. He had a half an hour before

sailing time. Perhaps that would be enough time, but he could take no chances in missing the ship. If he lost five days, he might better remain where he was. "Pier 49," he said to the driver. "And hurry, please." The driver swung his fingers toward his cap and grunted, "right!" The cab dodged in and out of the heavy traffic as the driver tried to make fast time. He turned off the main avenue to take the less frequented streets where he would be able to go faster. The old gent wanted speed, and he looked as though he could afford to pay for it. His passenger was leaning back comfortably. The speed with which the buildings flashed by was comforting. He was losing no time. As the cab swung around a corner the driver glanced at the blackened front of a fire-swept store. He wondered how it had happened. The car hit the ice-covered pavement and skidded off to the left and away from the ruined shop. The driver stepped on the accelerator to bring the car out of the spin and back onto the road, before it ran up onto the sidewalk. In noticing the surprising condition of the store, he had not seen the open ditch to the left. The cab was slow in coming out of the spin. It went over the edge of the ditch, and crashed over on its side, wheels spinning madly. The crash brought housekeepers running. Shattered glass sprinkled the pavement.

The driver, suffering from only a few cuts and bruises was being patched up at the hospital. He was congratulating himself that it hadn't been any worse. They'd told him that his passenger had a slight concussion, and that it would be necessary to keep him under observation for a few days. He shook his head sadly. These old guys just couldn't take it.

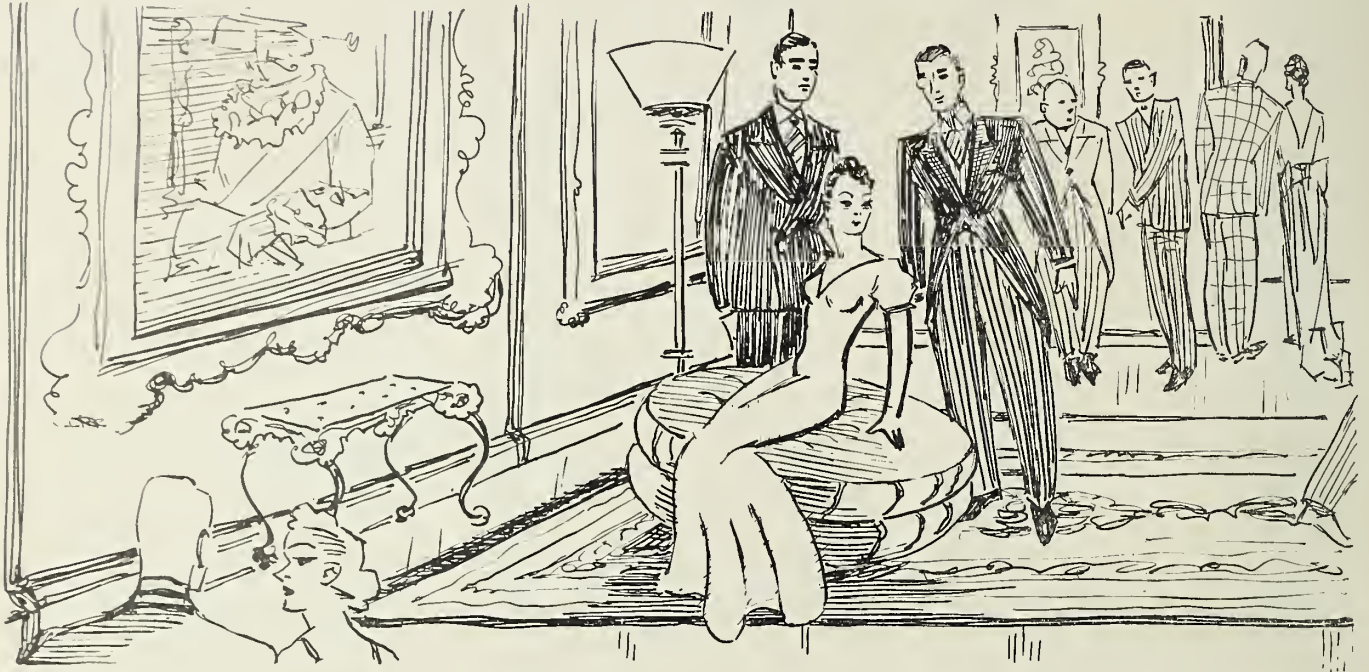
Ed and the kid were starting for the office. They stopped a moment to look in at Mrs. Mason's Novelty Shop which was being rebuilt. Ed exclaimed, "plenty happened around here last week. Just my luck I wasn't around. I won't be around much at all, for a while now. The boss just told me I was going to cover that revolution down in South America. Going down to get first-hand information. Boss says it looks like the real thing this time. Plenty of action and that's just what I want. Hey! What you doing?" The kid was bent over an object on the ground near the outside wall of the store. "Look, It's that cat, frozen stiff." He turned it over with his toe. "Gee, somebody ought to bury it, or something. I'll bet it must have starved to death, or do you suppose it was so

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A Spot of Tea, My Dear

JEAN KERN

Keith was a handsome devil and the monocled chap also made Letty's heart bounce a bit and did she choose between them . . .



They were all at Mrs. Masefield's for a little tea, a lot of food and for art's sake. Everyone and the Palmers. Mrs. Masefield had bought some new pictures, antique furniture, and a few statues, and she had asked them to come and see them and stay for tea. The Palmers had held their council of war. Letty's mother said she thought it would be real nice to go. It would be cultural, and since it was the maid's day off and the teas usually ended up in a regular meal with all the patties and salads and things, she wouldn't have to cook dinner afterwards and that would be such a relief. So they went, although Letty's father said he didn't care much for the idea or that new art either, but he guessed he'd go and hoped that Mrs. Masefield didn't decide to become generous and give them another picture like the last one of the cow, which he'd be damned if he thought looked like one, and Letty said that she knew Mrs. Kilgrove wouldn't drag Nancy to look at stuff like that and Jack Brooke was going to take them all out in his brother's car for a ride, and no one ever realized what an only child went through having to be around old fossils, who didn't seem to understand that a girl of fifteen had any feelings. She'd go but she wouldn't be polite and she wouldn't like it.

Mrs. Masefield's house looked like a cross between a museum and a second-

hand shop, the only difference being that here you could sit at some marble Venus' feet and eat a sandwich without being vulgar and the furniture wasn't for sale. Everyone went around eyeing the pictures and murmuring, "How fascinating" or "How extraordinary." There was one picture, in particular, of some one hiding behind a big spray of wild flowers and a couple of hunting dogs, which turned out to be a portrait of Mrs. Masefield.

A strange, monocled man next to Letty said, "Rather fortunate, d' y' know." And Letty thought he was very smart. And some big man with red hair stopped eating a ham sandwich to point to a chair that was supposed to have belonged to General Braddock and said, "Whose been jumping on it?" Mrs. Masefield said coldly, "Andrew Gilbert may know how to manage a chain of grocery stores, but—"

And Letty thought he was smart, too. But not quite as smart as the man with the monocle. He was nicer looking. Almost as nice looking as Keith. Letty began thinking about Keith and found herself walking into a big marble man who was running a race.

Her mother said from across the room, "come sit down by me."

Letty knew it was because she was afraid that she would knock over one of the statues. Or maybe she was re-

membering the time at Aunt Carrie's, when she went up in the guest room and made over somebody's hat and her mother, seeing it was Aunt Carrie's hat, said, "Thank God, it's in the family." Letty, thinking she meant the talent, got very haughty. Now, beside her mother was some woman, whose hair hung long and straight over her ears and flapped like a spaniel's ears when she talked, which she did most of the time and about a man named Degas. The man with the monocle had drifted over and was watching her hair flap, too. Letty wondered what it would be like to go with him. He and Keith both belonged to that older, exciting world. Letty felt suddenly glad that she was she. She often felt that way. At night when she lay awake and watched the lights of cars in the street below move across her bedroom wall, she would say inside, "I'm glad I'm I. It's so exciting not knowing what's going to happen to you. Now, just living and being me is enough. But soon I'll be in the older world. Soon."

Letty looked at the people around her and decided they wouldn't understand. But Keith and the man with the monocle probably would. She didn't really know Keith. Once she and Nancy were smoking forbidden cigarettes in the Kilgrove's kitchen, and Keith had come in and said, "Have you got amatch?"

in such a way that she and Nancy believed that they were one of the older world, too. Nancy tried to show off and inhale and nearly choked to death but he didn't laugh. That is, not out loud. Just his eyes. And after he had gone back to the parlor, where Nancy's older sister, Lenore, was giving a party, they had sat on the stairs and looked at him.

Suddenly someone was saying to her, "How would you like a Liltell special sandwich?"

It was the man with the monocle. It seemed his name was Liltell. Letty thought, "This is life," when in Mrs. Mansfield's kitchen, he cut slices of rye bread, onions, cucumbers, and beets and Dutch cheese and a lot of other things, and all the time singing some song in French which she was sure wasn't very nice.

And then the big red-headed man came in with Keith, who said, "I guess I picked the right time." And looked at Letty and the sandwiches.

Letty was thrilled. She felt that this was growing up, sitting on Mrs. Masefield's kitchen table and eating queer mixtures with Keith Farelander, a Mr. Liltell, who had a monocle, and a Mr. Gilbert who had some grocery stores. Keith looked and smiled at her, and she became conscious of her hands and arms. She found herself crossing them as though she had indigestion, and when they got up because the table legs were getting wobbly, Letty stood with one knee bent and the other leg out, so that she would seem shorter than she was. Then, Mr. Liltell and Mr. Gilbert went down in the cellar to find some wine and left them. Letty had a panicky, blank feeling inside of her. It was like the first time she had gone alone with a boy to a movie and had forgotten all the smart remarks she had memorized to say to him.

"Letty, don't you go to Friend's?"

He said it the way he had said, "Have you got a match?" It sounded friendly and personal. Letty didn't feel quite so panicky.

"Yes. I'm in Nancy Kilgrove's class."

"Now I know where I've met you before," he said, "it was at Kilgrove's."

Letty was enthralled. He had remembered her. He had remembered where he had met her. He said it as though it had special significance. Then, there was a hope that he didn't consider her as being just a friend of Lenore's kid sister. There was a hope he thought she was nice. She felt a little confident. She could smile now without being afraid that her braces would show.

"Yes, I remember, too. It was in the kitchen."

He laughed. "Kitchens seem to be

your hangout, don't they? It must be the domestic instinct."

Letty laughed too, forgetting completely about her braces showing. He had such a nice way of laughing. It was like the way he talked. Friendly. Approving. And even complimentary. She looked at him and became panicky again. She should say something funny and clever now. She should. All heroines did in books and movies. The girls he knew did. They'd know how to say something funny about a kitchen. She began crossing her arms again. He opened the door.

"How do you like the show out there?"

"Oh so-so." That sounds blasé and sophisticated. But it was because she was afraid and shy.

"Well, just so-so. I would say you didn't do so badly. After all, you ran off with three prizes."

"Oh, yes," Letty said with a flippancy that surprised her, "The first and second prizes have deserted me and the third is so busy talking about himself and eating."

He looked at Letty as though he were seeing a different person.

"Hum, we'll have to do something about that. I suggest we do a little thieving first in the wine cellar with our friends and then attend to the third prize. Maybe move him up to first prize." He took her arm and led her down the cellar steps. Letty was excited.

It seemed Mr. Liltell and Mr. Gilbert had found the wine. For they were both sitting on some crates, waving bottles around and singing "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." And Mr. Liltell's monocle had slipped out. Then Mrs. Masefield was heard on the stairs, and she seemed to be objecting to something. No one was particularly anxious to find out what it was. Mr. Liltell and Mr. Gilbert dropped behind the crates. Keith pushed Letty behind the cellar door. Mrs. Masefield swept past them, her long tea gown trailing on the steps. "Damn it, who's been in my wine," and then, "Come out, all of you now, come out."

They came out. Keith took Letty home. He asked if he could see her again. Letty's father said, "Hum, he's sort of old, isn't he?" and Letty's mother said, "I think he's rather nice. I knew his father. He used to lead the Germans with me at school. Good name."

Letty, writing it all over her English book cover, was thinking it was a nice name too. She had detached herself remarkably well from the class and a voice that was the Miles boy saying, "Water, water everywhere and all the boards did shrink," and had drifted into that mystical state which is so familiar with students. "Keith Farelander really likes me. I am growing up. Really growing up. He has come to see

me now about four times. I told Alice five. She's going to the dance Saturday. Maybe Keith will take me. That would be wonderful. I'd love to walk in with him. Everyone would turn and stare. And they'd say, 'Is that Letty Palmer in the moire taffeta? And she used to be so young. And Keith Farelander is with her, and they say he is in love with her.' Maybe he will ask me. Maybe he will fall in love with me. Maybe—"

She became one of the class. The Miles boy was saying over and over like a broken victrola record, "Like a painted ship upon a painted ocean." And Mrs. Farrinton, the teacher, decided that Letty should help the Ancient Mariner and the Miles boy out, so she didn't have time to think about Keith until after class. Outside the room, Nancy grabbed her arm and said in a hoarse whisper, "Guess what! Lenore is pinned up to Keith Farelander."

Letty felt numb. She walked home without realizing that she was walking, and then she just found herself home. And she was glad. She wanted to cry. It would give her a headache and make her eyes red. But it would help to cry. She opened the door.

"Oh, Letty, come in," Letty's mother said, "and see who's here."

Letty stood there and looked at them. See who's here. How could she miss them. They were all sitting there in the living room. There was something inevitable about the way mothers always had their relatives or company sitting in the living room when you wanted to express your emotions. Letty leaned against the door and sighed wearily. Life would probably always be like this. She walked into the living room.

Aunt Carrie said, "My, hasn't she grown. She'll be taller than her father yet."

And Aunt June, who couldn't see a thing in front of her, said from the other side of the room, just to be talking, "My, yes, she has grown. She's much taller than the last time I saw her. She grows like a weed."

Letty glared hard at Aunt June. So they thought she was like a weed. They acted as though she were a small-size giraffe.

Uncle Willis leaned forward and said, winking his eye kittenishly, "I hope you've been treating your beaux well. You know, we'll have to go on a little spree by ourselves sometimes, without the old people."

Then Aunt Carrie, who was Uncle Willis' wife, said sharply, "How are your studies coming along?" Letty felt her face stiffen. Why didn't they stop? She wished she would flunk. She wouldn't

(Continued on page 22)

At Home

JOHN SCHAFFNER

a professor attempts to show his students that he, too, can be human. . .

Professor and Mrs. Battle were at home to the English Club after the lecture on Tuesday night. Professor Battle had often told Mrs. Battle that one really must try to do more for the students, and Mrs. Battle had for once agreed rather absently. Professor Battle ever so often thought one really should do something for the students—as though they didn't have enough done for them—but what Professor Battle actually thought at such times (as his wife realized when she took the trouble) was that he really ought to do something about his own popularity with the students. Many of the other "faculty homes" had open house all the time, it seemed, and the students called as often as they chose and at whatever hour pleased them; they met and mingled with members of the faculty as if they were equals. The Doctor—as Mrs. Battle called him—really didn't approve of this. It gave the boys ideas. He didn't approve, either, of the hail-fellow attitude of many of the faculty members toward the students. They made themselves ridiculous, he told Mrs. Battle, by trying to be "one of the boys," and they allowed the students to condescend to them, or they lowered the position of a college instructor in the eyes of the students, at the same time, by elevating the position of the students—in the eyes of the students, of course. But that was not all; some of the members of the faculty had even been known to drink with the boys!—

Professor Battle was a scholar and an asset to the English department, but somehow he had never got on well with the students as a group. Oh, there had never been any disrespect shown to him—quite the contrary—and his classes were most orderly, but somehow, he would tell Mrs. Battle, somehow there existed something between him and the boys, he didn't know what, but something. Mrs. Battle always said, "Pshaw," and reminded him that popularity was only homage paid to the obvious, a remark he had had more than one occasion to throw off in reference to his book on the dramatic possibilities in *Beowulf*. But still Professor Battle was dissatisfied. There was something—something dividing him sharply from the average student. A wall, he said, and he wanted to break it down.

For once Mrs. Battle had given in,

and she and the Doctor stood on the square rug at the foot of the stairs with the electrically converted gas fixture stretching asiatic festoons over their heads as they greeted the boys who entered—entered a bit reluctantly, it might almost seem. They were very constrained and courteous young gentlemen, making dancing school bows as they touched Mrs. Battle's hand. The Doctor felt his first heartiness ebbing away from him as he stood there in the strong glare of the light over his head. He kept taking his glasses off; they got steamy as often as the door opened and let in the cold air; he would forget them in his hand, and then would have to put them on hurriedly as some new arrival appeared to shake his hand.

But as more boys came in, things began to go really better than he had expected. Mrs. Battle soon was pouring cocoa in the dining room at the table, with boys flocking around passing cakes or crackers and cheese, making her flush with pleasure with their attempts at gallantry. Boys *are* nice, she was thinking; boys' colleges are best! Little actually was being said there, but everyone was busy with plates and cups and saucers, or glasses. The beer had been Mrs. Battle's idea; it had rather shocked the Doctor at first, but then, he had said, it might lend a nice note of conviviality, and so they had had beer—"for those who wanted it," the Doctor thought he might be allowed to say, with perhaps a faint touch of disapproval, so that many, of course, would not feel it necessary to indulge. Everything was going very well, the Doctor thought afterward, until those girls came. Of course, the boys sometimes brought girls to the evening lecture, but he had not expected, somehow, that they would bring them here, to his very house. Not that he wasn't most cordial to them, now that they were here! They made themselves quite at home; two girls and twenty-odd boys. They were really rather attractive.

Of course, the party didn't last very long. This boy had to go home to study and that boy had "an early class, sir, and one must sleep!"—and so they all went. But it had seemed very pleasant. The group in the drawing room had divided soon into two parts, one at either end, a girl in the center of each—(what *were* their names?). Mrs. Battle told him she thought it rather pretty; it made her feel almost motherly. The Doc-

tor considered her remark somewhat indelicate, as his look told her; the grouping in the room rather annoyed him, though he didn't admit it even to himself. He didn't admit to himself that he felt somehow on the edge of a crowd, even here in his own house; no, he told himself, afterward, that hadn't been at all true, for all the boys in the room were most gentlemanly and, as he moved from one to the other of the groups, would stop talking and offer him a chair. Some he could even talk with, too, he found, and he was pleased to find occasion to bring off rather a good remark about the Wife of Bath. He could always smile affably at them when he found it difficult to converse (it is so hard to talk with the young), and he pressed more cigarettes or mints upon them. Yes, even with the girls there, things went off very well in the drawing room.

After the room was empty of them all—and, once started, it emptied quickly—Mrs. Battle and the Doctor both agreed that it had gone off very well. They felt, however, a strong sense of relief there together, and they acknowledged it with a mutual half-humorous look, in their undemonstrative, married way. But suddenly a shout of noisy laughter burst from the direction of the dining room. Apparently, not all the students had left. Mrs. Battle stayed in the drawing room, putting it to rights, and the Doctor went down the hall to the dining room. He stood in the doorway a moment. Six or seven of the boys were sitting around the table, quite, at ease, chattering and eating—just, he told himself, as if they were in some public place, some free place, a—a bar (even mentally he hesitated with the word). The beer had apparently made them quite—boisterous. They were certainly enjoying themselves. Their talk seemed, though he only heard snatches, really rather free. He was not exactly sure what they were talking about. The table had been pretty well denuded, but the young men were still handling the crackers and cheese in a masterly way.

As Professor Battle stepped into the room, the laughter died—a bit furtive, he thought it. The boys sat there stupidly, looking at him. What was he going to say?—He tried to smile agreeably. He tried to smile; but he was tired. He felt old and futile. In spite

(Continued on page 21)



*— and Chesterfields
are usually there*



*..they're mild
and yet
They Satisfy*

Hypnotism For Beginners

PAUL M. CURTIS

oscar was like a lamb when he departed for college, then he met psychology. . .

When I first saw Oscar during the Christmas holidays, I knew that something was wrong. He wasn't the same old self-conscious Oscar I had known before we both went off to school. I was in Schultz's Drug Store the second day after I got home, trying to kill some time by playing one of those bagatelle games that recently took the country by storm, when I walked Oscar, nattily dressed in the latest style hints from *Esquire*.

"Hell, Fred," he said, "glad to see you again, boy," and he gave me a real warm, friendly handshake just as if we were long lost friends meeting again. Well, you could have floored me with a feather from Sally Rand's fan! If it wasn't for the freckles and red hair I would have sworn he was somebody else. Before he left for school Oscar was just about the most self-conscious, unfriendly, fellow in Clarendon. I managed a weak "Hi Oscar" which didn't faze him at all.

"How did you like Colby?" I asked eyeing his striped pants.

"I liked it fine," Oscar began, "we had a good bunch of fellows and the courses and instructors were good, too. I jointed up with the Betas and found that fraternity life is the nuts. What fraternity did you join, Fred?"

"I pledged Kappa Sig," I told him. I couldn't get over the idea of Oscar being so self-confident and joining a fraternity and really enjoying college life. He used to have such an inferiority complex that he wouldn't even look at you when he spoke to you on the street, and he always gave a weak little laugh every time he said anything, as if he were not sure whether you would believe what he said or not. I began to get curious as to what great force had wrought this change in his life, but further questioning revealed nothing.

It was not until several days later that I got an inkling of what was up. I walked into the public library to return a book for my sister, and who should I find sitting there absorbed in a thick volume but Oscar Plummer, gentleman and scholar.

"Hello, Oscar," I greeted him; "what are you reading?" I couldn't understand why anybody would be studying during the holidays.

"Hello, Fred," he answered, "I'm reading a book on psychology."

"Is that so? That's the stuff about

your mind and all that, isn't it? Pretty dull stuff I'll bet." Oscar's eyes flashed fire; he pointed a finger at the volume which I saw was entitled "A Hundred Years of Psychology."

"Psychology is the most important of all the sciences," Oscar maintained. "It is important because it interprets and studies the conduct of men, and thereby enables them to analyze the inner springs of their actions and to improve their personalities. To me, psychology is the most interesting subject in the world; I'm majoring in it in college, you know." It was a nice little speech but I didn't know what he was talking about. I told him that I didn't see what good psychology could do anybody.

"It did me a lot of good," Oscar confided. I leaned forward; this sounded interesting. "Before I started studying psychology I had very little confidence in myself. In other words I had an inferiority complex. You remember that I didn't mix very well with other people." I thought it was queer that he would talk about himself to me and I was all ears.

"I began to analyze myself," Oscar went on, "and found that there was really no reason why I should feel inferior. I learned that some of the most masterful, self-assertive and ambitious men develop an inferiority complex simply by reason of the strength of their self-assertive propensity. A feeling of helplessness, I discovered, is a peculiar and distorted form of self-regard. In other words, an inferiority complex is a sign of superiority." I didn't exactly follow everything Oscar was trying to say but I gathered that in some mysterious manner psychology had *given him the idea* that he was better than he thought he was. I left him to wade through several years more of his "Hundred Years of Psychology" and went home. There was going to be a big dance that night and I had to get my suit pressed.

That afternoon I spread the word around about Oscar being bitten by the psychology bug, and how it had altered, if not changed entirely, the former course of his existence. Marge and Bill didn't believe me at all since they hadn't seen him yet, so I promised to bring him by Marge's house that night before the dance, and put him on exhibition. I was going to take Jane Hampton, who is one of the belles of Clarendon, to the dance,

and I was feeling good enough to promise anything.

I called up Oscar and asked him if he wanted to check by Marge's with me that night. I knew he didn't like girls but I couldn't for the life of me think of any ingenious method to get him to go.

"Thanks," came his voice over the wire, "but I'm going to the dance." If he had said that he was going to murder his mother, I couldn't have been any more surprised. Oscar was really a changed man if I ever saw one.

"Why don't you come on and go to Marge's with me," I offered. "A bunch of 'em will be over there—then you can go on to the dance with Jane and me."

"But I'm not taking anybody," Oscar objected.

"That's all right," I answered, "I'll be by for you about a quarter of eight."

When we got to Marge's house about eight o'clock all of the gang were there, including Bill Thompson, Jack Harrell, and Harry Wellman, three of my old pals, with their dates. I began to feel a little mean about bringing Oscar there to show him off, but he lost no time in looking out for his own interests. He went around greeting everybody in the same manner that he had used on me, seeming to be perfectly at ease. I noticed plenty of surprised looks on the girls' faces. There was plenty of reason for it, too; he certainly wasn't the Oscar we had known.

When he pulled out a pack of cigarettes and offered them around you could have heard the proverbial pin drop. After we had accepted cigarettes, Oscar lit his and started puffing like a veteran. I began to regard him as a magician pulling stuff out of a hat. You didn't know what to expect next. Then Marge naively said:

"I understand you've been studying psychology, Oscar."

"Yes, I have," he answered, and I settled down in my chair for a long nap because it sounded as if he were going to give another lecture.

"Psychology is very interesting," Oscar said. "One learns about the human personality, about the intellect, about character, about hypnosis" . . . here he paused as though to give his words time to sink into our feeble brains. It wasn't until much later that I learned the full significance of that pause.

"You know how to hypnotize people?"

Jane asked in an awed tone. "You mean that you can put people to sleep and things like that?" All of the girls began questioning him and begging him to give them a demonstration. They thought, the same as I did, that only magicians and professors knew anything about hypnotism, and they didn't connect such mysterious power with college students. Oscar waved his hand in a movement that was intended to dispel all doubt about his ability and assured us that he could.

While there were talking about who should be the victim I hid behind Jane and tried to be as insignificant as possible. At first there seemed to be no one willing to try the experiment, so Marge obligingly suggested that she felt sure Bill would be glad to be hypnotized. Bill didn't look any too happy about the choice but there was nothing he could do about it. I sympathized with him, too, because I hated to see a pal of mine browbeaten by a squirt like Oscar, and I was beginning to be disgusted with the way the girls were falling for his line.

All eyes were upon Oscar and he seemed to be enjoying it as much as an alligator enjoys basking in the sun. He explained to us that it was not possible to be successful every time; that sometimes a person could be hypnotized, and sometimes he couldn't. If the subject tried to prevent the hypnotism, then he could do nothing. It was necessary for the subject to be completely willing in order to get any results.

"Now stand right here," he said to Bill and indicated the place. We waited expectantly.

"Now look straight into my eyes." Bill did.

"Now clasp your hands firmly together on your chest." I noticed that Oscar's voice had become lower in pitch, with a very persuasive tone. I was surprised that he didn't wave his hands around and make passes in front of Bill's face like the pictures I had seen of hypnotists, but Oscar didn't lift a hand. He just kept his eyes glued on Bill. When Bill had clasped his hands together as he was told, Oscar took a step backward and said in a tone of confidence,

"Bill, your hands are firmly locked together and you can't separate them." Bill didn't even smile—he just pulled and pulled but he didn't seem to be able to separate his hands. Several of the girls gasped. After all, hypnotism is a strange thing when you don't understand it.

Then Oscar told Bill to stand against the wall. When he had done that he told him that it was impossible for him to move away from it.

It was almost pitiful to watch Bill standing there making a great effort to

pull himself away from the wall. I'm sure that I don't know why he couldn't get away from it, but he couldn't.

As a sort of grand finale, Oscar announced that he would put Bill into a deep hypnotic sleep. For that purpose he brought a big easy chair to the center of the room and told Bill to sit down in it. I thought that anyhow it was nice of him to let Bill sit down for a change. Oscar then told Bill that he was feeling drowsy and that all of his limbs were getting heavy. Surely enough Bill started nodding his head and blinking his eyes.

"Your eyes are fast shut and you are passing into sleep," Oscar said. Bill relaxed more and more until finally he slumped over in the chair, sound asleep to all appearances. I wanted to make sure of it, so I lifted up his arm. It fell back into the chair as limp as a wet dishrag. Everybody gathered around while I shook him, but nothing would wake him up. Bill was asleep all right, but it was no ordinary sleep. You could wake up anyone in an ordinary sleep by shaking him, but not Bill; he was dead to the world. Oscar certainly knew his onions when it came to hypnotism; I had to admit it even if I didn't like Oscar. I looked at my watch and saw it was time we were going to the dance.

"Well, you'd better wake him up," I told Oscar, "it's time to go to the dance."

"The dance?" he replied, "oh, yes, I'd forgotten about the dance for a moment. That's too bad, because I know he wanted to go.

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"Don't you see, I forgot all about the dance when I put him asleep. It's very dangerous to arouse a person from a deep hypnotic sleep such as the one Bill is in. He must be allowed to sleep it off, and that takes at least two hours. I'm sorry, but really it slipped my mind."

Well, I didn't know anything about hypnotism and I would have believed him had it not been for the gleam I saw in his eyes. It was a look similar to the one a cat has when she's stolen some food from a dog and climbed a tree where the dog can't get her.

"Look here," I insisted, "do you mean to say that you can't awaken Bill?" Oscar still maintained that the only safe way to get out of a hypnotic sleep was to sleep it off. I tried shaking Bill again but it was no use.

"Well, if we must leave him here, we must," I said. "But how about you, Marge? You can't very well go to the dance if he's got to lie there for several hours."

"I'll take Marge to the dance," Oscar

offered, just as innocently as you please. It was then that I knew that Oscar was a wolf in sheep's clothing, and a pretty sly wolf at that. What made me even more sore was that Marge seemed to be glad to go with him. We all went out, leaving poor old Bill sleeping peacefully in the chair. On the way to the dance, Oscar and Marge sat in the back seat of the car and joked and laughed as if they were having a very good time. I thought it was awful because what Oscar had done was just about as bad as picking up a widow at her husband's funeral and taking her out.

The dance was one of those leap-year affairs where the girls do the breaking, and you should have seen the line that formed around our dear little hypnotist—girls flocked around him like flies around a lump of sugar. Word of his mysterious power and new personality had been spread around, and Oscar turned out to be the *belle* of the ball. The whole thing disgusted me, and to say that Oscar's success was nauseating would be putting it mildly.

The next day I hurried over to Bill's house because I knew he'd be plenty mad about the dirty trick that Oscar had played on him. I found him sitting by the radio reading a *Colliers*.

"Hi, Bill," I said, "you were sort of left out of the dance last night, weren't you?"

"Yeah," he responded, "what happened to me last night anyhow? I woke up about a quarter past ten and found myself in a chair at Marge's house; the rest of you had gone. I remember clasp- ing my hands together and backing up against the wall, but after that. . ." It was easy to see that Bill didn't know the score, so I explained to him what had happened. I save the choicest bit of news for the last.

"And did you know that Oscar, do you understand, Oscar took *your* girl to the dance." That had the effect I wanted and Bill really got mad.

"Look here, Bill, Oscar is cutting entirely too many monkey-shines around here," I said. "We've got to do something to take the wind out of his sails. He'll be thinking he's just about the cleverest fellow in Clarendon before long if something isn't done. All of the girls in town are beginning to think so already." Bill agreed with me that something ought to be done, but neither one of us knew what. At first Bill had wanted to challenge Oscar to a fight but I advised against it. For all I knew Oscar might have been taking boxing lessons, too. It was hard to know what to expect from him any more.

"Bill," I said, "all we've got to do is to put two and two together. What's

(Continued on page 19)

The Lads And Lassies



When Saturday night drifts along and the lads and lassies of the University begin to look for soft lights and music, a surprising number of them decide that the best place to find the required ingredients for an evening's pleasure is at the Palais d'Or. While diminutive Frank Gerard waves his baton and the wails of the saxophones rhythmize college feet, Robert Lapham, of

the genial smile, circulates from table to table, making certain that his guests are getting the most fun possible from their collegiate dollar. Donovan, Brach and Milens are the boys who make the saxophones roar and sob, while Al Strubel twists his trumpet and Frank Gerard weeps soft notes from the clarinet.

Did Laugh And Play

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BLOOM



At times Photographer Bloom, while igniting the magnesium flashes in various faces, had fears for his life, but he returned with his camera full of snatches of an evening's fun. In the upper left hand corner is Al Harding softly announcing over WDNC. The smile on that colored face belongs to Headwaiter Walter and the liquid pouring person is Barman Erwin. The foursome,

looking a bit surprised but happy, consists of Roy Johnson, Johnnie Mae Hardy, Christine Harris and Bill Ricks. Sophomore Women's class president White still hasn't told us who her escort was. If you look closely into the background of the dancers' photo, you'll notice that the graceful dancers are Charlotte Siehler and Jack Hathorn. The dancing feet may be yours.

FROM COVER TO COVER



CURRENT BOOKS IN REVIEW



Lafayette: A Life. By Andreas Latzke. Doubleday Doran.

Why hasn't this been done before?—Such is the immediate reaction of the reader who completes Andreas Latzke's new biography of Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de Lafayette. Romance, turmoil, adventure and excitement were the breath and story of this engaging man's life and it seems strange that the tale had not previously attracted a modern biographer.

It is of course true that all American citizens know and revere the name of Lafayette; he is an American ideal. But few of us indeed are familiar with the background and principles which drove him to America to aid a ragged farmer army in a fight against the British redcoats. Latzke takes up the story sympathetically and in detail, gradually bodying forth his subject until at length Lafayette is before the reader as a comprehensible and admirable man, shaken and guided by circumstances, steadied by his ideals and completely human. In this age of glorious debunking it is an exotic refreshment to discover a biographer courageous enough to permit his hero heroism. Latzke does not attempt to ignore the human failings which establish a bond of sympathy between Lafayette and the average man, but neither does he attempt to capitalize his character's faults, quite an innovation in popular biography.

Liberty was the password of youth in Lafayette's day, and Lafayette was insatiably in love with liberty; he raised a standard toward which all revolutionists could climb; he was the prototype towards which Byron and Shelley ineffectually aspired. His desire for liberty both for himself and for his fellows led to his greatest triumphs and his worst defeats. It made him "the hero of two worlds" at the age of twenty-five; it made him the dauntless defender of the people during the French Revolution; it forced him into an Austrian prison for five long years and it led him into a long and losing war of wits against Napoleon. With his desire for freedom went an almost childlike naïveté and a chivalric sense of honor; he refused to take advantage of his enemies. Lafayette, as Latzke paints him, was a man who achieved greatness and missed success because he had an overabundance of admirable qualities.

Needless to say, Andreas Latzke has a philosophy of biography; the one recurring theme in his work is the importance of chance in Lafayette's life; Mr. Latzke has swallowed the doctrine of Necessity whole. "Chance? yes, just chance—for we have no other name for the good will and the malice of the all-powerful Director whose mood determines the marionette dance of an earthly existence."

As history, *Lafayette* is questionable; Latzke has the malady of modern biography, and in several instances at least has fashioned facts to suit his circumstances. Psychological interpretation of an historical character by a biographer who does not pretend to pedantry is never reliable. Latzke's depiction of the *ancient regime* is unjust, as is his treatment of Beaumarchais. However, Latzke is neither a Zweig nor a Strachey: he keeps his imagination pretty well in hand, and he has proved by this work alone his right to a place in the contemporary literary sun.

Studies in the Psychology of Sex. By Havelock Ellis. Random House.

Bearing the weight of less authority, and with fewer followers than Freud, Havelock Ellis is still one of the two outstanding authorities upon the psychology of sex. But whereas Freud's ultimate interest in sex is clinical and medical, Havelock Ellis concerns himself with the social and moral implications which seem to him implicit in the facts he brings to light. Freud is a psychologist, Ellis is a philosopher: treating with the same general subject, but their aims, their work, and their conclusions are completely divergent and incomparable. For this reason—because his studies lead toward moral and social innovations rather than psychological theories and clinical practices—Havelock Ellis has probably more generally affected public behavior than has Freud.

Ellis rode into prominence upon a wave of popular revolt against prudery. Revolutions always over-reach themselves, and in a sense Ellis is a revolutionist; his conclusions are always apt to be extreme. To this he owes his notoriety; his work, branded as morally dangerous to the public, automatically became something of a curiosity. Whatever suc-

cess he has achieved, however, he owes to himself for his own indefatigability. *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* is really and truly a "monumental" work.

Written over a long period of years (from 1899 to 1928) the *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* was formerly current in seven volumes, sold only to members of the medical profession; it is now reissued in its entirety by a new publisher and offered to the general public for the first time. A series of studies, each complete in itself, it deals with different aspects of human sex behavior and includes a remarkable collection of case histories. The scope of these studies is enormous, embracing almost every phase of sexuality except the strictly technical and biological. But, unfortunately, Mr. Ellis is not an experimental scientist. The facts upon which he bases his conclusions are never beyond question. One hesitates to follow the radical modes of action he proposes, without first making very sure he is right. His method is to assemble all available data upon each of his topics, gather detailed accounts of specific, contemporaneous experiences related to him by a wide variety of correspondents, and then apply his own creative mind in summarizing and drawing conclusions. The net result is in each case an orderly, illuminating, and well-written study that affords at once a clear understanding of the phenomena in question, as Mr. Ellis sees it, and offers one basis at least for determining future action, whether personal or social.



Prize Winners

IN THE

Archive Contest

Will be Announced

in the

April Issue



Hypnotism For Beginners

(Continued from page 15)

Oscar got that we haven't got? Is there any reason why we can't learn to hypnotize as well as he can?" Bill said he didn't know anything about hypnotism, but he didn't see why we couldn't learn it if Oscar could.

He said he didn't see where that would get us, though, even if we could hypnotize. Then I explained to him that we could hypnotize Oscar, make him do something very foolish, and then the laugh would be on him. Bill thought it was a good idea but he insisted that I be the one to do the hypnotizing.

I spent the afternoon in the library studying a chapter on hypnotism, and although I didn't understand all of the technical terms, it didn't sound so hard. Still, I was a little uneasy when I got to Marge's that night. Bill had done his duty and told the gang to come over if they wanted to see some real hypnotism. They didn't know that I was going to make Oscar go through his tricks, though, nor did Oscar suspect anything when I told him we'd like to see some more examples of his extraordinary power, and he readily agreed to go with me; I think he was glad to get another opportunity to endanger himself to the ladies.

Although Oscar didn't know it, the stage was all set to make him the laughing stock of Clarendon. I called Bill out into the hall and asked him what I should tell Oscar to do—something that would make him look ridiculous.

"Why don't you have him make love to Marge?" Bill suggested. "He'd certainly look ridiculous doing that." That was a peach of an idea, so I went back into the room where Oscar was getting ready to hypnotize Harry.

"Wait a minute, Oscar," I said. "You did all of the entertaining last time—it's my turn now. This time I'll hypnotize you."

"But...but you don't know anything about hypnotism, do you?" he asked. Oscar looked a little worried, but the rest of the crowd looked as though they doubted my words. It had never occurred to me that I, too, might be in the ranks of the initiated few; in fact, it had never occurred to me either until the day before. The book had said that beginners often were successful in hypnotism if they had sufficient confidence in themselves, so I gave them one of those doubt-dispelling gestures of Oscar's and proceeded with the demonstration. Marge was willing enough when I asked her to take part, so I made her

sit on the sofa where Oscar's amorous activities were to take place. Everything was ready; I winked at Bill.

Oscar was standing there in the middle of the floor grinning like a *Cheshire cat*. I went over and placed myself directly in front of him.

"Look me in the eye, Oscar," I demanded. His face took on a serious mien and he stared at me, still with the faintest suggestion of a smile on his face. I knew that I would have to go through several simple operations before I could get him into a hypnotic sleep, so I lifted his arm straight out in front of him in a Hitler-like salute and told him that his arm was rigid and he couldn't move it. It worked, and my stock rose one hundred percent in my own eyes and in the eyes of my audience. Oscar just stood there sheepishly until I told him that he could let his arm down. My early success led me to believe that I could do away with all other preliminaries and proceed to put him to sleep.

"Do you know your name, do you?" I asked him abruptly.

"No" Oscar answered.

"Your name," I said, "is Mark Antony. You are a famous Roman general, brave, reckless, and known as a great lover. On the couch beside you is Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt; she is beautiful, fascinating, and you desire to tell her how much you love her." My eloquence amazed me. Now the real test had come; would Oscar really believe that he was Mark Antony, and would he really make love to Marge? Everybody got very quiet and waited to see what would happen. Oscar moved to Marge's side and took her hand in his.

"Ah, Cleopatra," he began, "your eyes are like stars, your lips like red roses at dawn—you are very beautiful, Cleopatra."

"Oh, Mark," Cleopatra cooed, "you say the most wonderful things."

"It would be impossible to overestimate your charms, O Queen," Mark ardently declared. "I am madly, passionately, completely in love with you. I can't go on without you any longer; say that you love me."

"Yes, I love you more than anything else in the world," Cleopatra said with a sigh in her voice, whereupon they went into the most passionate kiss I've ever seen outside of the movies. That was more than I had bargained for; I had no idea that Oscar even knew what a kiss was. Marge was certainly being a

martyr to the cause, though, because I knew she must hate to be kissed by a mug like Oscar. One kiss didn't suffice for the brave Mark Antony; he kissed her again and again, each time leaving poor Marge almost breathless. Boy, was I making a fool out of Oscar! Even though the gang was enjoying the love scene, I thought it was time to stop it.

"Mark Antony," I called. Oscar looked up at me.

"It's time for you to leave Cleopatra," I said. "Go sit in that empty chair." Oscar reluctantly arose, pulling Marge up after him.

"Goodbye, Cleopatra," he said with a tear in his voice. "I must leave you, but not forever."

"Farewell, Mark Antony," Marge said, and she submitted to another of his long kisses. Then Oscar sat down in the chair. I looked him in the eye again and began to get him back to a normal state.

"You are not Mark Antony, but Oscar Pummer," I said. Oscar suddenly burst out in a loud, almost hysterical laugh which made me fear that the strain had made something in his brain pop. He laughed so hard that tears rolled down his face in streams.

"Fred, I want to thank you for the best time I've ever had in my life," he said, and came over and shook me by the hand.

"What are you talking about?" I asked, and the terrible truth began to dawn on me before he could answer.

"You...you weren't hypnotized at all?" I stammered.

"No, of course I wasn't hypnotized" Oscar assured, and burst out laughing again, this time joined by everybody in the room except Bill and myself. I felt sick when I realized that they were laughing at me and not Oscar.

"Hey, Bill, let's go home," I whispered. On the way out we paused to hear several of the girls discussing Oscar.

"He kisses divinely," Marge was saying to her envious audience.

"I think his red hair and freckles are so cute, don't you?" Jane was asking.

When I got back to the school after holidays, I went to see Dean Johnson and told him that I thought I was developing an inferiority complex and thought that psychology might help me improve my personality.

He didn't object, so I signed up for Beginner's Psychology.

Holidays Begin

(Continued from page 5)

Hell, half the bottle was gone. He'd better call that waiter and ask him if he hadn't been roped in for a sucker. He wanted more, this was not enough.

He was banging loudly on the table with the empty pint bottle when he was confronted with a shocking revelation. Only cowards would get drunk. This was no time to drink, not now. Why both his mother and father were, were . . . Ah, that was it! He remembered now. That history professor had said it. Sure, sure now he remembered, sure! *When one drinks to forget.* . .

Now he banged louder. Those dancing by grinned at him and he waved his arm widely at them. The waiter rushed to his table.

"What kind of lousy stuff you've been feeding me," he inquired. "Get me more. Yah hear? More . . . make it better stuff. This is rotten . . . snap out of it." The man made faint protestations, but hurried away.

A young couple came up a little later.

"Hi, Danny," the girl inquired.

He looked hazily at them. "Hi, yourself," he said.

"What's the great college man doing to himself? When did you get back in town?"

He ignored the questions. "Wanna drink?"

They refused and danced away. Later he thought he saw them laughing at him. There was quite a group at their table. "I'd like to poke 'em all one in the mouth," he muttered vaguely.

He started for the small bar at the end of the dance floor. Then through his bemuddled brain he realized just how intoxicated he really was. He swayed back and forth and fell to the floor. He always picked himself up, refusing assistance as he did so.

The bartender refused him a drink. Not even beer. Then he went into an uproar. He cursed the man, threatened him with his father's influence and caused so much trouble that the man finally consented to give him a glass of beer.

He felt admiration in himself for that. Why his father could wipe out the place. Wipe it out and throw it in the road. He saw his reflection in the mirror. Not much, but he stared at it and grinned. He waved a finger at himself there and seriously accused and berated the reflection for getting tight. Do you look funny? Now smile, now laugh. Look at those teeth. Millions of 'em.

Hooray for everything! I drink like a gentleman and a scholar. Only there's

no gentleman in me, no scholar. Lucy would have a fit if she saw me now. Dammit, I'd like her to see me like this. Would it make her mad! You're tighter than a kite.

He was carrying on much to the discomfort of the rest of the people there. Finally the bartender motioned to one of the waiters to take him away. He struggled briefly, but found himself back at his table. He stayed there only a few minutes. As he got up to leave the waiter came over and told him to sit down. "I wanta call up," he yelled. The man followed him to the phone booth and left him there.

He first called up his home, but received no answer. Then he thought that he might as well call up Lucy and have some fun with her.

"Who's this?" he thickly demanded.

"Danny, Danny, where are you? Where have you been? We have been searching all over for you. Everyone is looking for you."

Through his fogged brain he finally realized that it was Lucy's mother.

"Mrs. Paris," he hiccupped, "I wanna talk to my mother. She's playing bridge there, isn't she?"

"Your mouth—? Why, Danny, what in the world are. . ."

"I want to talk to my mother," he cried. "I got som'p'n to tell her. . . You hear, I wanna talk to my mother. . ."

He was screaming loudly into the mouthpiece now. His voice broke and he began to cry.

There was silence on the other end of the wire. Then he heard them speaking faintly: "It's Danny and he's . . . drunk." He heard the woman's tears, and strangely felt pleased with himself. Then a man's voice asked for him.

"Danny? Is this you, young fellow?" He said nothing and the voice persisted. "Where are you, boy? Where are you? Can you hear me. . . Listen, we want to see you . . . have something important to tell you. Come now, where are you?" It was gently spoken and the boy sobbed more hysterically. He could not think and he felt his actions paralyzed. The man's voice was droning into his ear.

He yelled into the mouthpiece:

"I want to talk to my father and mother. Both of 'em." Suddenly he burst into shaking sobs and with a yank he clamped the receiver back on its hook.

As he opened the door, he stopped a moment on the edge of the booth's small platform. The musty air greeted him in all its staleness. He felt dizzy and

started to walk towards his table. He collapsed in the middle of the floor.

The waiters did not know what to do with him. They carried him back to a table at the end of the floor and deposited him none too gently in a chair. His face fell down to the table and with arms outstretched before him he lay like that until Lucy walked in.

The girl stood motionless near the slumped figure, her hands clasped, her grave eyes fixed on him. They carried him to the parked car and she got behind the wheel. She reached over him and opened the window on his side.

She did not intend to go home just yet. The rest were searching around town for him. Such a disgrace! Much as she hated to admit it, she felt terribly sorry for him. Such a coincidence her finding him so soon. She could hardly believe it.

She stopped the car and then turned and shook the boy. For a while he made no signs of regaining his senses, but after she had opened the car door and leaned his head back, he slowly recovered. He was still intoxicated as she spoke to him. He made no replies, but crumpled back into her arms. His head resting heavily on her breast. He was heavy and she was awkward in handling him. Then she revived him by the simple method of rubbing snow over his face and hands.

He lay there in the seat, his eyes vacant of any signs of intelligence. He was muttering continuously, insisting that he was going to get drunk. Lucy could control her emotions no longer; she took him into her arms and kept him there for a long time. Her eyes stared ahead into the snow, the fields, the woods.

"Can't go back now," he was mumbling. She said nothing nor did she relax her position. How many hours had passed she could not imagine. For the past few minutes she had quieted down his almost maniacal ravings. He had been telling her everything, and not knowing what he had been saying. His thoughts jarred each other, he saw his parents, now he was talking to them, now they were dead; drunk, he was going to get drunk, but always he insisted he would be alone.

Suddenly the snow, the fields, the woods seemed to be faintly far away. A picture of the future replaced them. Deep in the wonder of this discovery her hands caressed his hair, his cheeks, and she found herself whispering, "Never alone, any more, never alone. There are more holidays, more. . ."

The Cat Stalks

(Continued from page 9)

cold that...?" "Come on! Come on!" Ed's voice insisted. In a sarcastic tone he went on, "I suppose it should have a funeral. You can compose an epitaph for it at the office. Maybe the boss will let you write its life story. No doubt it would be of great interest to all of us." The kid snickered. "Don't be silly."

At Home

(Continued from page 12)

of himself—he remembered afterwards—his voice took on a familiar classroom sharpness. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "well, gentlemen, is there anything more I can do for you?"

There was silence, and the circle of faces before him seemed to him a round of masks. His heart stopped a moment; had he said something wrong?—A very nice boys, Drake, an honor student, a leader, rose and said, "Oh no, thank you, sir. We've had such a pleasant evening," and the Doctor felt himself taken by the hand. Then they all were gone, herding past him in a feeble rush, mumbling about having to study or having to sleep or having to get up in the morning. Mrs. Battle bade the last one a cheery good-night at the door. It slammed with finality.

"My dear," Mrs. Battle said, "it went off very well. We must do it again."

"Yes," said Professor Battle. "Yes, indeed." But he knew that they would never do it again, never. He knew that he had said the wrong thing.

To Make A Long Story Short

(Continued from page 3)

The writer states: "The greatest inspiration for any literary activity is the study of past and present masterpieces," adding that wide reading cannot fail to impress the "young mind with finer points of grammar, rhetoric, and style." Very true, but these three categories, unfortunately, are not half the tools necessary in creating literary works. Our young editorialist does not realize the inescapably inhibiting and stifling process afoot in an intensive study of literary masterpieces. If you follow the above prescription to the *n*th degree you may become a college professor, but not a writer of creative literature.

The *Chronicle* editorial ends: "Thus, it is student reading which should receive the attention of the Department of

English and the *Archive*." We know that some of our writers are scholarly English students, also that some of these nevertheless fail to produce the expected results. There is a gap between their literary knowledge and their writing.

The implicit idea in the whole article is that if our writers study their literature hard, listen to the professors well, they will be able to write good stories, plays, etc. Another very good reason, besides the foregoing refutation, is that the English professors, mostly, are not interested in student efforts at creative writing. (There are four well-known professors on the campus who are commendably interested in it). Most of them are not interested even in current literature.

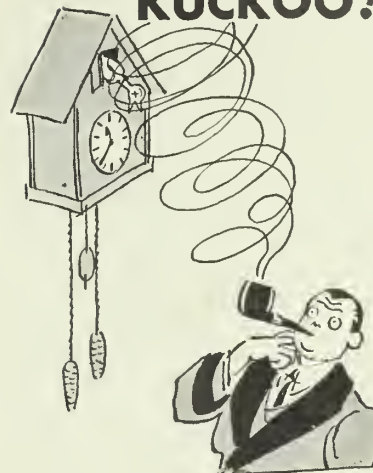
To be fair it is necessary to cite a reason for the attitude of these scholarly English professors. Their education and career have been directed toward the study of literature, teaching it, scholarly research, and publication of their findings. And it is a tough job. The system moves in this one direction. When they control our literary education, they consciously and unconsciously guide it toward this same point, always for the same reasons that their education guided them. It will do no good to tell them you wish to be directed toward an occupation of creative writing, not bibliomania, Anglomania, and several others. It might almost be called an occupational disorder among many, but we do not blame them for it. Thus, another reason as to why we are calling for the aid of fresher personalities who desire successful literary productions built on the present.

Still the scope of this problem has not been half discussed; we welcome further controversy on it and will reserve space in the April issue.

live and let live . . .

In the March 17 *Chronicle's* "Answer to an SOS" it pretended the only solution is to chuck the *Archive* for a humor magazine" with "capable editors." Its editors are developing a sense of humor. The editorial is not without ideas. Gentlemen, we give you the capable editor, Mr. Bull Durham (I, II, III, IV). Since the *Chronicle* editorials this year have been vapid, ineffectual society chit-chat, since it is what the readers want, we suggest: clean off the editorial page and let Mr. Durham spread his humor magazine supplement; since the page tends to fraternal gossip, call the magazine: *Pan-Hel-Hell*; since we are weary of re-reading old UP news, the innovation will be a happy economy.

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A Spot of Tea, My Dear

(Continued from page 11)

care if she did. And she said so. All their mouths dropped then.

Letty's mother said, "Why dear, what is the matter?"

"Matter!" Letty cried dramatically. "Matter! You don't think people have any feelings! You don't know what happens to people. You think you know all about life. But you don't!" She felt her nose running. They all looked so impressed and astonished that she ran upstairs before she would spoil it all. She blew her nose, and then stood by the window and watched the snow come down. The lawns all white with it and stitched together with green hedges reminded her of the patch-work quilt which her mother wrapped herself up in to read when she wanted to get away from the world and its troubles. As if she knew what real troubles were, Letty thought grimly. What did it all matter? She was born unattractive. And she would die that way. It really didn't matter very much. No one would care. Least of all Keith. He'd probably forget that he'd even kissed her. But she wouldn't. It was the first kiss that had ever meant anything. And probably the last. No one would ever love her. She wasn't pretty. Perhaps she'd live in a house out in the country and take long walks by herself. And maybe one day Keith would ride by on horseback with Lenore and say, "Oh yes, I remember her—a very nice girl. But rather odd." And she would keep on walking in the wind. Letty looked sadly at the street below. Or maybe he'd run over one rainy night and regret it all his life.

The door opened and her mother came in. "What's the matter? Did anything happen?"

Letty didn't say anything. She stood there and watched the snow fall.

"What did happen?"

Letty walked over to the dresser in a sort of trance.

"Oh, nothing. Nothing at all."

Mrs. Palmer sat down on the bed. Her shoulders drooped. She looked the way she did when she wanted to get away from the world and its troubles.

"Now Letty, you know something has happened. Tell me what it is."

Letty began rummaging through the bureau drawers as though looking for something. "You wouldn't understand, mother."

Her mother went over to a desk and began writing things on a pad. Letty stopped rummaging and sighed. Her mother didn't look up. She walked over

to the window and sighed again. This time a little louder.

Then she said wistfully, "I wonder what Alice will wear to the dance. She'll probably get a new dress."

"What dance is this?"

"Oh, some dance at the Kennedy Warren. Everyone's going."

"That's nice," her mother said absently.

"The Kennedy Warren has some lovely apartments. Aunt Lilion was thinking of moving there once."

"Yes, it is nice," Letty said, "very nice. I'd like to see it. But," she shrugged her shoulders and sat down wearily, "I guess I won't." She looked out of the window again. "No, I guess I won't."

Her mother stopped writing. "Guess you won't what?"

"I won't go. I'll never go. Never. Some people just are asked to all those things, and other people aren't, and I'm just one of those who aren't. That's all."

"That is very silly, and you know it. It depends on you, yourself, whether you are one of those who are asked out."

Letty got the Pre-Raphaelite expression on her face again. "I wonder how it would feel to be as pretty as Alice. You'd never have any worries or anything. It must be swell!"

"You're every bit as good looking as Alice and more. You're taller, and you'll be able to wear clothes better. But you will have to watch your manners. As far as looks go though, you are more individual than Alice. You just will bloom when you are older."

Letty snorted, "Humph. I've been nipped in the bud. I'll never change. And I don't want to be tall. It's all right about being individual and that stuff. But it's awful when you're going to be looking over your next partner's head. And when you dance with someone you like a lot, he doesn't look at you as though he could protect you. That's the way they look when they dance with Alice. But when they're with me, they sort of grit their teeth and start shoving me around as if they didn't care if I fell down or sprained my ankle. Or else I'm just a good scout," Letty added, raising her hands eloquently. And I'm tired. That's all. Just tired of it." She was crying again. "I wish I weren't me. It's so terrible," and she went on and told all about Keith.

Mrs. Palmer went over to her. She said, after a while, "Now, don't worry. You'll meet so many boys. Nicer ones than Keith. You'll get over it before

you know it." She got up and said gaily, "I think what we need is a shopping spree to liven our spirits, don't you?"

Letty smiled a sad, tired smile and said with a far away look, "No, mother, I think I'd rather take a walk by myself."

"Well, all right. You can stop at the store if you will and get me a few things."

That took something out of it, Letty thought, as she put on her hat and coat. She went downstairs.

Her mother called, "If the tomatoes aren't very ripe, get some pears for the salad. Your father always thinks we're trying to give him ptomaine poison when the tomatoes aren't ripe."

Letty walked down the street. Imagine thinking of food. Outside the snow fell softly in big flakes and clung to her lashes and the fur on her coat. Some boys across the street were throwing snow balls at an old man who was warning them that "he'd git the law on 'em." Letty hoped they wouldn't see her. She'd be glad when she was as old as Lenore Sinclair. They never snow-balled her. They always tried to act grown up and walk with her. And when she drove by in her roadster, they would stare in awe. Some girls and boys were sledding down Kolorona Road, and the Miles boy was standing around in skis and looking very important. And some man, taking his little girl down, was trying not to look ridiculous and not to kill himself. A group of girls all dressed up in new ski suits were huddled on the running board of a car and pretended to be waiting to go down. Letty stood at the bottom of the hill and watched them come. The Miles boy swept down on her. "Hey, Letty, you know, you may get hit and break a leg," he said cheerfully.

"I don't know," Letty said coldly, "that I would mind so awfully much."

"You don't mean that. Besides, you can't very well until after you go to the dance. Then if you want to, it's all right with me."

Letty was startled, "What dance? With—"

"Why, the cadet dance this Saturday at school. And with me."

Letty looked sadly away into space, "Oh, no, I couldn't this Saturday night."

The Miles boy kicked a snow ball over. "Have you got a date?"

"No. I just don't feel very much like one. Haven't you ever felt that way?"

The Miles boy had counted on taking Letty to the dance for a long time.

He didn't say very much after that, and Letty didn't either. But she thought about it. She felt rather guilty, and during the next few days she dreaded Saturday night. It finally came, and so did Aunt Lilion. After dinner that night Aunt Lilion did a pirouette around their living room. "Tra-la, I used to love to go to dances when I was young. There's something so romantic about them. Tra-la-la." She went around the room again and then sat down puffing, "My, Letty, don't you go to dances?"

Letty wished it had been Aunt Lilion's hat she had remodeled instead of Aunt Carrie's. Keith and Lenore were probably at the Kennedy Warren, a part of that older exciting world, which she would never join.

"No, but it's not that I don't have the chance to," she said, a little too loudly.

"A chance—why! my dear! in my day we leaped at the chance."

"Not with Johnny Miles. He's so young."

Mrs. Palmer perked up. "What's this?"

Letty told her. Her mother jumped up.

"The idea. Why, I never heard of anything quite so ridiculous." She went into

the hall. When she returned, she said, pushing Letty out of the room, "Not going? The Miles boy is perfectly all right, and you'll have a good time."

Letty stopped, horrified. "What do you mean?"

Mrs. Palmer pushed her up the stairs. "I mean that I phoned his mother and told her that you would be delighted to go. Now, you get out your taffeta dress, and I'll press it while you get ready."

Letty leaned against the bedroom wall as though she were facing a firing squad. "Oh, no mother—you didn't! How could you! Oh mother, what a disgrace. What will the Miles boy think? How horrible!"

"There's nothing horrible about it. And the Miles boy was delighted, too," she began getting underwear from the bureau drawer. "Now hurry and get ready."

Letty just stood there. If she could only faint now. She closed her eyes and tried. But nothing happened. Why couldn't she faint or die or do something! But all she was doing was getting undressed and mumbling, "I'll never get over it."

"Certainly you will," Mrs. Palmer said, flinging the taffeta dress over her arm. She glanced in the mirror. "I wish

I were fifteen and had nothing more to worry about."

"All right, but not the taffeta dress,"—she had planned to wear that with Keith at the Kennedy Warren—"I'll wear the crepe." She never knew how she got dressed. Aunt Lillian came in.

"My, you certainly look pretty. Blue is so becoming to you. Have a good time."

Letty's mother patted Letty's arm, "She's going to have a good time."

Letty, going down the stairs, wasn't sure. . .

She was glad her mother had waited up for her when she came in. They had ginger ale and cookies in the kitchen, and they talked.

"You know, mother," Letty said, "It's going to be keen when I can go away to college. I have a feeling I am going to be somebody some day. I'd love to have a career, do something great."

"I'm sure you will," Letty's mother said, smiling. "Your temperament certainly shows signs of some genius. We'd better go to bed now. It's getting late."

She turned out the kitchen light. They went into the hall.

"Oh, mother," Letty said, "you know, Johnny Miles said he thought blue was so becoming to me, too."



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First Row at the Monte Carlo Ballet

With an attempt at suspended animation, we sat on Monday night, March 16, in Page auditorium, waiting for the now familiar blue curtain to not be late. While we gnawed several fingernails in anticipation, the curtain was late and our legs felt rather conspicuous about not having a protective row of seats in front of them.

But the curtain did lethargically rise on the setting for "Les Sylphides" and the portly lady sitting beside us gasped asthmatically, "Ain't it pretty?" The gasp rather disconcerted us for the moment and fully five minutes of the ballet had vanished before we regained enough composure to enjoy its fragile beauty. We sat entranced through the valse and mazurka until the emaciated man directly behind us became so enamored of Toumanova that for a better view he leaned forward, giving us the direct benefit of his garlicmania. It was all his fault that we dashed for fresh air as soon as the lights came up.

When the ushers began shouting "two until curtain" we gleefully returned to our seat and waited 6.5 minutes for the curtain. During the unexpected 4.5 minutes we had an opportunity to ob-

serve members of the orchestra. We were quite astonished to see the first violinist furtively scratching the end of his nose with the violin bow. Our next move was to rustle our program indignantly when the fifer hissed nastily through his instrument. He repeated the act during the third ballet, only that time he modified the sound until it merely resembled an irate cobra. The chap who handled the clarinet seemed to spend most of his time holding its detached reed between his lips, occasionally removing it to make way for a superb yawn.

Before we had time to discover why the thunder expert was making those queer motions beneath the kettle drums, the curtain was up on "Union Pacific" and the orchestra became a magnificent, but unseen, undercurrent for one of the most pantomimic and best staged ballets thus far presented at Duke by the Monte Carlo troupe. While we strained our imaginations and appreciations to realize that Corot had shared in the mangy green setting of "Les Sylphides," our silent praises chirped lustily for the setting of "Union Pacific."

Although our eyes darted from dancer

to dancer, hopelessly trying to see all the action, we did manage to catch a few kaleidoscopic glimpses which still linger upon our retina. The glimpse we best remember is the movement executed by that slender young minx, Sono Osato, who played assistant to Leonide Massine in his famous barman. The glimpse came when the bubbling young wench forcibly applied her knee to a posterior portion of Mr. Massine's anatomy during a moment when they were both supposed to be inconspicuous. Another aside, unknown to the choreographer, was the sly pinch from Massine to Baranova. We hesitate to set ourself up as an expert lipreader, but we are quite certain the Lady Gay knows a censorable word or two.

As for the "Le Mariage d'Aurore," only unstinted praise is its due. The fairy tales and their interpreters deserve all the exotic mysticism already showered on them by more ethereal critics. And to Foster Barnes should go thunderous applause for his heroic efforts in securing one of the finest artistic troupes ever to appear on the modern stage.

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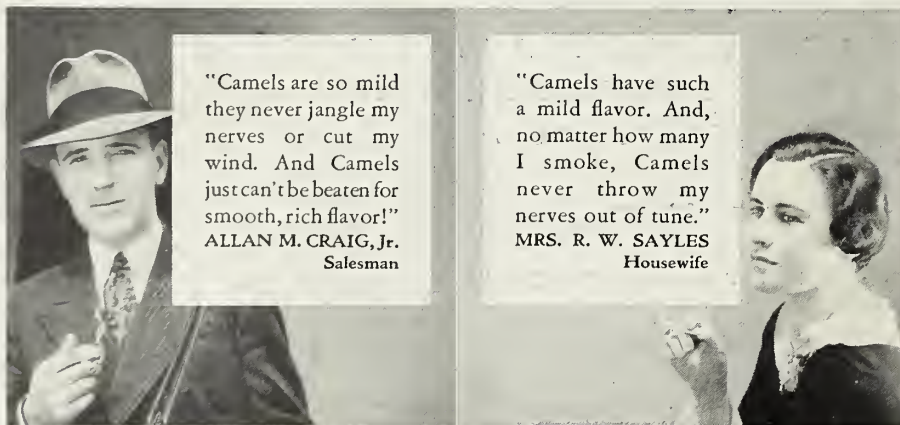
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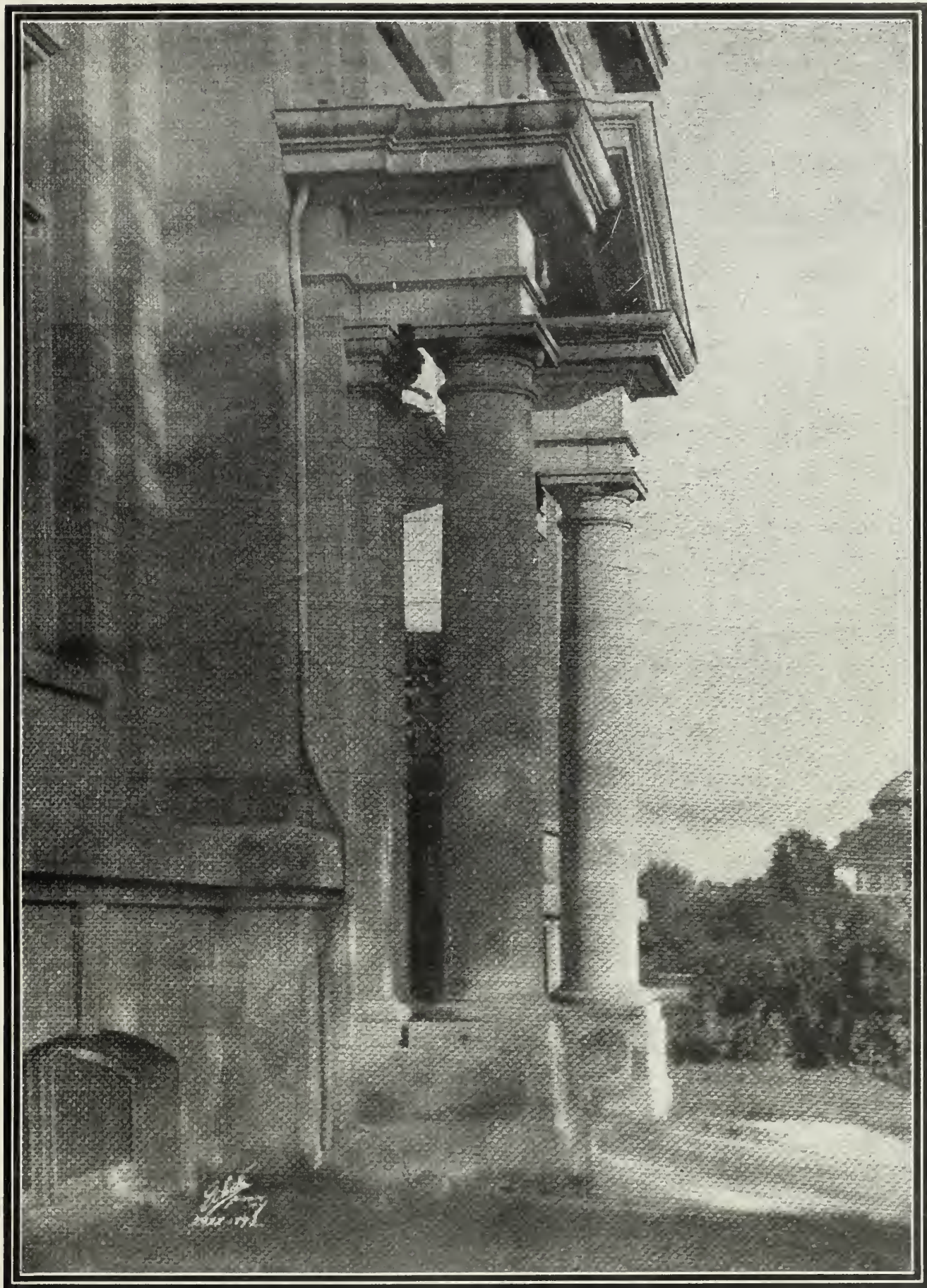
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THE ARCHIVE✓



Volume XLIX

MAY 1936

Number Seven

For Digestion's Sake — smoke Camels

Our tense, high-strung way of living strains digestion. Busy Americans find smoking Camels a pleasant digestive aid that helps digestion to proceed smoothly and prosperously!

The causes of upset stomach in our daily life are all too familiar. The pressure and vexation. The endless demands and annoyances. The hurry and rush. Bills—work—responsibility—worry about the future. Strain you can't see—anxiety and tension inside. Digestion suffers as a result.

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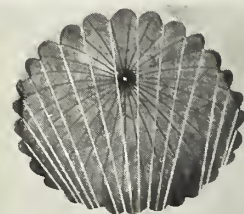
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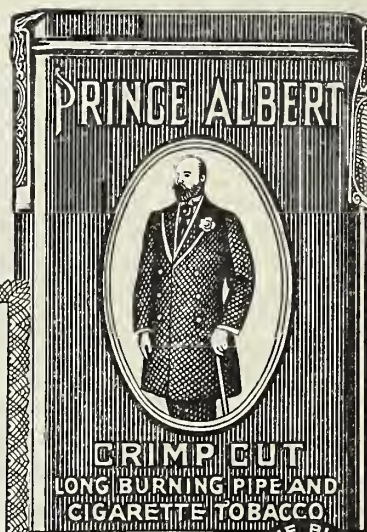
not bite the tongue. So join up today with the world's biggest group of contented pipe smokers — the Prince Albert fans! You risk nothing. P. A. has to please you. Special note for "makin's" smokers — P. A. makes grand roll-your-own cigarettes.

OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Verse In Motley

Journey's Beginning

Why do you sing?

I sing because I go
Tomorrow to the home of all my thought,
Tomorrow to the shrine of perfect grace,
I travel to a land where roses grow
Less lovely than her face.

What will you bring?

Happiness, thinking she may smile to see
Only myself, yet count gold what I brought.
Had I rare jewels, new flowers, or dear notes
Love-speaking, these I should take with me.
But gems, music, roses seem all dim
In the clear perfect light that round her floats.

Is it so fair a thing
That you should yearn?

What pilgrim would not raise a hymn
Knowing, though far away, the festal lamps
of Heaven for him burn.

Will you return?

Beyond the blessed dawn
When I depart nor looks my heart
Nor fears, while I call her my own.
I find my rest and joy in her eyes;
Years may be sold for an hour in paradise.

—*Kiffin Rockwell Hayes.*

Revelation

I did not know I heard but with your ears,
That mine, from using yours, would serve no more.
Fondly I thought: The birds will sing as clear
Though this my love no more is there to hear;
The waves will sing as sweetly to the shore—
But I am left to silence—and to tears.
For the lyre of the trees is noiseless,
And the song of the sea is dead,
And the jubilant birds are voiceless,
And the heart in my breast is lead.
The mem'ry of dreams, resounding,
Stirs my faint heart again—
And, my senses once more confounding,
Pours out its draught of pain.
'Mid the echoes of silence I seek you;
I look for your steps on the shore;
And my heart whispers soft, "She is dead, too,"
And the flame and the song are no more.

—*F. D.*

Dust

Dust is tragedy that I can hold
Inside my hand's unhappy cup.
Ice has life and water in its cold;
Smoke has the privilege of skies, frost
Is only beauty with another name,
And fog will vanish if a wind blows up;
But dust stays dust if all the world be lost,
And after dust no stuff to dust lays claim—
And after dust what further can revert
To less than dust or more than clay or dirt?

Dust is tragedy:—however gold
The pollen is that gives heart to the flowers
Or powders the insatiate bellied bee;
However green is verdigris of brass,
Or wind-loam on flood tide at noon, or mold
In country cellars, or coats of the road grass;
However red the crumbling of iron towers
Or blood or standstone steps; yellow the clay
Or fog; or blue, or purple:—dust is gray.
On either side the sunset, dust is gray.

Dust is tragedy; it neither dies
Nor lives, nor eats, drinks, loves, nor even sleeps
To wake fresh in the green of May, nor lies
Aglow under a tonic sun on a clean earth;
Immortality is not enough.
Dust, answering no questions, only keeps
In chrysalis awhile this life through birth
And death. Oh, dust is flexible enough
And shifting; so are worlds and stars. Dust flies,
Like love, in cycles: dust never dies.

—*John Schaffner.*

The Bitter Wind

You are the bitter wind
Blowing in me, the soft cloudy night.
You are a song unsung. . .
A candle that I fear to light.
You are the tender tears
The moon sheds in the gleaming sea. . .
You are the never-ending years;
You are the strange monotony
My mind perceives and cannot understand.
You are the transient mystery
I cannot hold, but have within my hand.

—*Ruby Fogel.*

The Scarlet Flower

ROSS McCLELLAND

The timeless shifting sands of a Mongolian caravan road bring you this colorful poetic fantasy, drawn from an ancient Indian legend. . .

(This one-act fantasy was suggested by an old Indian legend as recorded in verse by Laurence Hope in her little volume entitled "India's Love Lyrics." It is written purely as a play of legend and fantasy, with the treatment thoroughly romantic; hence certain details of costume, architecture and character are not technically and specifically correct. They are, however, but contributory fragments of the whole atmospheric effect which the play strives to create.)

SETTING:

The action takes place beside a small wayside temple just without the gate of a sprawling, low-roofed village, half Indian, half Mongolian, on one of the timeless, dusty caravan roads that drifts, shifting as the sands of the desert, from Kashmir over the wind-swept passes of the ice-capped Himalya, down into the burning deserts of Chinese Turkestan, across the trackless Gobi, and on into the shadow of the Great Wall.

In the background is a low, sun-baked, mud wall topped with rough tile over which can be seen the endless deep ochre of the sandy wastes; while far off on the horizon in the purple haze of distance a rugged mountain range is silhouetted against the sky.

A corner of the temple, of a hybrid part Buddhist, part Tibetan architecture, is visible at the left. Only the wall can be seen slanting somewhat diagonally away towards the left. There is a gap between the wall of the temple which rises upward out of sight, and the end of a low shed almost directly opposite. It is a nondescript structure having a low and only slightly angled roof covered with the same type of tile as the wall joining it. It is used as a kind of shelter in which feed for the camels and shaggy little mongolian ponies is kept, as well as a store house for some of the meagre belongings of the priest and the old woman.

CHARACTERS:

LALLA-JI, the priest, mayhap Buddhist or Lama, we know not exactly. He has the timeless Mongolian features, short black close-cropped hair running back to two deep v's above his temples. There is about him, particularly the voice and eyes, that blend of fanaticism and superstition characteristic of Eastern mystic religions. He is dressed in a long black greasy robe-like garment tied around

the waist with some kind of a cord. On his feet are rough, rawhide sandals.

THE CAMEL DRIVER, a nomad of the Steppes, more mongoloid than anything else, dressed in the habitual long quilted robe of his race, open far down on the chest when we see him in the heat of the afternoon, and disclosing some sort of stamped Buddhist token hanging on a cord around his neck.

TAJ, THE LITTLE ONE, a half-naked little boy of some four or five years clothed in a loin cloth during the afternoon plus a ragged blouse in the evening. His head is shaven and his face is Oriental, more on the Indian east of features than on the Chinese. He plays silently in the dust most of the time with a small, rough, wooden bull-oak cart, an imitation of those two-wheeled affairs seen so often in India.

MAHRA, THE OLD WOMAN, as bent and gnarled as the stunted junipers that grow on the wind-swept highlands. Her face is wrinkled and lined with age; the eyes, small and Mongolian. She wears a nondescript, long garment with one of the felt skull caps slightly pointed at the top common to the women of the Steppes. Her hair is parted in the middle and comes down on both sides of her face.

THE MENDICANT PRIEST, who shuffles in, dusty and worn, from the caravan trail one night at dusk. He is old and bent with still more impassive features than any of the others. By his heavily wrinkled features and his posture it is plain that his life of wandering has almost reached its sunset.

TIME: It is about four o'clock in the afternoon. The glare is hot and yellow and the ground dusty. LALLA-JI, the priest, and the CAMEL DRIVER squat in the shade of the temple wall at the head of the space between the shed and the temple. THE LITTLE ONE is playing in the dust in front of the shed with his little cart, busily engaged in loading it with pebbles, dirt, and what not, as a child will, and shoving it about following after it on all fours making sounds with his mouth which we do not hear. THE CAMEL DRIVER is apparently telling a story with a note of anxiety in his voice.

CAMEL DRIVER:

And, on the tundra slopes

Below the pass,

Called the "Black One," of Korakan,

Where the ice winds swept

From the peaks above
And the jackals howled
Without the flickering circle
Of our caravan fire,
And the camel bells jangled
In the evening air,
As they moved, restive with the smell
of smoke,
She tossed and turned and cried out,
Lying fevered in my tent
Among the furs.
Some evil spirit twisted fingers in her
hair

(So dark and soft it is)
And traced lines of pain
In the smooth beauty of her face.

Raising his voice in anguish,
And still it racks
The slender willow of her body,
Though I said a prayer
At every wayside shrine
From Lhasa on;
So I made haste to you, father,
And now stand suppliant
At your temple door
Knowing you to be wise and versed
In arts of old.

PRIEST:
Did you not buy her
One summer ago
Beyond the desert toward the Great
Wall

In the land of the nomad tribes
Who worship none,
But wander wild
And ride the Steppes,
Pillaging with sword and fire,
By night?

CAMEL DRIVER:
I did, father, I did,
But she was fair,
Untamed and free as the desert wind,
A dark and supple daughter
Of the Tartar tribes,
With smouldering eyes,
Deep as mysterious skies.
Such a pagan princess could I scarce
Let go!

PRIEST:
You erred, my son,
Misled by passion and fancy
To take a creature
Born of savagery,
Knowing no creed
Nor child of our true faith!
One prophet only must we follow,
Ever-tender of his spirit
Animate in Nature round us!

Admonishing, didactic.
Subject the senses!

Strive toward the Garden Goal!
The Garden of Kama!

CAMEL DRIVER:
But she moans at night
Strange names I know not of,
And her hand, in seeking mine,
Is moist as if the devil,
Like a tongue of flame
In the sword maker's forge,
Would lick her very life blood up
In its heated breath!
Is there nothing to be done?
No portent, charm
To drive the demon in her out?

PRIEST:
One alone I know
That may, perchance,
Such spirit slay.

A half-fanatical light comes into his eyes whenever he speaks of his plant, the sacred plant.

And I alone am guardian
Of that sacred vine!

He looks back between the shed and the temple.

Look how it thrives!
Clinging to the creviced
Temple wall;
With leaves
Succulent, thick and green,
Even here amid the sandy wastes!
But still my loving pains
Go unrewarded; for
Despite my daily devotion
No flowers crown
Its twisted limbs.

Reminiscing:
From the Garden of the One Faith
He said it came,
He who rode in, there

Nodding his head in that direction.
Where the archway's shade is deeper
With a plodding, dusty caravan
Toiled through the Kashmir hills
From the steaming, jungled south
With creaking packs of spices
And sandalwoods,
Many parching seasons back.

CAMEL DRIVER, *anguished and in haste:*
But what healing balm
To pulsing temples,
Has that,
Crawling, parasitic plant
Which seems to suck
The very moisture
From the sandy soil?

PRIEST, *annoyed by this display of impatience, particularly when it concerns his plant:*

Hold thy blaspheming tongue,
My son, till my tale is done.
That self same caravaneer
Breathed his last that sultry night
Gazing through the incensed air
At the mighty figure
Within the temple gloom;
Sick in spirit and body both
Of a latent malady unknown.

Yet, at the moment when,
The soul hovers
T'wixt mortal climes
And the garden divine,
Into my minist'ring hands
He pressed,
A curious seed;
And turning toward me,
Eyes glazed, yet, burning
With strange import
He bade me plant and tend it
With my very blood of life;
For in this, assurance
Of a life immortal, he said.
Thereon, with no further word,
He breathed his last. *Sighs.*

CAMEL DRIVER, *eagerly:*
And . . . has it given any sign
Of that promised potency divine?

PRIEST:
Only once, and in a manner strange,
Which may, the prophet willing,
The breath of the evil one
From thy pagan maiden
Drive.

Recounting, as if a formula.

Take one thin thorn,
Which I shall give you,
And on the olive pallor
Of her shoulder bare,
Trace this mystic mark.

Traces in the dust at their feet with a little stick while the camel driver watches intently.

Till etched, in her red blood
It stands, a symbol
Of the true faith.

The priest takes something from a fold in his garments and puts it into one of the camel driver's hands.

CAMEL DRIVER:
But I cannot mar
The soft fragrance
Of her flesh
With such a blackened spine
Of crooked vine!
Is that the only way?

PRIEST, *scornfully:*
Wouldst thou rather
This evil smoke of damned fire
Consume the very essence
Of her youth's beauty?
. . . . Go! Purge her blood
With tincture of eternal life
Sprung, perhaps,
From the Garden without strife!

CAMEL DRIVER, *slowly, resigned:*
If thou knowst no other way
Nor manner less severe
Then I can but try this charm,
For it tears my heart
To see her lingering thus.
Farewell.

The camel driver goes out at the left. For a moment the priest looks after him, then his glance reverts to the plant and an expression of adoration, tinged with perhaps a trifling shade of dissatisfied

longing, crosses his face. Then he calls to the little boy who, all during the preceding scene, has been playing in the dust. Meanwhile the shadows lengthened into those of late afternoon.

PRIEST:
Come little one,
Away with this childish make-believe
And leave that idle toy.
Fetch the evening jar of water
To nourish once again
This, my holy vine.

As the child obeys and leaves, he stands seemingly talking to the plant which apparently rises to a height of several feet, from the way he looks up.

PRIEST, *apostrophizing:*
Why is it, that this,
The one child of true Nature,
Is unadorned,
After my unceasing care,
With neither bud nor flower
Of any hue?

Have I not been faithful?
Have I not ever sought the one goal,
Through prayer and meditation?
Through fond tending of this
His sacred symbol?

Anguished:
Will no glory of flower or fruit
Lend solace to my longing?
If I am blind, O mystic one
Bring light into the darkness
Of my soul!

At this moment the noise of an angry old woman's voice is heard as she approaches from the left. Old Mahra enters with the little boy tagging along behind clasping a large, clay, narrow-mouthed, Indian water jar. Old Mahra speaks in the querulous tones of an old woman who is annoyed.

OLD MAHRA:
What need is there
To spill upon that ugly plant
More of our precious fluid
This day?
It beareth nothing,
Nor is it pleasing to the eye,
But only sucks up nurture
Without produce.
Already the sweating goat skins
Hang, half slack, in the shade
And the yellow dust, hot in the road
Neath the noonday sun,
Squelches with each camel tread.

PRIEST:
O near-sighted one!
Have I not taught thee
A thousand times o'er
To respect and serve that which came
To us from afar,
Imbued with blessed spirit
Of our prophet,
The all-seeing one,
With whose very breath
The pulse of Nature beats
In all things growing.

OLD MAHRA, in a pleading tone:
 But even now
 The little one cries out,
 With parched lips,
 For a soothing drop or two
 Of that cool water
 Which you lavish so freely
 Upon the snake-like roots
 Of that useless tree.
 And our mouths are dry
 With tongue cleaving to the roof;
 Yet you leave scarce enough
 Of our daily share
 To boil our meagre bit of rice
 On the evening fire!

PRIEST:
 Oh what blindness!
 What clawing in the dust of worldliness!
 What matter how we live
 Or where or why
 As long as the shadow of his grace
 Falls upon us?
 And we can hear his spirit's song
 Whispering mongst the Moghra flowers
 At dusk of dying day?
 This is but one life,
 One of labor and devotion,
 Of seeking signs of his being
 In Nature's being;
 Of finding and storing up
 The soul's food of meditation
 For the life that is to follow;
 Of preparation to pass the portals
 Of that mystic garden
 Whence all life sprang!

The old woman is silent, awed by the fervor of his words which her limited intelligence cannot grasp. The child shifts from one foot to the other, uneasily, looking off into space wondering what it is all about. The priest takes the jar of water and goes devotedly toward the plant, the child following a step or so behind, partly out of habit, partly in fear of his wrath. The old woman makes a gesture of resignation and despair and leaves for a minute while the priest sprinkles water on his vine. He speaks half to himself, half to the plant, standing with his back half turned, looking away. Again his words are in the nature of a short apostrophe. It is now early evening.

PRIEST:
 Drink deeply of what little
 Earthly token of devotion
 I can offer.
 But some day, O eternal one
 Give me sign with flower or fruit
 Of thy knowledge of my pains!
 Bring me portent
 To lend joy to my heart,
 Strength to my flagging spirit!
 Let thine eyes shine upon me
 To light the stony way of life!

Meanwhile the old woman has returned. She goes over to the shed where she gets a few crude cooking utensils:

a small black pot, two or three rough bowls, a wooden ladle, a small bag of rice, and one containing a few soy bean cakes. The child helps her set up the pot over some stones which have been lying in front of the shed from the beginning of the play and goes to the shed to fetch a few lumps of fuel. They light the fire, put the pot of rice over it and are busy about the business of getting the slight fare together, both squatting on their haunches in the dust. The priest, the while, has been walking silently and slowly up and down in mystic reverie, by the temple wall. In a moment, the mendicant priest comes wearily in from the right. He is old and bent, his passive oriental features heavily lined. He carries a heavy staff upon which he leans and with which he directs his plodding steps. He is dusty and travel-worn as he shuffles into the opening before the shed from the caravan road in the gathering desert dusk. He stops when he sees the fire and the two figures bending over it, examines them for a moment, and then says in a quavering voice:

MENDICANT:
 Have you not, humble folk,
 In the name of the true prophet,
 A morsel to share with one who,
 Renouncing worldly goods,
 Has gone out as a beggar
 On the endless roads
 To seek supreme enlightenment,
 And in the end,
 The cool shade
 Of the everlasting garden?

OLD MAHRA:
 Meagre is our fare, old one;
 But a few grains of rice in the pot
 For him and the child and me
The priest's contemplative mood disturbed by this strange voice, he comes forward and speaks.

PRIEST:
 Why not, Old Mahra?
 Willingly, brother, will we divide
 Our simple evening meal
 With another, seeking the light.
 Come rest yourself
 And lay your bundle down.
 Weary must you be
 For the air still quivers
 With the heat of the day.

MENDICANT:
 Your words are a balm, kind brother,
 To one old, and weary in body,
 Stained by the dust
 Of countless trails,
 Bruised by the stone
 Of rough paths;
 One wandering ever
 On the face of the earth,
 Seeking and praying,
 Following the call.

PRIEST:

Here by the wall
 It is cool.
 Sit while the pot boils;
 And tell me,
 Have you come far?

MENDICANT:
 Scarce one moon back
 The eternal snows of the passes
 In the great mountains to the north,
 Weighed my every step,
 And the icy winds
 From the heights, at night,
 Cut my face like a stinging lash;
 But soon the yellow clay walls
 Of the desert towns,
 Sun-baked in the motionless air,
 Shimmered before my eyes;
 And my body called out
 For a patch of cooling shade;
 My mouth for the sweetness of springs;
 My nostrils, for the fragrance of flowers
 Far have I traveled, and long.

PRIEST:
 To our mortal form
 The way is hard;
 Yet ever does the spirit urge us on
 To look across the shifting horizon
 For the haven, we know,
 Must lie beyond.

MENDICANT, looking around with a sigh:
 Ah, the greenness of foliage
 Soothes the senses
 And the sight
 Seared so many days
 In turn by blinding whiteness
 Of all-revealing snows,
 And sanded yellow glare
 Of desert wastes.

PRIEST:
 Tarry for a day, why not?
 And refresh your lagging step.
 We have not much—
 The temple here,
 A little shade
 From the noonday sun.

MENDICANT, in looking around notices the curious vine:
 That tree there—
 Dark, green, living,
 Gaiest the stone of temple wall—
Trying to recall something:
 Or is it vine
 So does it cling and creep—

PRIEST, quickly and with obvious interest:
 The sacred vine?
 You know it?
 Tell me, old mendicant,
 Have you ever seen
 Aught like it?

MENDICANT, slowly, recalling as he speaks:
 The years have dimmed
 The pictures of the memory—
 Yet it seems—
 Was it there?
 Yes, the mist clears now.

Once, in my youth
 Many, many moons ago,
 In the south, it was,
 Inland by a river,
 Slow and shallow and brown,
 Turgid in flow and choked, almost,
 By the steaming, pressing, jungle growth,
 I happened once, in quest
 For knowledge,
 In its dank and matted depth,
 Upon an ancient temple,
 Half-ruined, over-grown, crumbled
 And carved with figures strange.
 And in its sombre midst,
 Up and over what once had been,
 It seemed,
 An altar of sacrifice,
 For in its weird tracery,
 I discerned, staring with blind eyes,
 The worn and timeless symbol of life,
 There crept and thrived,
 Running in among the crooked cracks,
 A vine, sinuous, succulent,
 Such as this . . .

*PRIEST, breaking in for he can scarcely
 restrain himself in his intense inter-
 est:*

Yes, yes,
 What was there—
 Any bud or bloom?

MENDICANT:
 Yes, there was;
 I remember clearly now.
 Sinister, lurking, half-hidden in the depth
 One single waxen flower, of savage beauty
 Scarlet—
 The royal, deep red of living blood,
 Like a loosened tongue of flame
 Reflected in the ruby's eye;
 The more intense
 Against the weathered grey of stone.
 And the jungle people,
 Short, dark, furtive,
 In amongst the trees,
 Worshipped it, 'twas said.

PRIEST, eagerly, exultantly:
 I knew there must be something!
 But yet how,
 How did it bear that flower —
 Scarlet—
 Was it told?

MENDICANT, in hushed tones:
 That was the strangest of all.
 Their priests, I learnt,
 Of cult more ancient
 Than we know,
 Once a year,
 When the moon held
 To a certain quarter
 Of the astrosphere,
 Buried, silently,
 Around its roots,
 A child—
 Living.
 The only way, they said,
 To crimson glory
 Of bud and flower.

*The priest sits as though transfixed.
 A patch of moonlight, sharply outlining
 the shadow of the roof edge of the shed,
 falls in front of the two as they sit
 talking, their backs against the temple
 wall. The fire burns like a bright red eye
 in the space in front of the shed, the
 smoke softly rising in a thin, wavering
 ribbon toward the heavens. Then Old
 Mahra calls them to supper.*

OLD MAHRA:
 Come brothers,
 Lalla-ji.
 The pot boils,
 The rice is ready
 And a little sauce of soy bean.

To the child playing again in the dust:
 Come, little one,
 Leave thy cart where it be,
 And take this bowl.

*Lalla-ji is silent and does not make
 a move. The old woman calls him a
 second time but he sits as in a trance
 and does not seem to have heard her.
 Finally her voice penetrates the haze of
 his thoughts, he realizes that she is call-
 ing, and rises walking like an automaton
 over to the fire followed by the mendi-
 cant.*

PRIEST:
 Tonight, little one,
 We pray in the temple;
 And then . . .
 Then thou shalt fetch another jar
 Of water
 For my plant.

*The curtain falls slowly as he utters
 these last words and then rises again
 quickly. The setting is exactly as before
 only it is later and the fire is but a
 small bed of embers glowing in the night
 breeze. The pots, etc., have been taken
 away and the whole scene is bathed in
 the pale, half light of the desert moon,
 soft yet weird. The priest appears by
 the corner of the temple coming out of
 the shadows from the direction of the
 plant, his sandaled footfalls noiseless
 in the powdery dust. He stops and looks
 around carefully to see if any one is
 present. Satisfied, he advanced slowly
 across the open area. In his right hand
 hanging head down is a rough, primi-
 tive sort of mattock. He enters the shed
 disappearing momentarily in the shad-
 ows and emerging into the light a second
 later he looks about once more and in
 the process spies the child's little cart
 lying near the fire. He goes over, picks
 it up quickly, rakes the coals of the fire
 with a stick and lays the cart on them.
 He stands watching it burn, the flicker-
 ing flames lighting his darkly exultant
 features. He turns his head slowly in
 the direction of the plant and then looks
 up and off into indefinite space. Ap-
 proaching footsteps and a voice are
 heard. The priest fades slowly into the*

*shadows, noiseless, by the temple wall
 as Old Mahra enters calling.*

OLD MAHRA:

Taj, Taj!

Little one!

Where art thou?

*She notices the fire burning and stops
 to kick some dust on the few feeble
 flames that are left, goes on, crossing to
 stage right.*

Taj, father Lalla-ji!

Still calling at intervals:

Taj, little one!

*She leaves in the direction of the
 caravan road.*

*Morning, several months later. Lalla-
 ji and the Camel Driver are seen talk-
 ing, looking toward the plant. The Camel
 Driver is speaking.*

CAMEL DRIVER:

And with the dawning
 The fevered spirit had ceased
 To torment her gentle limbs,
 And she lay, sleeping like a child,
 Thus healing was your charm.
 So, with the cooling evening breeze,
 That comes as a blessing
 After parching days,
 We set out on our way
 Over the greying sands
 Once more, towards the Kashmir towns,
 With the camel train.
 Now returning against after the autumn
 rains

I deign to bring some token
 Of my gratitude and devotion
 To you and yours,
 The true faith.

PRIEST:

I thank you for your gift, my son,
 But recompense enough,
 Aye, more than I had ever hoped,
 Have I, at last, after all the years,
 In that, the scarlet flower,
 Deep in among its twisted limbs
 Proclaiming to the passerby
 Like a banner of holy red
 Upon the morning wind
 The one faith
 Manifest in this brilliancy
 Of glorious Nature.
 Long and fervently
 I have awaited this;
 Now 'tis come,
 I need no more
 In payment.
 Now seems the way
 To the divine retreat,
 The Garden of Kama,
 To lie clear before me
 In the evening
 Of life.

CAMEL DRIVER:

Scarlet-hued bloom
 Like the burst of bright blood
 Of a pulse artery
 Severed with single sabre stroke.

Curtain

Judy's Minette

DOROTHY ZERBACH

Nature often has an unjust way of bestowing tragedy upon the world; the startling irony in Judy's Minette is stranger than fiction. . .

David's eyes studied the picture hanging above my desk. He seemed fascinated by it. He always had been for that matter, but this afternoon he scarcely looked at anything else.

"You know," he remarked after he had mused for a while, "that picture reminds me of Judy's painting."

I laughed and changed the subject. I always did that when he suggested that the "Minette" might have been painted by Judy.

"Nonsense, David," I said and then asked, "By the way, where is Judy this afternoon?"

David frowned and stared out the window thoughtfully. He invariably does that when he is puzzled, so I waited quietly for him to speak. Finally he announced flatly:

"She's gone again!"

"Again?" I repeated after him, and my eyes went involuntarily to the painting above me. Judy *was* puzzling.

"I called her apartment early this morning," David was telling me. "Thought we might run down to the shore for the day. But the maid said Miss Watson had left quite suddenly about six this morning. I asked where she had gone, but of course the maid didn't know. No one does."

"It's funny how Judy disappears so completely every once in a while," I agreed, and when both David and I were silent. We were thinking about Judy and looking at the Minette on the wall.

Judy is beautiful and talented and perhaps there is no woman in Northport society who does not envy her. She is no more than twenty-eight, I suppose, but already she has been remarkably successful with her painting and sketches. She had charmed me when I had met her on the boat coming back from Paris four years ago and it was I who introduced her to Northport. Judy had fascinated Northport just as she had me, though I often wondered if it was not the bit of mystery about her, as well as her beauty, that charmed us.

Only I knew what the picture over my desk now was a Judy Watson painting. The Minette was unlike most of Judy's work. For like Judy, her sketches and paintings were sophisticated, clever, finished. Her critics called them "twentieth century classics." And like Judy, her work was distinctive. One always looked twice at a Watson sketch, just as one always looked again at Judy Watson herself.

Judy had not given me the Minette; instead she had objected to my having it. I have dabbled in painting myself and I believe I know a good painting when I see it—and the Minette was exceptionally good, though there was not even a suggestion of the Judy Watson style about it at all.

I had run across it one morning about two years ago at Judy's studio when I was looking absent-mindedly through some of Judy's sketches. Judy was painting her prize-winning "Manhattan at Midnight" at the time.

Judy had named the painting simply "Minette" and the picture itself was as strange as the title. The subject was a rather homely little girl with a very dark complexion and her hair done in funny little pig-tails all over her head. She was standing looking over a white-picket fence, her wistful face propped in her hands. I was fascinated by the child—the picture was simple enough, but into the child's face Judy had painted a certain hopelessness and yet a sort of child-like expectancy.* She was not a child one would usually paint; there was nothing of the cherub-like quality in the Minette. Instead, the Minette, though a little grotesque, was strangely lovely in its ugliness.

I believe Judy sensed that I had the picture in my hands, for she dropped her brushes and hurried toward me. For all her composure, Judy was obviously flustered. She snatched the Minette—yes, she snatched it—from my hands, though she attempted not to. I looked at her in astonishment and before I had a chance to speak, she began explaining hastily.

"That," she said, "is something I attempted years ago—and was so ashamed of it that I never even scrawled my name in the corner.

She hesitated.

"One gets weary of doing the same thing—you know, just like singing the same song over and over. Always 'Manhattan Parade,' 'Twentieth Century skyline'—you know, the same impressionistic stuff. Once, I decided I'd be different—started this—and realized I just could not be different. I only know how to sing one song, so I've kept on singing it over and over."

The explanation seemed satisfactory enough; Judy's voice was casual now, but her dark eyes were imploring me to believe her.

"But Judy," I protested, "this painting

is excellent—I don't see why you have hidden it!"

I walked over and looked at "Manhattan at Midnight" that was almost finished. Judy thought it one of her best works. It *was* good, and I studied it for a few minutes. Minette and Manhattan at Midnight were completely different. The first, simple, real, and pathetic; the second, impressionistic, exciting, like Judy herself.

Judy was straightening the sketches out and except for her hands, she seemed quite calm. I watched her stacking the pictures neatly, her red-tipped fingers moving quickly. Judy's finger nails were always dyed with thick red polish. I have never seen her without it.

"Judy," I suggested after a while, "why don't you enter the Minette in the National Art Exhibit rather than the Manhattan at Midnight?"

Judy stopped abruptly and looked at me in amazement.

"The Minette," she repeated, then she laughed. "Minette! Darling, have you gone mad? Everyone says the Manhattan at Midnight is the best I've done!"

"The best of its kind, perhaps, Judy," I admitted, "but this little Minette is different. Not only different, Judy, but appealing and excellently done. Surely, you can see that!"

Judy evidently did not see, for she entered Manhattan at Midnight and won first place in the exhibit.

A few months later I asked Judy again about the Minette.

"Listen, Judy," I started. I had dropped over to her apartment one morning to look at some sketches.

Judy cocked one eyebrow at me, as she had a way of doing.

"Where is the Minette, Judy?"

She was calm this time.

"Gone, Helen, with the rest of the trash. The jaitor probably carried it out weeks ago!"

I caught my breath and exclaimed:

"Oh, Judy! How *could* you be so utterly foolish. Why, the Minette—

"It's gone," Judy's voice was final. "At times, Helen, you are almost juvenile. Minette was an absurd attempt, and nothing else, to be different. Very sorry."

Not long afterwards I found the Minette very unexpectedly. I was searching for rare editions in a second-hand book shop when I happened to see the Minette hanging on the wall, along with

(Continued on page 23)

Treatise On The Acrimenan Mind

(A Posthumous Revelation By The Late Dr. Newton Virgil Plato Smith-Brown)

Chadwick Callaghan and
William L. Holler

Throngs of curious people were gathered at the rocket field in the rear of the Black Hills University on that memorable day in late November, 2139—the date now known to the world as epoch-making in astronomy and physics, and I might add, with some sense of pride, a date now taught to school children: the Twenty-fifth of November. Dr. Rosenberg, Professor Campbell, and four graduate students, including myself, had worked for two years to complete the space-rocket, and everything was in readiness for the take-off on a voyage of astronomical exploration in the regions of the constellation Scorpio.

[Before I go further, it seems necessary to make several explanations. In the main I intended to use considerable new and unpublished material, although there will be a repetition of known facts to show logical sequence. Now that I have reached a stooped and grey, yet dignified, old age, I wish to set forth a number of hitherto-withheld facts about our voyage through the universe, for I realize it will not be long before I shall pass on to the Great Beyond and do not wish to carry with me valuable knowledge that the party saw fit to suppress from the world.¹ I might add here that my secretary, who has given me invaluable service, aided me in writing this treatise and helped me decipher many of my early and time-worn notes, the longhand of which eluded my failing eyesight.]

Our space-ship was of a beautiful, bullet-shaped construction with accommodations for twelve passengers. On the bright, silvery metal shell, of special durable steel, was a red arrow drawn horizontally across her body at the tail of which was painted her name in rainbow colors: *Miss Aurora*, under which in small letters were the words "Welcome Universe: If you come down to Earth, use Aurora Gasoline, rocket-tested." The space-rocket was mounted on metal skids with her nose raised at a 50° angle.

When the preparation bell rang, our party assembled at the gangway. Professor Campbell's wife, hanging on to the old chap's neck, was almost prostrate

with grief. The wife of Dr. Rosenberg seemed cheerful enough; she pecked her husband's cheek several times and kept chirping: "Cheerio, cheerio!" I thought I caught a twinkle in her eye, which gave me the unmistakable impression that she was thoroughly fed-up with the old fellow's harangues about super-science and was glad to see him off at last, and, doubtless, for other reasons of her own. I feel no compunction in saying this now, for Dr. Campbell's wife has been dead many years, God rest her cheerful soul (Her second and third marriages were also issueless ones). My fiancée, although she had sworn that she would be through with me, and would marry someone else if I embarked on this voyage, was down to kiss me goodbye, and seemed unusually warm to me until the photographers and news-reel men were through. (The publicity, I might add in passing, served her well, and speedily. I withhold her name, although she has gone to her just reward, but not so fruitlessly.)

After we had shaken hands with representatives of our sponsors, the oil company, a large tobacco company, and the University we climbed aboard. There was a string running from the control car to a platform near the crowd, the idea being that when the string was cut the power-throttle would be released, making the string cutter, a person of eminence, the historical starter of this great venture. The president of the University was asked to cut it; but, when he reflected that in the case none of us came back, all our lives would be on his hands, he flatly refused. The mayor of a nearby city was given the honor and accepted it.

Owing to the fact that the mayor was slightly intoxicated, he fell against the string and broke it three minutes ahead of schedule, causing the death of two cameramen who were too near the blasts. In spite of the roar and vibration of the ship, we heard the cheers of the multitude, and if my conscience tells the whole truth, the writer heard many jeers and cat-calls in the uproar. Several other newspaper and news-reel men were picked up by the rocket blasts and carried fifteen or twenty feet, and dropped sprawling on the field. One other minor fact I might add here that was not before noted: Just before the take-off, the

municipal band was playing the "Star Spangled Banner," but when the mayor fell against the string, the band shifted unceremoniously to "Nearer My God To Thee," which strategy looked somewhat premeditated to us.

The clouds were soon below us. After ten seconds of flight, according to our calculations, we were approaching the outer area of the earth's atmosphere. After the rocket ship had gone further out, the atmosphere decreased to a certain point but did not disappear or go any lower in pressure. It was no small surprise to us, since the *Aurora* had clearly gone beyond the earth's atmosphere calculations, which showed that we were making new discoveries in aerology. Our pressure gauges proved a check on the altimeter, and our mercurial barometers added to the proof. None of our instruments dropped to zero. Our gauges and barometers rested at four pounds per cubic inch. Our company of space explorers were astounded. Although I was only a social science graduate student who dabbled in physics and psychology, I comprehended these discoveries as readily as the rest, and well can I remember the leap that my young heart took when I realized that we were making history by the second.

We set the space-ship course north-north-west of Antares, for we were bound for Ulysseter, a theoretically discovered planet belonging to Antares, the Scorpion's Heart. The existence of the newly-discovered Ulysseter had been proven by a needle-point flicker in the spectrum (towards the violet), which meant there actually was a measurable gravitational pull in the direction of Scorpio that we could not explain, thereby proving without a doubt that Ulysseter would discover itself to us when we arrived in that locality. The fact that our voyage of discovery was based on this theory alone is a monument to the heroic courage and untiring preoccupation of science to give to the world true knowledge, a point that I believe has been underemphasized.

The voyage was uneventful and monotonous at times. Six light-months later we were cruising along smoothly at about one-third the speed of light (I might add here that we had expected to speed at half the velocity of light, but the space pressure of four pounds, which shows that the so-called ether does have substance, kept us from attaining that mark.) We were on the point of definite-

¹This article was originally written for the *Northern Pacific Quarterly*. But the editors declared that the material was in entirety a fiction, and that there was not an iota of truth in any statement contained here. When the author declared that most of the facts could be authoritatively checked in newspapers, magazines, and broadcast records, the editors rejoined with a tone of finality that the subject matter was not yet old enough for use in their journal, and advised the writer to submit it again later, preferably in about half a century.

ly proving the Einsteinian curved space, as against the Euclidean straight-line space, when the ship began performing all sorts of abnormal maneuvers. The bulkheads on each side suddenly began to buckle inwards, then outwards; then the floor and overhead began to buckle inwards and outwards; and the length of the ship began to vary widely, all of which forced us to make for our safety-belt. Before this unpredicted behavior ceased, the ship left our control completely and traveled in a right-angle direction, according to our heavenly position; then made a long, arching swing back in the opposite direction, then back again, making us ill with air-sickness, or rather, space-sickness. We finally made a terrific counter-march and tumbled through space like a projectile out of balance.

A hurried check on our control mechanism showed us that they were all functioning perfectly. After a number of these wild spacial maneuvers, during which we thought surely our days were over and done for, the ship settled down to a perfectly normal course. Professor Campbell, after a three-day mathematical check on the ship's phenomenal behavior, proved with certainty that we were traveling through an area of pretzeloid space. This fact proved Einstein as well as Euclid to be wrong about the universe. Campbell was elated.

Our biggest surprise came about thirty light-days later: The ship, quite without warning, began to slow down, according to the manner in which we were clocking our position. It was rapidly coming to a complete stop. An investigation showed nothing wrong with the space-ship, which at first confused us as to whether we were stopping or the rest of the universe fleeing away from us. When we ascertained that we were only going thirty miles per hour, Professor Campbell suddenly discovered that the outer space was becoming terrifically dense. He rapidly calculated that within eighty seconds, at the rate we were going, we would be in a spacial substance twice as dense as English steel, and we would be crushed to an atom.

The emergency reverse rocket-blasts were turned on quickly and accelerated up to twenty-five thousand tons' pressure before the *Aurora* began to back up. The ship's vibrations were terrific. Dr. Rosenberg explained that it was comparable to a submarine's trying to back its way out of a mudbank. The most astounding thing about this new space condition was that we could see through it as easily as we could in any other heavenly position.² Professor Campbell's mathematics fell flat; by no amount of

juggling of figures could he give an explanation of it. When we were far enough behind our old position, we changed our course and finally succeeded in maneuvering around our latest difficulty, after watching our instruments carefully for fourteen days.

In two more light-months we arrived in the vicinity of Antares, but no planetary system did we find. The Professor and the rest of the company were crestfallen. I was especially disappointed because I had been anxious to find a new race on which to make haematosis tests and new subjects on which to vent my hobby, phrenology. We piloted the space-ship so close to Antares that the ship began to get hot, but that mighty star was found to be planetless. We finally compromised on an exploration of Jupiter. When Professor Campbell finally reached up to our stellar map and drew a heavy blue line through Ulysseter, the company bore an air of tragedy. It was the funeral rite for Campbell's pet theory. Dr. Rosenberg took the bereaved man by the arm and guided him slowly to the bunk room. It was a poignant moment for us all.

It was on our lonely pilgrimage back to this part of the universe that we discovered and explored a new and uncalculated planet. We were passing the third star in the southern half of Scorpio when we suddenly discovered that it has four planets. Professor Campbell was overjoyed. *These planets*, he swore, were the cause of the deviations in his calculations. Dr. Rosenberg winked at us and corroborated the statement. We chose the nearest planet, brought the ship about in a slow 90° swing, turned on our forward rocket-blasts as soon as we entered the planet's atmospheric condition and increased gravitational pull, and gently landed the *Aurora* within an hour on what we later learned was Acrimena.

After short deliberation we unlocked the port and walked down the gangway onto the soil of Acrimena. We shortly observed twenty grotesque figures at a short distance from us, looking with cool indifference at our space-ship. Our amazement was obviously more marked than theirs, and we had more to be amazed about, for they were about ten feet tall and strongly resembled great, up-right pigs. Their stomachs protruded about three feet, resembling inflated ba-

loons; and many of them had five chins, each hanging down in ripples below his mouth. Their necks were thrust forward, almost horizontally. Their feet, which were about a yard in length, were sticking out sideways in opposite directions so that the backs of the heels touched. The ones with the five chins, we soon became irritatingly aware, were continually tittering in staccatoed bursts. Everything that greeted their eye became a subject for titters, it seemed. Finally Professor Campbell snorted: "For the love of God, what maddening senses of humor. What on earth do you think is so funny to them?" Dr. Rosenberg replied tersely: Everything . . . But themselves."

The most remarkable part of the Acrimenans' physique was their heads, or rather, their half-heads. Their heads ended just above the eyebrows and shot straight back until their skulls reached a lumpy knot the size of an ordinary fist, then descended to the neck. The heads were strikingly devoid of hair. "The hairless head is striking proof," said Professor Campbell, amused, "that grass doesn't grow on barren ground." I learned later that the Acrimenans once had a fairly large cephalic index, well rounded on top, but through a process of devolution, they lost it more than six thousand years before, which point brought us to some startling discoveries I shall reveal in their proper place.

When the Acrimenans moved up near us, they all began jabbering in an unintelligible tongue, with strong nasal tones. Finally, a wrinkled, dwarfish little creature pushed his way to the front and waddled up to us. To our consternation and, at the same moment, relief, he hailed us in half-understandable English with a strong Cockney accent. "Wall, bloimie, if it oin't rall human baying! What perfectly bloitie luck. Walcome, folks!" We soon learned that he was Dr. Percival Cartwright, a space explorer from Australia, who was given up for lost twenty-three years ago. Briefly he told us how his ship was destroyed in landing, and agreed to act as interpreter until he could get some of his English speaking students to act as guides for us, adding that they were rare, cogitating students he had found by accident.

We were equally glad to see him. After we were introduced around, we looked about us to see what Acrimena looked like. We appeared to be in a large populated community, with many large buildings surrounding us in the distance, an educational community. We at first thought it conformed to the description of one of our universities on the Earth, but were shortly corrected

²(For a much fuller and more interesting treatment of the subject of space-density please refer to the author's *See Acrimena Last*, a book-length treatise. Synoptic View Publishing Co., New York. \$6.50, C. O. D.) Professor Campbell also touches on this subject in his report. Although his information is painstakingly accurate and truthful beyond question, his work is not consistently scholarly throughout—notably in the preface—and for that reason I cannot recommend his book to the reader.

*Chesterfield writes
its own advertising*



by Percie, as we soon called him. We had landed in the environs of a multiversity, the High Acrimena Multiversity.

Percie explained that the reason for this fact was that all the colleges were closed systems: each college or university was a science within itself, each being a closed system because no institution recognized any other as a fit seeker after truth and fact. All denied the validity of each other and were continually at war.

We immediately wanted to be shown about the Multiversity, and soon discovered the striking contrast with our earthly institutions, as well as with our peoples. Percie at first insisted on getting us ensconced in guest quarters, after we promised faithfully to take him back to Mother Earth with us. After we were rested, dined, and furnished with the English speaking guides, (who, I might add, could speak more distinct English than he), we commenced our exploration of the Multiversity. We were occupied with these visits for many days, and it will be impossible to record here our wide and varied discoveries. As promised, I shall dwell mostly on things that have been withheld from the world, at the stern command of Professor Campbell, who no doubt was well meaning in his intentions (but whose judgement, I feel, was somewhat warped by fear, and a weak stomach, no doubt).

We first visited the Science of Language college. It handled only one language, Upper Acrimenan, which was somewhat superior to our King's English, a language we all know has never and never will be fit for royalty. The Upper Acrimenan was the only language recognized at the college, we learned. Although there were fifty or sixty different languages known about the planet, the Acrimenan college had denied it for five thousand years (one Acrimenan year being equal to fifteen of our months.)

One striking peculiarity about this college (all colleges to be exact) we quickly noticed in the students and teachers was that a strong emphasis had been put on memory. For ten thousand years they had taught that memory is the noblest faculty of the mind. Of course they at first thought that memory was the only faculty, but when they later discovered that there are five other properties besides retentivity, they still insisted that memory was the only good character of mind and that all else should be ignored.

In submitting some of their advanced students and professors to a few of our intelligence tests (they, by the way, thought them the most ridiculous things

they had ever heard of), we were shocked to discover that some of their best students were outright idiots. Their Gold Head students, somewhat similar to our Phi Beta Kappa scholars, but more highly honored, gave the I. Q. of a four-year-old child; but, nevertheless, could remember everything studied, every word spoken, every act committed, since they were babies. In memory they exceeded the most phenomenal genius on record on the Earth. Many of the Multiverse Scholar professors, also a highly honored group, were imbeciles pure and simple by our tests, yet nothing had been forgotten by them since babyhood. If set on the proper track, they could recite verbatim, 12, 14, and 16 volumes of text on the same subject without making a single mistake.

One kindly old professor, an exceptional chap, could remember the very day he was born, and often told about it. These facts imply that their ability to act properly depended entirely on precedents that could be remembered; if the precedents were wrong, nothing could be done about it; if they got on one track of thought, it took an earthquake, almost, to get them off it. Furthermore, their new ideas were of three natures; namely, they were either fortuitous, i. e. they came by them by accident, or came out of the past history by some strange channel of memory, and consequently were plagiarized, or were ideas that arose out of an effort to explain unaccountable behavior.

On the other hand, however, there was a faint glimmering of the reasoning faculty left in some of the Acrimenans, but it was not necessarily found with brilliant memories, more numerous in people with lesser memories. We found this iota of real thought only by the most careful testing. According to what I could learn, there were no imbeciles, during the early development, among the better minds; it was left up to the process of evolution and devolution for imbecility to develop among learned men. So far as we could remember among the minds on the Earth, in trying to find some similarity with the Acrimenans by which we could understand this startling discovery, the only cases we recalled were of those unfortunate persons in the homes of the weakminded, persons who have almost perfect photographic memories—the weakminded who can listen to a sermon, for instance, and repeat it word for word without ever knowing exactly what any part of the sermon means, as contrasted with persons of normal understanding.

There was recorded in their histories, my guides explained, the development of a group of people in the opposite ex-

treme, Acrimenan people who had practically no memory, but people who had reasoning and creating properties developed to a phenomenal degree. These people could create volumes of purely new and original matter, but unfortunately forgot it before it could be recorded in writing. They would start out on a thought and forget the thread of discourse completely, and could only continue in a purely creative function from point to point. Very often they would forget the subject before the predicate was stated. All these individuals needed was help from their memorizing brothers. But no, most of the Acrimenans resented these people violently, and it was not long before they were at war. The latter obviously had the upper hand, for the fact that they were fighting for a reason was all they could remember, and the former could not remember what it was all about from day to day. The captured persons were condemned as mental incompetents, waving red flags of pure creation at the public mind, and were put to death in the most horrible fashion—they were used as guinea pigs in the medical science college first; then, when half dead, they were used as cadavers in the medical school practice. As a final result, these exceptional people became extinct long ago, leaving not even a possibility of a good milieu by hybridization.

After the Acrimenan College, our guides took us towards the other science colleges. They explained in passage that in the Multiversity, the word science was spelled eight different ways. Since no science college (all existent branches of learning were sciences, of course, since all other theories of education had vanished years ago) could agree that any other college was a science, each spelled the word so that it included sounds or characters that gave a hint of the subject, thus claiming that any other spelling or pronunciation of the word did not mean science, but pseudo-science. Thus a close corresponding spelling in English would make them: Acrimenan language science, Acrience; Biology, Bience; Law, Liencie; Physics, Physience; Chemistry Chience; Medicine, Mience; Psychology, Psyence; and Philosophy, Phience. If you were with a philosophy student, therefore, and spoke of science as anything else than Phience, he would fight you on the spot.

As we passed a large building with eight sections, our guides explained to us that it was one of the main libraries, and agreed to let us inspect it. The eight sections had each an entrance for the students of the respective sciences who proved at the doorway that they be-

(Continued on page 15)

Page of Sonnets



Sonnet In Gold

King Midas touched the evening with his hand—
The heavy sun made haste to scatter gold
Before the panting ocean should enfold
Him in her bosom. Watching on the strand,
We trailed caressing fingers in the sand.
Somehow a cloud of golden vapor strolled
Atop the waves, and found the shore, and rolled
In eager mellowness along the land.
You could have been a girl in bronze: you sat
So very still—so like an image there—
That when you moved I strained my ears to hear
A dull, metallic sound. I wondered that,
When you intrusted me your hand to hold,
It felt as smooth, as chilled, as burnished gold.

—*L. M. Cecil, Jr.*

Chanson de Mal

An opalescent moon spills aqueous light
(I would have said, a year or less ago):
Conceits—like vows—are meaningless; tonight
Is not as once for purpled overflow;
My heart is in the wine-press: the wrung lees
Drip garnet venom like a serpent's fangs,
Slowly. Now the last dark spheroid hangs
Pendent above infinity; disease
Is held there distillate: when this too falls,
As diamond-filtered flame, my heart will be
Cold, clear, and white; a mystery.
A deathliness that nothing past recalls,
Unless the mustard moon and this sick night
And your sad eyelids luminous with fright.

—*W. W.*

Chapel-Spirit

I've ever felt that some omniscient brain
Directs the destinies of man aright;
And often since that swerving in my flight
That sent me winging to thy rich domain,
Oh Duke, have I inquired—how oft in vain—
My purpose here. Could God, who formed the night,
Have wished to banish me from sweet delight
Into a foolish sphere of bookish pain?
Today, alone, pressed to thy chapel wall,
I stand and watch the loving night descend
To wrap the campus in her ebony shawl.
The black pines sob their sorrows to the wind;
The chapel-spirit throbs against my hand
In ancient language—Now I understand!

—*L. M. Cecil, Jr.*

On A Dream

I fell asleep; and as I slept I dreamed
That I was God; and in this fullest state
I felt all my past weaknesses redeemed
From mortal bounds; and all the dreadful weight
Of seething, sensuous things upon my soul
Was soon released; and freed from life's dull pall
My selfless spirit, daring, restless, bold,
Sailed forth into the depths of all in all.
I filled the emptiness of space and time.
But being passionless I looked on men
As foolish creatures lacking the sublime;
I neither praised nor scorned them for their sin,
And yet although I was their God, above
All things, I envied them for they could love.

—*Jack Barnes.*



Lamb And Whimsicality

HAROLD COLLINS

Charles Lamb's brand of whimsicality is really Lambsicality, we learn from the author, who shows you why it is matchless. . .

I must explain, at the onset, that by the term "whimsicality" I do not mean freakishness in either action or writing, rather what might be called, broadly, the modern humor of fanciful egoism, which makes its first public appearance with the *Essays of Elia*. This humor differs from other and older forms in its frank and unblushing assumption that the thousand and one little nothings which concern the author are of interest to the world. Individuality is the heart and soul of this new sort of humor, or whimsicality as I have named it, and it has been well characterized as "fun in the first person." For its subjects, it is not at all making mountains of amusement out of little personal mole hills.

I have said that whimsicality—the new fun with ego, remember—had its premiere with Lamb's *Essays of Elia*. Do we not recall how humorously and how charmingly the essayist takes us into his confidence, almost as though we were by his fire side on some cold wintry night? His lack of an ear for music; his complaints against married friends and poor relations; his fancy for old china; his feelings when he was working and when he was retired; his financial status; his memories of the inner temple; his opinions on the offering of grace at table, on distant correspondence, on schoolmasters—such subjects in the essays Lamb serves up for our delection; and throughout that delicious confidential fun, the effervescence of the author's capricious, humoristic way of life, what I have called, for lack of a better term, whimsicality.

Whimsicality did not originate with Lamb. Before the end of the eighteenth century, what little whimsicality there was rested in the fine art of letter-writing, for letters, by their very nature admit of personal humor, and probably have contained such humor since the time when letters were inscribed on fig leaves. Certainly, there was no whimsicality in the brilliant satires of Pope and Dryden, none in the bitter irony of Swift and Defoe, nor in the huffoonery of Fielding and Smollett; Goldsmith alone is autobiographical, but even he does not have the courage of the first person singular. Sterne, whimsical if anything, only pretended to be himself and thereby passed up the honor of sponsoring whimsicality.

Whimsicality came in at the time

Wordsworth and Coleridge were eloquently preaching their new gospel of nature. During the stir that these prophets raised, there was another development, perhaps of equal importance with the nature gospel, that of modern humor. I said that whimsicality had always been nascent in the epistolary art. About 1870 a new, natural levity gained strength within the correspondence of the time. Before this, men had always had their humorous moments in letters, but there had been a distinction between light moods and serious moods. For the first time *l'allegra* and *il penseroso* moods mingled.

It was Charles Lamb who so confused seriousness and humor that no author after him was obliged to separate them. But Lamb was not the father of whimsicality: he had a predecessor in Cowper, who merits the title of the first writer of modern humorous prose. We are familiar with the easy, unaffected humor and the pleasant egoism of Cowper's letters. Cowper was the first to write such limpid, genuine simplicity of trivialities, done as carefully and as amusingly as possible; but Cowper did not come out in the open with this new genre of humor. Publicly a poet, and read as such, his innovating work, important as it was, needed a public writer to publicize it. Whimsicality found an incomparable champion in Charles Lamb, who read and admired Cowper's poems and letters, and the *Essays of Elia* are whimsicality's declaration of independence.

Lamb's great discovery, like that of all the romantics, was that he himself was worthy of artistic consideration; that his memories, his impressions, his likes and dislikes, his beliefs and prejudices were sufficient and fit subjects for literature. The most fascinating study is not the study of mankind, but of that man of all men, oneself. Before *Elia*, none had thought his personality worth literary exploitation, without considerable pruning and selecting, in accordance with the standards of taste of his times. As I said before, Cowper did display his possibility of a good milieu by hybridizing that there were other letter writers, like Gray and Walpole, who came in for a small meed of honor for being whimsical in their letters. Yet, it is Lamb whom we should reverence as the patron saint of whimsicality.

We shall avoid, however, the idea that Lamb was so immersed in himself that

the world was nothing to him, for nothing could be farther from the truth. Indeed we must always remember that his egoism is only literary. There was never any one more unselfish or tender-hearted or sympathetic than Charles Lamb. In the world to which he was so keenly sensitive, he aspired to be no remarkable character, but preferred insignificance, with the joys of graceful living.

Why was Lamb so successful in his literature of personal confidences and why did his humor prove so infectious? For one thing, Lamb contrived to unite with the life of an ordinary man, genius of presentation. As Lamb seemed to be, most of us would like to think we are: kindly, self-sacrificing, whimsical, friendly, domesticated, loving books. The world he represents to us is our own world somehow glorified, and his muse never flaps her wings over the level of common experience. Moreover, Lamb's appeal is through the heart, most vulnerable of the whole man. Do you wonder what all this has to do with whimsicality? My point is that between Lamb and his reader there is a bond of sympathy: since the reader sees in Lamb a representation of his own kind, he finds no trouble in identifying Lamb's whims and fancies with his whims and fancies—and is pleased, of course, to find that his poor doings are material for literature. He is only too glad to laugh and be amused.

Another cause for Lamb's successful humor might well be the tragic element in his life, for it is not quite true:

"Smile and the world smiles with you,
Weep and you weep alone."

If, when you weep, you do it just so; if, with courage, the proper amount of romantic melancholy, and smiles to hold back the tears, you face that smiling world, it will never fail to applaud. That was the flavor of Charles Lamb's whimsicality, and the world is still applauding for all it is worth.

Still another, and perhaps the most obvious and best reason for Lamb's success was his natural aptness for humor; to speak in trite terms, he had a sense of humor. Anyone could tell such a story as the one at the expense of his friend Coleridge, deserves the blue ribbon of humor. Coleridge met Lamb in a garden, grasped him by a button on his coat, and with closed eyes, began an

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Treatise On The Acrimenan Mind

(Continued from page 12)

longed to that college and had a right to that section of the library. The students, we learned, never took a number of courses in different colleges, since once they were in one college, the professors would keep them poisoned in a mild way so that they were captives of that institution until they were educated enough to be one-science minded, and cared for no other branch of education. If at the end of a normal detention, the student were brilliantly abnormal enough to want to know more than one kind of science, he would be classed as a traitor to true learning, brainless, and worthless; and the professors would have him torn to bits by the more learned and less radical students, and thrown to the dogs (unless this punishment was performed on a very dirty floor, in which case he would be sent to the main kitchen and fed to the students of the other college which he wanted to join).

We were only shown one section of the library as none of the sections were joined except by barred underground passages for the Moles. My guide explained that if the students got in the wrong library, they would try to burn the other science's books, or refute the important arguments with black paint and brush, or draw pornographic pictures over the most delicate purple passages; else the students would fight among each other. The work was done in the library by what they called Library Moles. The Library Moles were all blind graduate students working for professorships. Since half the professors and most of the best students were without eyes, all books were printed line for line with dual print; one for visual reading, and the other for touch reading. The Moles did not mind their blindness in the least, for many of them were always sure of getting professorships in the end, blindness being an enhancement rather than an obstacle, since it showed the relative amount of study participated in by the student.

My guide informed me that some of them did not attain the position until old age, and since there was considerable animosity between professors on different branches of the same subject, (a professional jealousy, so to speak) it took the student sometimes fifteen or twenty years to get all the signatures of the committee teachers on his bill of recital, which is somewhat similar to our thesis, only delivered orally. Various methods were resorted to in getting a professor's signature. One student, to show the reader one out-

standing method, gave the opposing professor for his signature a landed estate just willed to him (this method was not considered "buying a professor," I might add, for the professor had no objection to the student's work; another student acted as the professor's butler for eleven years for it; another, to show an extreme example, where perhaps also the teacher did not think so much of the student's work, the student acted as a combination laundryman and man-about-the-backyard for sixteen years for his mentor's agreement.

We were shown some of the books. There were deep head-notes on every page, and sometimes in the middle; we were told that the head-notes (which were similar to our foot-notes) were placed in various positions to make the students read them. We were shown one head-note which discussed the operation of a mop-handle cutting machine, a good example of their notes.³ Another was a scientific treatise on gravity. Somewhat like our system of putting the notes in the back of the book, theirs were put in an additional volume if they became heavy, which they usually did. The guides showed us a twelve-volume set of books published by one professor. The dozen volumes were written on the subject: "The Proper Method of Whittling Blue Pencils, and Their Exact Scientific Use in Correcting Papers." After examination we found that the first eleven volumes consisted entirely of headnotes of historical works consulted on this subject. The twelfth and last volume was given over to the argument that the blue-pencils should be red—and the remainder of its pages exhibited the proof that the original idea was his, stating that the only red blue-pencil argument known besides his was given by an illiterate yeoman who lived more than two hundred years before, but who

could not have originated the idea because when he spoke of *red* blue-pencils he really meant *green* blue-pencils, but definitely not red ones.

My guide remembered when the dozen volumes came off the press. He stated that the evidence was so profound that the college was thrown into a furor, and the author received his professorship ten years ahead of the usual Gold Head graduate. The fact that he never got around to the title subject had nothing to do with it. The reason for that, as has already been set forth, was that he had everything but the ability to think, and therefore could not get beyond the historical material, in spite of his accidental ambitions.

The sun was setting at this juncture; we returned to our quarters. During dinner, we noted that Dr. Rosenberg became quite chatty about the various Acrimenan systems in the Multiversity; he was ostensibly fascinated by many of them, and knowing what a powerful memory he had, we did not wonder that the systems flattered him. The Professor remarked to Percie that he was surprised to find no science of history. He was informed that it died a natural death eleven thousand years ago. History was developed into a very elaborate and profound Hience. But it came to a pretty pass, we learned, when none of the sciences would take their views of historical trends, especially in relation to their own particular history. Hience either lied disgracefully when it recorded favorable things about other sciences, or it did not record a science's own great works in proper glory. It was not long before Hience students and professors began to disappear in great numbers.

History saved itself by opening a science of the future, and quietly forgot its history. The college prospered well until the public discovered that the same things were happening over and over again; then the people got angry and declared, "Why they are not giving us a decent break on the future with something new now and then!" or slang to that effect. "These frauds keep giving us a relashed cycle which has already happened a dozen times." According to library history, Percie said, the History college was standing one day, and was gone completely the next, including its staffs; and no one ever solved the mystery.

Thus after the death knell of Hience, all sciences adopted the custom of taking care of their own histories, in order that they could handle them the way they

³To give you a fair description of one of their notes, I quote the one mentioned: "Note B42X. The first professor who studied this mop-handle subject stated that 'the only true method of obtaining correct results' with this engine is to turn the depressing dial from zero to the right three full turns, then back to the left four and a half turns, and then finally to the right one and one-half turns. But this formula is obviously in great error. To obtain the only correct results is to turn the dial three full turns to the right, four and one-half turns to the left, and finally one and one-half turns to the right. My directions must be followed exactly." I might add in passing that Dr. Rosenberg minutely examined the note and the original text and announced without delay that both Acrimenans were far from the truth, that the only irrefutable answer to the problem was three times to the right, four and a half to the left, and one and one-half to the right." My guide whispered, "They are all very very wrong; you leave the dial at zero." I did not encourage him in this sort of impertinence, however.

chore. This practice increased in all colleges until the present day, in which 98 per cent of all courses in the colleges were nothing more than history, and not science; all of which was very much in line with the development of mind, as was naturally expected of brilliant memories. Percie prophesied that within a few short years all sciences would teach nothing but history. I thought I caught an amplified gleam in Dr. Rosenberg's eye; I could not tell whether it was his sense of humor brightening or not.

On our way to the Psyence College the next morning we passed many great edifices that contained many architectural wonders. We noticed there were many beautiful but empty niches in marble, places for statues and other works of art. We asked why they had no statues for the niches made for them. The guides explained that no artistic works were worthwhile. It was ascertained that it would be eight thousand years before the absolute truth could be attained in all branches of aesthetics. Fine Arts would then be allowed to flourish, then and only then could the artists go back to the founders and great teachers in the Multiversity's history and engrave them in stone for the magnificent niches. The fact that the images of all the founders and great teachers had been lost centuries ago was ignored; it was the principle of the thing.

Just before we reached the Psyence College the guides narrated a graphic picture of the terrific hatred between the colleges. Professors in one of the colleges made a new discovery, and were so sure of the truth of their discovery and of the possibility that even the other colleges would accept it (professors lost their heads like this every fifty years or so, it was said) that the college published the discovery in huge posters and had them pasted on all other science buildings to allow professors and students to read them. Every science immediately printed its research into the real truth of the matter. All proved exactly by multiversal mathematic formulae the "only true facts" in the case. All used posters. On examination one found that there were eight different posters on each building, and the eight different answers to the problem were strikingly contradictory.

This show of impertinence by all eight sciences caused a terrific battle. The chemistry professors began it by throwing acid on the opposing professors. Then the students got into it. The biology professors and students turned out twenty thousand of their guinea pigs, which were about the size of fox terriers

and looked like baboons, and sent them after the opposing forces in charging salvos of one hundred each. The medical science students got out their knives and other instruments of torture, such as their ether-like anesthetic, and attacked from the rear.

The physics students rigged up heavy weights which would drop upon warring students' heads by electromagnetic release; they also put up barb-wire barriers to electrocute the foes, while the professors lured the warring factions into these traps. The battle was terrific and lasted for twenty-nine days. Many lives were lost and buildings destroyed by fire, and many professors were either crippled for life or paralyzed indefinitely. Where buildings were burned many thousands of books were destroyed. The students in the respective colleges had to set their memories to work, and rewrite all the books.

When we arrived at the Psyence of Psychology college, there were only two classes in session. We were told that students had little time for study or class sessions, for they were always very busy being used for psychologic guinea pigs, since the real animals were only used for elementary and historical experiments. Their experimentation required that there be almost as many professors as students. The idea in the college is that you learn as you are being experimented upon. The students called this institution the Mind-Over-Matter college, we were told, but the Physience students called it the Great Stagger Psyence—as the students stumbled blindly from one psyence school of thought to another, but were never able to make up their minds or make any comparative judgments. Since the same faults of thinking were prevalent in all Multiversity students and professors, it was no wonder that none of them could ever come to any exact scientific agreements. Thus the Psyence college was a multi-school within a multiversity. My guide rapidly calculated that within two centuries there would be eighteen thousand more psychology schools in existence than there would be students, unless some unforeseen law tended to equalize the proportion.

We were shown the XYZ wave school. In the XYZ research department, there were many students sitting silently in booths. We were told that one student sat still watching the ripple of waves in a small pan of water, counting the ripples; another student in another booth sat with his head between his knees trying to keep a blank mind; if the counted ripples totaled up in the second one's mind like an adding machine, as the first student counted, the process proved

the existence of XYZ waves from one mind to the other, a sort of psychologic ticker-tape machine function. Professor Campbell distinctly snorted and rasped: "So *What?*"

The guide astounded us with the most extraordinary rejoinder: "So *what* what?" "Exactly *what* will the waves be used for?" Our guide answered that he could not tell yet; that although it was definitely known that millions of uses would be discovered, the psyentists were not yet interested in that phase of the work.

The guides explained further that the XYZ waves had been unquestionably proved by mathematic calculations over two thousand years ago. It was now a fact that you could contact other minds at a distance of a thousand miles, in a telegraphic exchange of messages or images; or on the other hand, the mind could project itself like a radio camera and get a picture of a building, or an action, or an object of furniture without ever seeing mind or object, and all this could be proved by mathematic calculations.

Professor Campbell advanced the opinion that it was easy enough for him to comprehend a mind that could describe a piece of furniture many miles away because it was signal proof of the old law of affinity between two kinds of wood, but that the rest of the assertions were preposterous.

Dr. Rosenberg objected violently to that kind of reasoning, and upheld all claims for the XYZ wave. The two professors wrangled rather heatedly for a moment; the latter upheld more and more of the Acrimenan scientific principles, while Campbell drew more and more away from them. The whole tilt ended when Rosenberg said: "Bosh. Utter bosh! It is just as possible to have a telegraphic ticker-tape connection between two minds under the old law of affinity of two kinds of wood, as in the other case. Now let's have an end to it."

As we were leaving, one odd thing was pointed out about the psyentists. Most of the professors who had dealt with mental abnormalities had been at the work for so long they had caught these psychological diseases themselves. One professor had contracted kleptomania, and daily stole all his pupils' books. Another professor, who taught the Live-Think-and-Be-Normal courses, had a terrific elephanto-neurosis. He shook so violently about the room that he had to be put in a straight-jacket-like suit to keep him from shaking the building down upon the students' heads. Many professors caught one disease after another, and often gave them to

their students. The most remarkable case on record, though, was the one in which the department head caught "stoozolic," (a malady somewhat similar to our paranoia) while studying it. His malady finally became so annoying that the college was forced to keep him in a padded cell, and he was let out only for scheduled lectures.

On our way back to the quarters I referred to my guide that the Acrimenans did not fare so well with our intelligence tests. He laughed uproariously, and pointed out that it was impossible for the stupid people from Mother (he called our plant Mother after Percie had told them it was Mother Earth) to create an intelligent intelligence test, unintelligent as we were. He was willing to lay a wager that we could not even rise to the level of idiocy with their tests. I was not willing to risk my dignity on it.

During the course of this interesting controversy he pointed out a number of reasons why their tests were superior to ours. He stated that the prime reason our tests were of no consequence was that we were trying to reach an ultimate truth with a finite device, which was impossible; adding that an absolute test of intelligence was a strictly relative device, and depended entirely on the point of view; and lastly, that the only good tests must clearly be mechanisms of utility, not idealistic yardsticks. He repeated that if one doesn't adopt a strict psychologic point of view at the outset and admit it, and realize that he has a utilitarian's objectivity, he will be deluding himself and nothing more. Dr. Rosenberg had been listening in on this all the while. He was charmed with the whole argument, and said as much. I asked the guide what if we adopt the point of view of segregating the purely creative faculty of intellect; since there is no known test of that quality of mind, what then? He grew very red around the collar and emphatically denied the existence of such a quality.

During the next evening meal, some one expressed surprise that there was no department of athletics at the Multi-versity. Percie replied that the Athience college had crumbled in ruins more than 800 years ago. "What do you mean Athience college?" some one asked in astonishment. Athletics had reigned as a consummate art and science for more than four thousand years, he explained. There were two sciences in close harmony, Athience and Kilience, and he proceeded to give us a short history of their work.

Athletic science evolved naturally from an ordinary department. When Athience reached the stage and eminence of all other colleges, athletics was in its glory. The college had developed elaborate

Ballad of Loafer's Rest

Walter H. Weintz

I.

*Sittin' on a holler log,
where the rapids boom,
lookin' down the muddy river
at the shadow of the moon...*

II.

Fid Green was a furnace man
At the mill;
Hadn't been a handsome nigger,
Be there still:
But he loved a married woman
And got kill.

III.

*River go past Loafer's Rest
round the bend;
like the devil, slow but sarten
of his end.*

IV.

Married Woman, Married Woman,
Don't you roll them eyes at me—
Not with God and all his chillun
Here to see—
(Meet me after sundown, honey,
By the poplar tree).

V.

*Slow but sarten, like the devil,
ain't no use to worry;
thousand years to do his mischief—
he don't hurry.*

VI.

Sittin' by that lazy river
Where the waters slap,
By the rapids after sunset,
Shotgun 'cross my lap;
Fid Green an' his Married Woman
Walk right in my trap.

VII.

*Sittin' on a holler log,
listenin' to the houndogs moan,
thinkin' of a thousand things
by the rapids, all alone.*

academic schools and conferred high degrees. It often took twenty years to attain these honors. After centuries were spent in perfecting this science to the highest art, such degrees were conferred as (if interpreted in our forms and games), Doctor of Football, Bachelor of Badminton, Master of Shot-putting, and *Magna Cum Laude* in Tennis.

Another science in connection with this, as has been mentioned, was Kilience, or College of Women Killers. The business of this college was to teach its students the most artistic and at the same time most malish methods to kill women. The proper technique in baiting women for the killing in one form was to stalk them, hold their gaze with bright trinkets somewhat in the manner snakes are

supposed to capture birds, or call them with decoy instruments, or smear the persons with certain scents and paints. One novel but sound practice was to hang a dummy bust out on the street with life-like shaggy hair on its chest (women would be drawn towards it like iron dust to a load-stone, Percie declared), wait till the victim drew near, then pounce upon her and tickle her to death. The bodies were usually highly-prized and were mounted on the dormitory room walls, somewhat in the fashion our university students used to treasure female garters before they went out of fashion. On the other hand these women killing lads soundly built up their physiques in order that they could resist and neutralize the charms of women. For the object was to attract women, and not let the contrary occur. As the supreme pleasure was to meet violent death at the hands of the proper male, after one's own fashion, the women's attractions were often very great. Many of them preferred to be tickled to death, but a new school developed, and reached wide prominence, in which the followers much preferred to be kicked to death. Percie added that it required a greater physique and longer endurance to tickle a woman to death, and became a very tiring practice eventually. Many other schools developed, and the science was forced to expand.

Historical commentators claimed that Athience and Kilience were one and the same science, and that the other theories were due to errors made by Library Moles. It was claimed that the great stadiums were built for all sorts of games, created to attract these women with the love of death glittering in their eye. At any rate all sorts of students were attracted to these stadiums. The most prominent game was bubble chasing. It was made violent, Percie claimed, so that the males in the stands could imagine that they were the players, and the players could fancy they were in the stands, and the women imagined themselves delightfully murdered many times during a game by some charmingly brutal player.

In bubble chasing two teams were on the field; each tried to carry a large oil bubble through the other's gateway at the end of the field. Each player was allowed to have for equipment a heavy chain with a weight at each end, which was thrown at the bubble in an effort to break it, and a female gizz, a large ferocious animal similar to our lion. The player was supposed to teach his gizz to leap for the bubble, but usually taught his animal to miss the bubble and tear the carrier's throat; no check was ever made to see if the beasts were taught

properly (as all players were supposed to be gentlemen, and their honesty could not be questioned). The bubble carrier was equipped with large steel spikes on the back of hands, head, and tops of the shoes. They were allowed to use them on the defensive players, but were never permitted to touch the animals with them. As the bubble carrier advanced down the field, if the gizzes missed the man's throat, then the chains were tossed. They usually missed the bubbles and accidentally broke the carrier's legs; in that event the defensive players were permitted to pile on, and due to the way their memories operated, they forgot the bubble-breaking and spiked the carrier to death. Whenever a casualty occurred, usually in every play, the umpires were, theoretically, supposed to have their backs turned, thus never saw any unfair play, nor could they call it if they did. Their most responsible job was to see that both teams were separated while the casualties were being replaced. Bubble chasing was the greatest game in all history.

According to the other history Kilience developed to such a high and delicate art, that the women grew disgruntled with the methods in which they were being killed. When they saw that the practice was getting beyond their control, they advanced on the college one evening at dusk and burned all the buildings and slaughtered all the women killers. The ultimate mill-stone around the neck of the Athience college was the fact that it was a closed system like the other sciences. As the students killed themselves off faster than the college was able to attract them, the best men began to dwindle; and interest began to drag with the lesser athletes. When the situation got to the point that nobody attended the events but the professors, and nobody took part in the games but the professors, the president knew that the college was doomed.

During the next day we were occupied with the Phience College. The science of philosophy was conducted in one of the strangest colleges in the Multiversity. All its greatest work had taken place in history and no philosophic movement was going on in the present to create conflicts. The standing law in the college during the past five hundred years was to the effect that any one caught philosophizing with his own intelligence, in an effort to create an idea, would be instantly punished with death—the rule had not been broken in more than two hundred years. The teachers had a professional honor code to the effect that if one should catch himself trying to create a new philosophic truth, he was honor-bound to commit volun-

tary suicide to hide the disgrace. No honor death had ever occurred among the faculty.

This state of affairs grew out of the last great effort in philosophy, a little over five hundred and sixty years ago. This undertaking was the effort to form a series of bridgework between the various opposing sciences, including Phience. This project almost came to a successful conclusion. The connections were definitely established in a treatise complete in 5168 volumes. The other sciences balked, however, and alas, on one point, namely, that they should have to turn their beloved multiversity into a university. The dreadful idea was definitely a red flag. Phience or no Phience—to have a name that presumed that they were even nominally related to each other was preposterous. A terrific war was waged over it, according to history, and many valuable students and professors were maimed for life and many killed.

Like our Latin, as a language, philosophy was a dead science on Acrimena. All courses were taught historically, of course, and the students had nothing to do but exercise their great memories. Many of the professors now occupying the philosophy chairs could remember all the speculative drivel since the solid-cranium age (an age, by the way, I could not verify in their histories). Since the students could sit noiselessly in their classroom seats and memorize everything out of the books, the professors carried on their lectures day after day in utter silence. No one ever knew what sort of lectures the professors held forth on, for they always conducted them with eyes and mouths closed. The students loved this strange, deep silence, and were always very careful about turning pages. Dr. Rosenberg was fascinated with this college. We learned later that he spent a week there studying their systems.

My guide told me two stories about this system in Phience. Once a professor suddenly, and quite by accident, noisily shifted a piece of paper on his desk. A student jumped up screaming "Don't make such an uproar!" and shot the poor professor dead with his eyes closed. The other tale embodied a natural disorder that could occur. A number of years ago, the tale ran, an old philosophy professor died of heart failure in his chair behind the desk. . . Two weeks elapsed before his death was discovered by his students.

After several weeks of further study, of which facts and discoveries the world has long been aware, the time came for our party to leave Acrimena and return to the Earth. Now that I look back on it all in my old age, I must confess that

at this juncture I grew weary of it all, like a child very tired of the zoo, and welcomed the thought of going home. As we had already begun to suspect, when we started preparations, we found that Dr. Rosenberg had become enamoured of the Acrimenan Multiversity systems, and announced his intention to spend the rest of his life there, studying and teaching the Acrimenans. Shocking as it was, it would not have been such a cruel blow to us if he had not, in the very next breath, requested us to stay with him and do likewise.

He insisted that the multiversity system was a paradise, an El Dorado, as compared with the Earth. Although Dr. Rosenberg has been dead many years now, in all probability, may the Good Lord rest his poor head, this is the first occasion in which I advance my claim that I was the first to recognize that he was rapidly becoming demented, and probably dangerous. But I knew my duty to professional ethics, and kept my peace. After much argument, Dr. Rosenberg agreed under pressure to let us return to the Earth with the space-ship, but damned us thoroughly. A short time later, we discovered that he was plotting against us with a group of Multiversity professors, and had made plans to destroy the rocket-ship while we slept.

They were going to do it that night. We were terribly upset, for we knew that our party was vastly outnumbered, and felt that we scarcely had a chance of besting them and saving the ship. As darkness came on, we were milling about wringing our hands, fearing that we would never again see the Earth.

At this moment Percie came up with his equipage and six or seven Acrimenan professors. They were very dissatisfied men and wanted to come to the Earth to live. After haranguing through a number of pretty speeches, they asked us to take them back with us. Professor Campbell consented on the condition they help us to drive off the enemy professors. They promised to come at a given signal.

When the attack was about to start, we signalled for our allies, but they did not come. The enemy Acrimenans began throwing great stones at the ship. Dr. Rosenberg was not among them; he had no doubt given them directions and gone to bed. Still the allies did not come after the second signal. As the rocks began falling more heavily, Campbell sent me back after them. I found the stupid creatures on the original trend of thought. They were still orating to each other about the wonderful new world, and asking each other permission to go to the Earth. After they were

(Continued on page 21)

... EDITORIAL ...

The Publications Board . . . Have We Politics? . . . Is it a Good System? . . .

Once again the Duke Publications Board moved back into the blissful shadows after election limelight. It is not the purpose of this editorial to be about the heroic task of poisoning dead wildcats, or of amplifying the last flap-pings of a lame duck. . . . Rather, we wish to make an examination of the Publications Board system after four years' distant but related observation of that system's function, and suggest changes that may become necessary.

It is to be understood at the outset that we are speaking strictly about the *system* when we say the "Publications Board," and that we mean nothing personal whatever in connection with its members or any particular member, although it may be necessary to allude to one or two in order to dissect various functions; for a system should be held blamable when members conform to various practices by custom.

The present Board consists of fifteen voting members (five from the administration and faculty, six men elected by students of Trinity College, four women elected by the Woman's College), and seven editors and managers, members *ex officio*, who act in an advisory capacity.

The claims for this system are that it is the best possible system for all concerned, that it is non-political, elects the best possible publication heads, gives absolutely fair consideration to all contestants, is well informed about the functions of the publications, and is a most equitable representative of the student body and the University.

The present Board still has the framework of the 1926 system, which was created at the time of university expansion, and was composed of five administration and faculty members, six editors and managers, two men and two women representatives at large, who were elected by ballot. Originally all had voting privileges. In 1935 it was claimed that the student body should have better representation on the board, that better guard should be taken against publication politics. Dissatisfaction among the co-eds caused them to demand election of their editors and managers in order to cut out politics and discrimination through appointments, and asked for equal representation on the Board and more sympathy towards their political problems.

In the end to hush this disturbance the co-eds were given the right to be elected by the Board and the elective co-ed members of the Board were increased to four; the elective men were increased to six, and the voting power of the most well-informed members of the Board, the editors and managers, was destroyed. In what manner these actions diminished political influence instead of increasing it, no one knows; an astute politician could explain it, perhaps.

What has happened to these ten majority votes on a board of fifteen? No

one can say. We can only examine a little evidence and a few apparent tendencies. In the last campus election the six men on the Board were elected by one strong politico-fraternity combination. The four women, after examinations and other precautions, were elected by highly interested sorority groups (we dare not mention the word "politics" since the days of Maria Theresa, because, "She wept, but she kept taking," and her tears were terrible).

If one quite naively asks men in fraternity combinations whether or not they are interested in the Board memberships for political reasons, they will say in one voice: "No, no! We are out only for honorary positions for ourselves, and to see that the student body is properly represented. All politics cease after the candidates are elected." After the lads have fervidly nursed a few namby-pamby club ideals for three years, we often wonder whether they remember just what constitutes politics.

Let us look further. The fact that only three editors, out of twenty-five editors and managers, were elected from the non-fraternity majority during the past four years might be an accident, statistically speaking, without indication of politics. When we look deeper and more seriously, however, we find that one non-fraternity man was actively politicked for by many influential groups; another, although he was a thoroughly competent man, was not put in wholly for that reason, but was chosen as the "lesser of a number of evils" by an undercurrent fraternity movement to oust one fraternity's representatives and keep them out. All regarded themselves as extremely lucky. Perhaps we over-rate these indications; we have no direct evidence of bargaining. But more serious are the facts that there have been at least three political scrambles in the last two years to force one fraternity group out and put another into office in complete disregard of merit and ability to operate the publications impartially.

To us the facts indicate a relative increase in political influence in the Board as the flood of political control has swept the campus in the last several years. We may be somewhat unfair in our conclusions. . . .

At the last meeting of the Board, while it was electing editors and managers, a faint wisp of an odor arose, something new to disturb the austere serenity of that august body. One of the elected members empowered with a vote kept opposing the publication recommendations with other recommendations of his own. He had an honest opinion about these candidates. The fact that he knew more about them, their work, and their value to the publication than the editor and manager raised a brow—but it is possible.

Later one of the members *ex officio*, one in the opposite department from the recommendation, hotly opposed the advice on the floor. Though out of his department, he had reasons: He stated that one of the candidates ". . . one of his fraternity brothers . . . had been dis-

criminated against." Perhaps he really didn't mean what he said. But he assured the Board that he did. The discussion still went against his unqualified recommendation. Just as the sixth ostrich put his head to sleep in the sand, along came somebody with a heavily initialed paddle. He stood up hastily as the ballot was about to be cast and declared: "Wait, gentlemen, I think it *only fair to let you know* that the man recommended is in the *same fraternity* as the *only possible man* I can recommend in my department." (Which might cause both the publication's heads to be from the same fraternity—terrible crime.) He sat down, aghast. The women turned pale; the men hastily lit cigarettes with trembling fingers and puffed up a smoke-screen. The remark might have been an accident; perhaps he lost his temper.

Thus loomed the ugly Cyclops' eye of politics and ogled at the mighty Greeks, and none too slyly. . . .

The impression may be gathered by this discussion that we are making the claim that the Board is a politically controlled bureaucracy. The administration membership and co-ed influences can disrupt such a possibility most of the time.

On the other hand, the rather naive politics of co-ed members come out in this unconscious form: They ask each candidate, "What do you intend to do for the women's campus if you win the post?" Will he do right by all the co-ed journalists, give their material prominent space? This, of course, is not politics to them, rather the act of trying to get the heads most partial to the women students, at the expense perhaps of the best qualified heads for the University. It is all above-board, and they are forgiven it; they have been known to be more subtle about undercurrent problems.

What, therefore, are the outcoming tendencies from the foregoing? Briefly, we have (1) a tendency to lose sight of the various genuine purposes for which these publications exist; (2) a stifling of non-fraternity talent and capability; (3) a disregard of valuable representation from freshman and sophomore workers on the publications; (4) disjointed, unfriendly staffs, dog-eat-dog practices, and understaffed publications; (5) shoddy guesswork in choosing heads; (6) responsible members' vast ignorance of internal functions of the publications; (7) a primary consideration of a man's social affiliations, whether or not his fraternity already has its "quota" of representation on the publications, and the ulterior motives of the person or persons sponsoring him, over the candidate's native ability and merit.

The way the present system functions a student must work on a publication for three years before he learns of the ultimate fate of his ambitions. He has no voice in either the publication or the board. If the gods are favorable, he may get some office eventually. If he is non-fraternity, he learns later that his chances are less and less. Many of the latter students lose hope; those who wish

(Continued on page 22)

FROM COVER TO COVER

Conducted by WILLIAM G. OWENS

Antony. By The Earl of Lytton. Scribner. \$3.

Antony is one of those rare things, a biography of a son by his father; and, what is more, it is the biography of one gentleman written by another. Antony Knebworth, son of the Earl of Lytton, was killed in an airplane crash in 1933, when he was 29. This book is made up mostly of his letters to his father and mother with occasional replies and explanatory remarks. Never once do the characters step from their roles as English aristocrats.

Antony Knebworth was born in a pre-war England that must have seemed a garden playground. His god-father was Edward VIII. Sargent made a drawing of him when he was six. Early he delighted his parents by exhibiting remarkable athletic ability. At the age of eight he took a seven-and-a-half hour ski trip in Switzerland, successfully negotiating a 2,600 foot descent. At boarding school he got along well by trying to make as few enemies as possible. At Eton he did very well, winning prizes both for athletics and scholarship. Boxing was his principal sport.

Oxford, after Eton, seemed "silly." He constantly worried his family with reports of his own dissipation. He was suspended once for playing roulette. The only relief he could find however, was in frequent trips to Switzerland for the skiing. Nevertheless, he won his blue in boxing, began to think for himself, and ended by taking a respectable second in Modern History.

His letters became filled with questions about modern life and politics. He decided on a career in politics and joined the conservatives about whom he had no illusions. In the National Conservative landslide of 1931 he became an M. P. Like much of the youth of today, he was beginning to look askance at the cynicism of the war generation. "Give them their dues—they were good. But any fool can fight a war, because he has to. There is no alternative. It is simple. It is Straightforward, & when you are dead, you are great. But to live a peace is difficult, tedious, heart-breaking, complicated, twisted & uncertain. And when you are dead you are little."

If Antony had lived he might have become a Roman Catholic or a Fascist. His father thinks his respect for authority caused his death. Quite a good air-

man, he had joined the Auxiliary Air Force. On a formation flight his squadron leader dived so low his wheels touched the ground. Antony followed him and crashed.

His father's apologia for his son's life is to be admired. "But if he is to be remembered, it will be for what he was, and not for what he did. What he was is best set forth in his own letters. That is why we who received and treasure them have wished to share some of them with others, in hope that many may come to realize, as we do, that at the thought of him this old world seems to recapture the vigor of youth, hopes soar high, despair vanishes, hearts grow bold and limbs are strong again."

Sparkenbroke. By Charles Morgan. Macmillan. \$2.75.

The appearance of Charles Morgan's *The Fountain* in 1932 marked him as one of the most promising novelists of our day. Though harshly criticized by many for his story, all agreed that the beauty of his mannered prose came close to that of the late George Moore. *Sparkenbroke*, which reveals a marked increase in narrative power, and a style that has lost none of its magic, is the outcome of Mr. Morgan's four years of silence. Unfortunately, however, the novel misses true greatness by a decided tendency toward pompousness. Mr. Morgan is too grave, too serious. A little humor is needed to add the breath of life to his characters. Like "Heroic Tragedy," the sublime moments in Mr. Morgan's novels move the unsympathetic reader to laughter; the sympathetic reader, on the other hand, is often quite profoundly moved. hero as a lover and as an artist. Piers, Lord Sparkenhroke, bears the mark of genius from childhood. Early his poetic imagination takes a morbid twist and he devotes himself to the worship of love, life, and death. Possessing a handsome face, and a title, he makes a devastating lover but a very unsatisfactory husband. Leaving his wife and son in England, he lives and writes in a villa in Italy accompanied by his valet and his occasional loves. Now and then he makes short visits to England to see his son, to roam in his native woodland, and to brood in his family vault.

On one visit he meets a beautiful young girl, Mary, who, after the encounter, decides to break her engagement

to George, the beefy village doctor. To Sparkenbroke this means little more than another conquest. Mary goes to live with George's parents but visits Sparkenbroke on the sly. Sparkenbroke finally tires of the affair and sails for Italy. Mary marries George.

After some months of married life George and Mary take a belated honeymoon in Sicily accompanied by George's invalid sister. George is called back to England leaving the two to follow later. The sister collapses and Sparkenbroke comes to the rescue. By the time the doctor gets back Mary and her lord are more in love than ever. Grimly, however they have kept it Platonic. Sparkenbroke finishes his book and returns to England. They had decided that they should part forever. Later they meet again and the story is repeated. One night Mary, leaving a note for George, slips out to meet her lover. When she missed the rendezvous, she tried to hang herself. Unfortunately, she gives herself too much rope, and, not caring to try again, goes home to bed. Sparkenbroke meanwhile dies of *angina pectoris* while brooding in the vault. George reads the note, sees the rope marks, but wisely says nothing.

Savages and Saints. By Mrs. Fremont Older. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

This novel marks the second appearance of Mrs. Fremont Older in the book market in the past two months. As was her earlier biography of William Randolph Hearst, *Savages and Saints* is written in a style that is highly melodramatic. Mrs. Older evidently considers it a heinous crime to use only one adjective or one adverb when she has ten at her command. Such an attitude has led her into many lush descriptive passages, caused her, of necessity, to cut her narrative down to mere sentences. A chapter is scarcely enough to describe a garden, but a short paragraph suffices to narrate the most important happenings in the lives of her characters. This, however, is not her most grievous fault. The one thing that grates most on her readers' nerves is her continued use of the phrase "turned grey" to indicate emotional stress. Unfortunately, emotional stress is an everyday occurrence in the lives of almost all of her characters.

Treatise On The Acrimenan Mind

(Continued from page 18)

soundly kicked several times, they left their propositions and joined me.

By this time damage was being done the ship. I directed our allies to drive them back. They drove them into the woods, but the enemy professors were soon back tossing great stones again. Our allies sent them flying once more. Campbell directed them to move the rocket-ship to a new position and camouflage it. After this was done, part of the crew was set to work repairing the damage, and the rest of us concealed ourselves near the old position to watch the enemy. To our surprise the professors returned once again and continued tossing rocks furiously at the old site of the space-ship, as if the ship were still present. Seeing that they were possessed by their fixation, we left.

When Dr. Rosenberg returned the next morning to gloat, he found a hill of rocks twice the size of the ship, and assumed that it was buried in stone. He ordered the men to cease. When we were ready to leave, only three of the allied professors appeared; we were forced to leave the others, who were probably still at home arguing about the wonderful new world. As we took off with the space-ship at midday, we observed the enemy still throwing stones. After two odd light-years, we found our way back to the Earth, landed in western Mongolia, and sailed for America. The reader can readily imagine how glad our hearts were when we sighted the new Super Golden Gate Bridge across San Francisco Bay, which had been built in our absence to replace the first one, now antiquated and unsound.

While we were busy writing of our adventures on Acrimena and signing testimonials for cigarette and face-soap advertisements, I endeavored to keep track of the three Acrimenan professors. One had gone on a lecture tour, speaking about "Multiversity Life on Acrimena" and other topics. I learned later that he got off on one of his old lectures, "The Feeding Habits of the Jinx Worm," and repeated it in eleven large cities, including Albany, Chicago, and St. Paul. When his aids tried to snap him back to the proper subject, the shock was so great he committed suicide.

The second professor was killed in a peculiar traffic accident. I understand that he was about to cross a busy street in New York when the light changed to red. He knew that it meant stop, and every time he came back from deep memory the light was still red. After standing on the corner several days, he became weak from hunger and fell into

the street as a car was rounding a corner at a terrific speed. Poor fellow. The third professor joined the great Circus Americana Imperial, as you may recall, and gave world-renowned feats in memory, and memory contests, until many municipalities began sending outstanding school children to match his genius of mind. He quit and went to live at the University Club, later became a janitor there, and finally moved to the home for the feeble-minded.

Lamb and Whimsicality

(Continued from page 14)

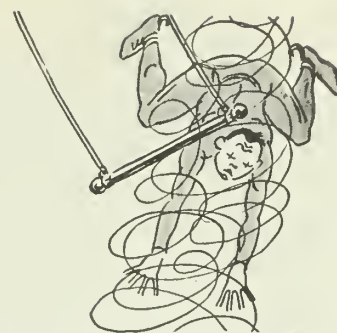
impassioned monologue. Lamb listened entranced until he could spare no more time, when he cut loose the button which bound him to Coleridge's discourse, and absconded, unnoticed by Coleridge, all absorbed in his subject. Five hours later, Lamb saw Coleridge at the same spot, still holding the button, still talking and even gracefully gesturing. Of course he had never missed Lamb... How hard Lamb tried to be funny, we cannot say, opinions differ; but Lamb was funny. It would not be reasonable, however, to say that his humor was appreciated simply because it was good and funny.

In this paper, I have made a somewhat unnatural distinction between "whimsicality" as an intimate humorous style of writing and "whimsicality" as the act of being whimsical or fanciful. Between these two meanings I have tried to designate this relation: That it is the style-whimsicality which presented effectively—for the reasons I have given—the life-whimsicality of Lamb the author. Now that the two whimsicalities are divorced, we may enjoy some of Lamb's whims and fancies, that is to say, his life-whimsicality, as I have just called it.

The story is told of how Lamb used to bring certain children a jar of preserved ginger, and how he stalked up and down the passage with a mysterious look, muttering something under his breath that sounded like a conjuration, and pretended that he had found the prize under some dark chimney.

At other times, Lamb would watch the trout in a near-by stream and perhaps feed them during half the morning, but he would never fish because the fixing of the worms on the hooks seemed "barbarous" to him.

The American writer, N. P. Willis reports that once while he was visiting Lamb, Mary Lamb was offered a chair, whereupon Charles drew it away, with the words, "Don't take it, Mary; it looks as though you were going to have a tooth pulled." I wish I had been there. Had I been there, I could certainly have written all sorts of essays on whimsicality.



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EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 19)

to go into journalism as a profession remain to the end. For these reasons we believe the freshman-sophomore group should have representation on the Board. The sophomores not only know more about the candidates than the elective members, but will have to work with the candidates if they are elected.

In an effort to find a better system we have inquired into the various board systems of outstanding universities on the Atlantic seaboard. The best plan we can devise and submit to our readers was drawn, in parts, from the *Princetonian*, the *Harvard Crimson*, and the *Emory University* systems. The system will leave out the campus political electives (for all students are representative of the student body), and incorporate a change of the publication year, a stagger system, the election of more heads, a fairer distribution of salaries, and a segregation of the publications' inter-departmental influences.

Tri-Board of Publications System

The Tri-Board of Publications, which will be composed of three distinct boards, one for each publication, will meet twice a semester for joint discussions of publications problems. Each board will meet monthly to carry on its separate business; no matter what the nature of the business, it can only be settled by that publication's own board. Each board will make a departmental split before electing heads. The board membership will make a change in November to remove its juniors and include sophomore appointees, and again in February to change all publication heads.

Since we do not have space enough here to deal with all three publications' boards, we shall draw up the *Chronicle* Board as a model, but which will have to be modified in parts for the others. The Board will consist of twenty-six members. All members of the board will have voting privileges, including the editor and manager (since, if the head is worthy of an influential recommendation, it is ridiculous to deny him the influence of a vote). The membership will comprise two members of the administration (who will serve on all three boards); two faculty advisers appointed by the president (which will give these advisers active work and power of vote and will bring these hitherto inactive positions to life—they may or may not be appointed to more than one board); six editorial heads (the editor, two managing or edition editors, the sports department editor, the co-ed editor, and her co-ed copy editor); six business heads (the manager, office manager, advertising manager, and his chief assistant, the co-ed manager, and her chief assistant); three sophomore men, and two sophomore women, appointed from the freshman-sophomore news staff groups; five sophomores likewise from the business group, in the same proportions. (A freshman will not have staff voice until he has been recognized by a sophomore committee after the early fall competition.)

Heretofore, the graduation of the *Chronicle* editors has been infrequent. Here, and at other universities, it has been proved that juniors make perfectly capable editors and managers; there-

fore, the publications' elections should take place in early January, and the student editorial and managerial year should run from February of all heads' junior year to January of their senior year. Thus, under this system, the retiring heads will have one semester in which to put their academic work in order for graduation.

At present it is thought that there are only two important posts on a publication; this however is a fallacy which will be discovered easily when one works on a semi-weekly, eight-column newspaper. There should be no less than ten positions of importance for smooth operations; for instance, the two managing editors, the co-ed editor and her assistant, and the sports editor have positions that require almost as much application as the post of editor-in-chief. The editorial members of the Board will have no voice whatever in electing the managerial heads, or vice versa. In other words, when the elections are held, the Board will automatically cut down its membership from twenty-six to fifteen, and shift its voting members to whichever of the two departments it is voting on; thus avoiding political influence from any one except those members directly concerned, and having a maximum amount of knowledge of each candidate's ability and worth.

Election of heads: The board now stands: four administration and faculty, six senior heads, five sophomores. None of the heads will have more than one prime recommendation. Thus in the election of editor, the only person with a recommendation of prime importance will be the retiring editor, the rest of the heads and sophomores will confine their discussions to testimony of merit, capacity, etc., of the candidates. Juniors will be the eligible candidates. After the election of editor by ballot, then will follow the elections of the Tuesday managing editor, Friday managing editor, sports department editor, co-ed editor, co-ed copy editor, respectively. Before each of the other posts are voted on, the retiring head of that position will have the prime recommendation, and the

newly elected editor-in-chief will give the second recommendation (throughout).

The losing candidates in the first election will be able to carry their candidacy from one position to another in this group until they eventually win a post or lose out, except in the case of the sports election (where the candidates must come from that department), the managing editorships (candidates must be men), co-ed posts (women, who will also be eligible to run for editor-in-chief's and the sports editor's posts). When these elections are ended, the internal structure of the Board will exclude the editorial department, and include the business. The business department elections will be the same, and in order of importance of the positions.

Redistribution of salaries: Since the editor and manager do not do twice as much work and worry as their subordinating heads, it is grossly unfair that they should be paid five times as much. When the co-ed editors take a greater part in publishing the paper, their percentage of earnings should be changed. From the net profits, editors and managers will receive 20% each; two managing editors, 9% each; sports editor, 8%; officer manager, 9%; advertising manager, 5%; co-ed editor and manager, 5% each; general carrying fund (for equipment, losses, etc.), 10%.

In spite of the risk of being inconsistent we do not recommend this new plan as the best of workable systems. We cannot, in honesty, declare that it will work or be "politics-proof," for we do not know.

We do, however, condemn the present Publications Board system, because we believe it is not the best system for Duke University. Sooner or later the present system will cause serious harm, and will have to go.

We make the plea to Dr. W. P. Few that he appoint a faculty-student committee for the purpose of making a thorough study of publication systems. We hope that the final report will be brought to life, not buried at an unattended funeral.

—W. L. H.

CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

Best Short Story: (Prize, \$7.50). *Coach Does a Lot for Us*, by Chadwick Callaghan (unpublished).

Best Poem: (Prize, \$3.00). Two sonnets on death, *The Gambler, The Poet*, by Evalyn Schäffle (unpublished).

Other stories considered excellent:

Holidays Begin, by Jack Stamaton (March issue).

Maybe Next Year, by Dorothy Zerbach (December).

Spring in Her Heart, by Grace George Koehler (December).

The Cat Stalks, by Robert C. Towner (March).

Other poems thought to have excellence were:

Two sonnets, *Liberty* and *Skeptics*, by Jack Barnes (unpublished).

Requiescat, by E. R. Lee (February).

The judges' decisions were not completed in time to publish the winning contributions in the final issue. They will receive publication in the *Archive*, however, in an early fall issue. Because of insufficient contributions no prizes were awarded for "best drawing" and "best freshman composition."

Committee of Judges:

DR. JAY B. HUBBELL, WILLIAM L. HOLLER, WALTER H. WEINTZ

Judy's Minette

(Continued from page 8)

some other paintings, none of them any too good.

"Where did you get *that*?" I demanded excitedly of the store-keeper.

"We'll ma'mm," he began slowly, "a couple of months back, a woman came in and wanted to sell it. She said someone had given the picture to her, she didn't want it but hated to destroy it. She even said something about needing money, but she didn't look like it to me. I didn't really want the picture, but she was so anxious to sell it, that I just bought it anyway!"

"How much do you want for it?"

The store-keeper put his hands in his pockets and considered:

"Well," he spoke after an anxious minute—then hesitatingly—"I guess I'll take about ten dollars for it. Dirt cheap, lady!"

Ten dollars for Judy's Minette! And Judy could have sold it for a sum that would have kept her in luxury for six months. I wondered how Judy could be such a fool at times.

So I bought the Minette and hung it over the desk in my study. It looked out of place there, but I had grown to like the Minette so much that I wanted

to have it where I could see it easily. When I showed the Minette to David for the first time, he was surprised that I had picked it up so cheaply and wondered why the artist's name was not on it. I never told all I knew about the Minette; if Judy chose to practically give away her painting to a second-hand bookshop, why should I tell her secret?

David was sitting in the same chair now, I remembered suddenly, that Judy had when she first saw I had the Minette. Long ago Judy had taught us not to ask questions about her. Not that she was rude; not that she refused to tell us. We simply sensed that we shouldn't ask. It was remarkable the way she managed us. One day after I'd first known her, I ventured to ask a few simple questions.

"Me?" she laughed and said simply. "I was born in Los Angeles and studied art there. When I was rather young I was married but it didn't last long—few artists can be successfully married, you know. After that I went abroad to study—came back here. And that's all. You see, I'm really a very simple person, darling. Nothing exciting."

Nothing exciting!

I heard the two words again clearly when Judy sat serenely in my study, gazing at her Minette on my wall. Her face grew a little white and I hastened to reassure her. After all, it was the painting I wanted, not to disturb Judy. And apparently the Minette did.

"Unusual painting, Helen," was her only comment.

I answered her in the same impressive tone: "Quite unusual. You know I picked it up for practically nothing. I don't even know who painted it."

Judy replied: "How interesting!" but she smiled at me gratefully.

David was the only one who had even suggested that Judy Watson might have painted the Minette. I had been on the verge of telling him once but fortunately changed my mind before I did. If he were told, I thought it best that Judy tell him. At times I almost resented the way Judy treated David. He was not the only one who had fallen in love with Judy when she arrived at Northport four years ago; but he was the only one who had not grown discouraged by Judy's indifference.

Judy, with her sleek black hair drawn straight back on her shapely head, her

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flashing smile, and serious deep brown eyes, had handled all of them with tantalizing friendliness. Judy never deliberately invited the attention she was given; instead she appeared to discourage it.

"I've a heart of stone," she often confessed jokingly to me. "I suppose artists get so absorbed in their work, there just isn't room for anything else.

Apparently David could not be discouraged and the past few years of his life had literally centered around Judy. Once I even suspected Judy was wavering; but then she packed and sailed unexpectedly for Europe. When she returned two months later she was even more aloof, more distant. I realized, whether David did or not, that Judy definitely had made up her mind. In fact, she disappeared even more often, returning each time more nervous and more thoughtful.

The long afternoon shadows were now cutting across the carpet on the floor. The leaves on the trees outside hung per-

fectly still; there was no noise except for an occasional automobile passing in the street; the air was sticky and close, almost electric. I was restless and tense. David shifted nervously in his chair and both of us glanced at the clock on my desk.

Six o'clock!

As if to announce the hour, the doorbell sounded, breaking the uneasy stillness of the apartment; and without further warning, the door was flung open.

It was Judy! But a different Judy than we knew. Her hair was tousled, her face drawn with emotion and her eyes red. She stopped in the door of the study, facing both of us.

"Why, Judy!" I exclaimed. David rushed toward her, but she ignored him.

"I want my Minette—*now!*"

Her voice was husky.

"Your Minette!" I faltered, "why—why, of course, Judy!"

I started taking the painting down. The room was silent, except for Judy's heavy breathing. In a minute, I handed

her the Minette, and she stood facing David and me, holding the painting close to her. Her eyes were wild and desperate.

"I don't care if you know," she said bitterly. Minette *is* mine! I painted it! I painted the Minette!"

She paused and I tried to soothe her: "Of course, Judy, the Minette is an excellent—"

She interrupted me harshly: "Yes, Helen, you know I painted Minette; you *all* know that the Minette child is a mulatto." Here her voice grew defiant and coarser. "*A mulatto!*"

"But what you don't know is that Minette died—yes, she died this afternoon. Died in my arms—a pitiful, unwanted child. Unwanted because she was born the wrong color!"

"Died in *your* arms, Judy?" I heard myself asking in a funny strained tone.

Her voice was calmer now.

"My arms," she repeated, and then looked steadily at David. "My arms, David, because I am Minette's mother!"



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Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%

Luckies - a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"

* RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS

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